

KID Komics

NO. 2

10¢

SUMMER
ISSUE

STAR RING
CAPTAIN
WONDER



FEATURING... THE YOUNG ALLIES!



KID KOMICS

Vince Fago,
Managing Editor

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KID KOMICS is published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp. Application for second class entry is pending at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. 1, No. 2, Summer, 1943 Issue. Contents copyright 1942 by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., Martin Goodman, Pres., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Yearly subscription, \$.40 in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

CAPTAIN WONDER



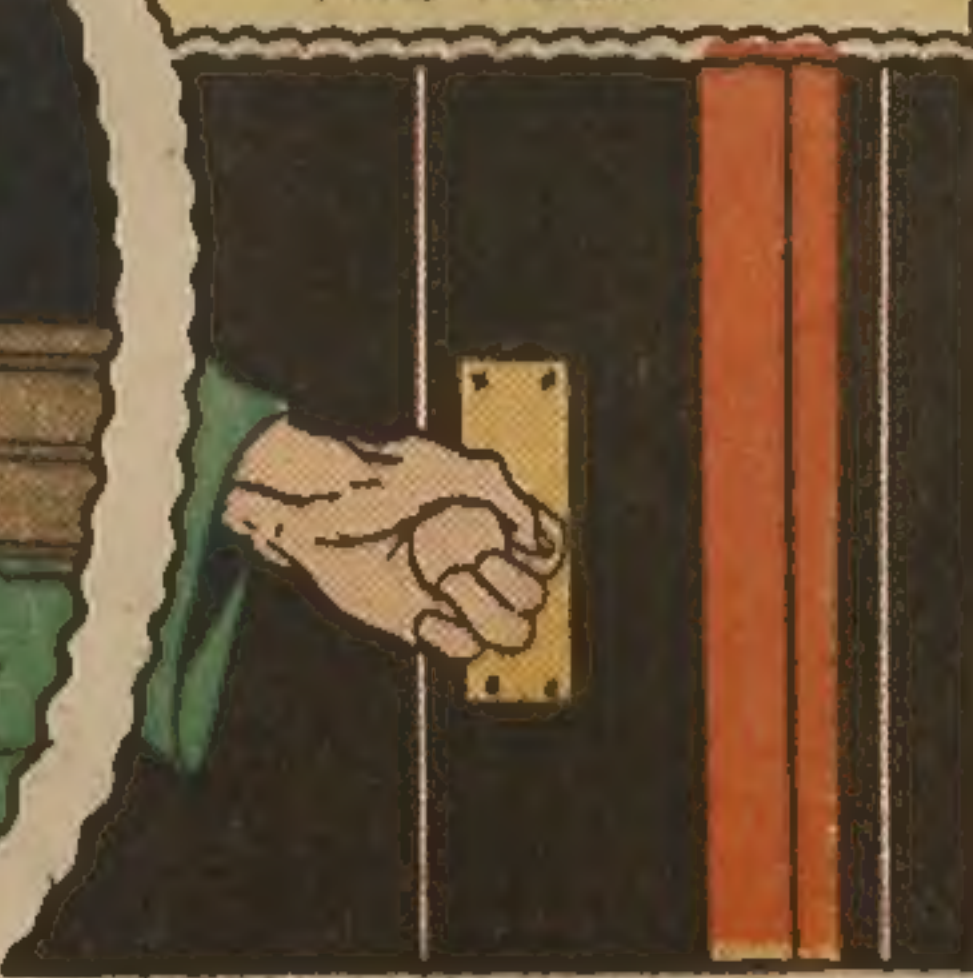
VICIOUS-CUNNING-CRUEL- THIS DIMINUTIVE NAZI MASTER OF HATE - **THE DWARF** - LETS LOOSE HIS HIDEOUS HYPNOTIC POWERS TO BEND THE IRON WILL OF CAPTAIN WONDER AND TIM- FOLLOW THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE OF THESE TWO FEARLESS AMERICANS AS THEY BATTLE **THE GAZE of DEATH!**

SENATOR HAMMOND IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED FROM HIS SLUMBER BY....



A KNOCK!---BUT WHO CAN IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

DONNING A ROBE, THE ELDERLY SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE GOES TO THE DOOR....



THE NEXT DAY--STARTLING HEADLINES ANNOUNCE THE TRAGIC NEWS....



OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTRY'S NUMBER ONE CRIME BUSTING ORGANIZATION --- THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION!!



THE DAY OF PEARL HARBOR IN BERLIN...
A MISSHAPEN GNOME-LIKE CREATURE
IS SUMMONED BY THE FUEHRER--!

THE HOUR HAS STRUCK FOR THE
SMASHING OF THE DECADENT
DEMOCRACIES!! OUR YELLOW
ARYAN COMRADES HAVE STRUCK
THE **FIRST BLOW!** I'VE CHOSEN
YOU, HERR DWARF, TO DO YOUR
SHARE OF THIS NOBLE
WORK FOR THE
FATHERLAND!



I'M FLATTERED MEIN FUEHRER! I WILL
START IMMEDIATELY! THE AMERICAN SWINE
SHALL TASTE OF OUR
RIGHTEOUS WRATH!
HEIL HITLER!!

HERR DWARF
FOREMOST PSY-
CHIATRIST IN THE
REICH---- WHOSE
SUPER HUMAN MEN-
TALITY IS CAPABLE
OF BENDING ONE'S
WILL AT HIS
COMMAND!!

HERR DWARF, SECRETLY AT WORK, IN HIS
LABORATORY IN A DESERTED HOUSE NOT FAR
FROM THE CAPITAL! **TIME.... THE PRESENT....**



A SCRAWNY
HAND MARKS
THE **DEATH**
OF THE NEXT
MYSTERIOUS
SUICIDE....



TIM MULROONEY WADES INTO A CLASSMATE
WHO MADE A NASTY REMARK ABOUT
PROFESSOR JORDAN!

YOU HAD **THIS** COMING
FOR A LONG TIME!

YEAH! AND
I'VE BEEN--
OW--!



NOW LET'S SHIFT
THE STORY TO A
CLASSROOM IN
CENTRAL HIGH
SCHOOL!

--- **A**ND FROM A SECRET
FILE, THE DWARF TAKES
A PHOTO OF HIS **NEXT**
VICTIM!

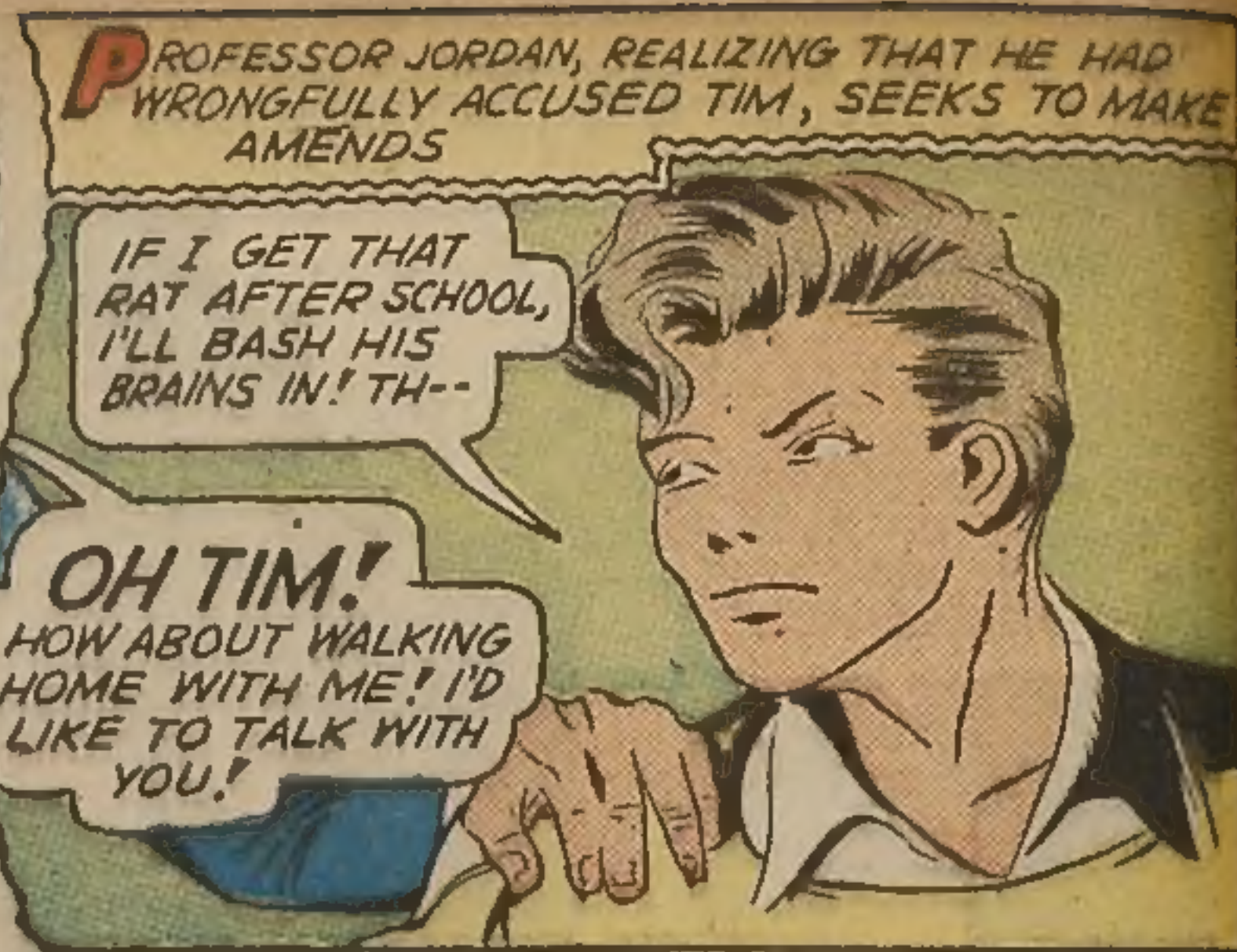
HEH!
HEH! HEH!





HERE! HERE! I'LL HAVE NONE OF THIS! STOP! STOP IT I SAID! THERE'S NO NEED ASKING WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!

LET ME FLATTEN THAT UGLY PAN OF HIS!



PROFESSOR JORDAN, REALIZING THAT HE HAD WRONGFULLY ACCUSED TIM, SEEKS TO MAKE AMENDS

IF I GET THAT RAT AFTER SCHOOL, I'LL BASH HIS BRAINS IN! TH--

OH TIM! HOW ABOUT WALKING HOME WITH ME! I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU!



TIM'S STUBBORN IRISH PRIDE WEAKENS BEFORE PROF. JORDAN'S EFFORTS AT RECONCILIATION!

HERE YOU ARE SON! KEEP THE CHANGE!

CHEE! TANKS, MISTER!

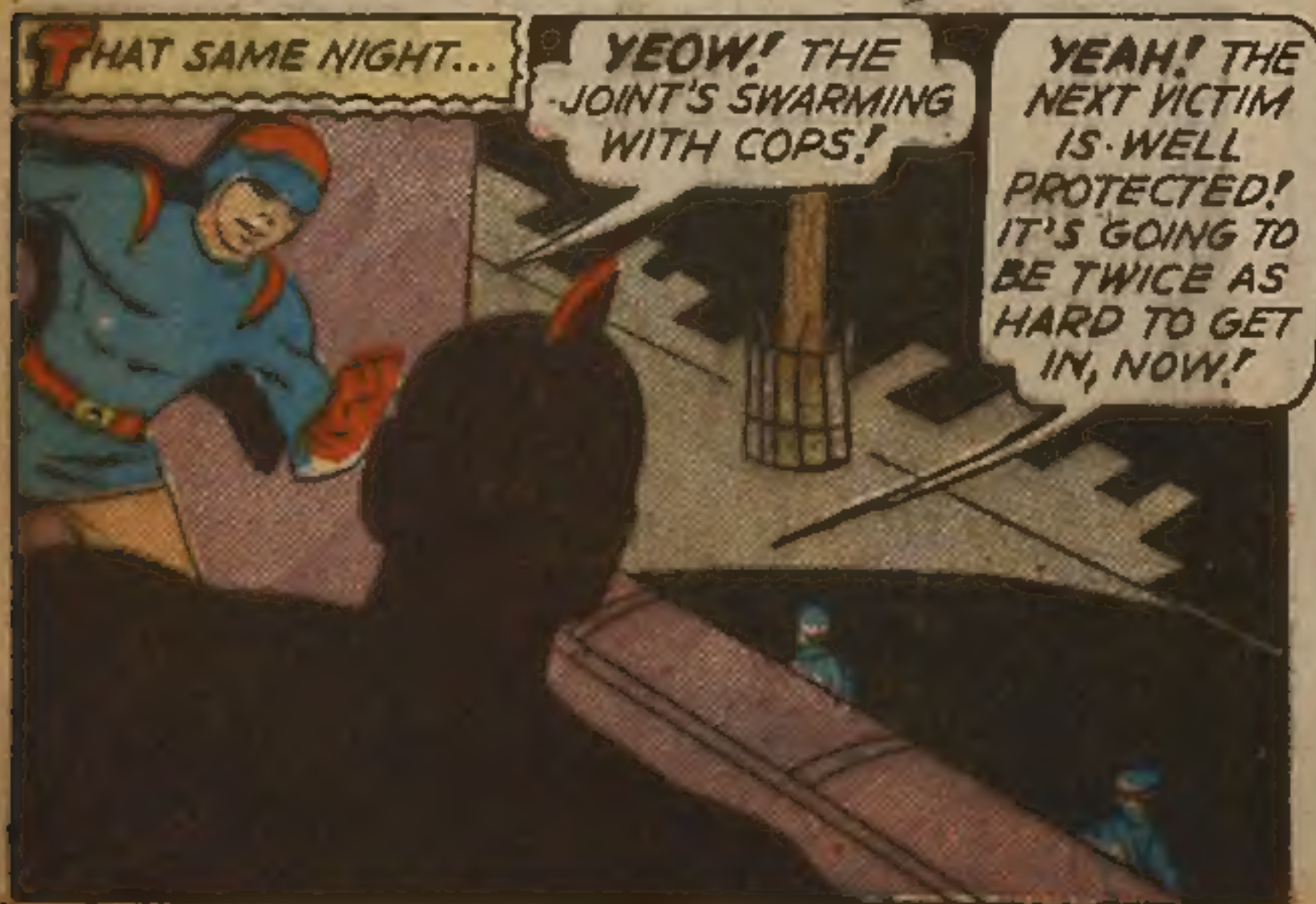


THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS, KID! LOOKS LIKE CAPTAIN WONDER IS GOING TO WASHINGTON!

YEEOW! IT'S ABOUT TIME!



PROFESSOR JORDAN AND TIM, HAVING PRESSED THE PLUNGERS OF THEIR RINGS BECOME THE TWO MIGHTY CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE!

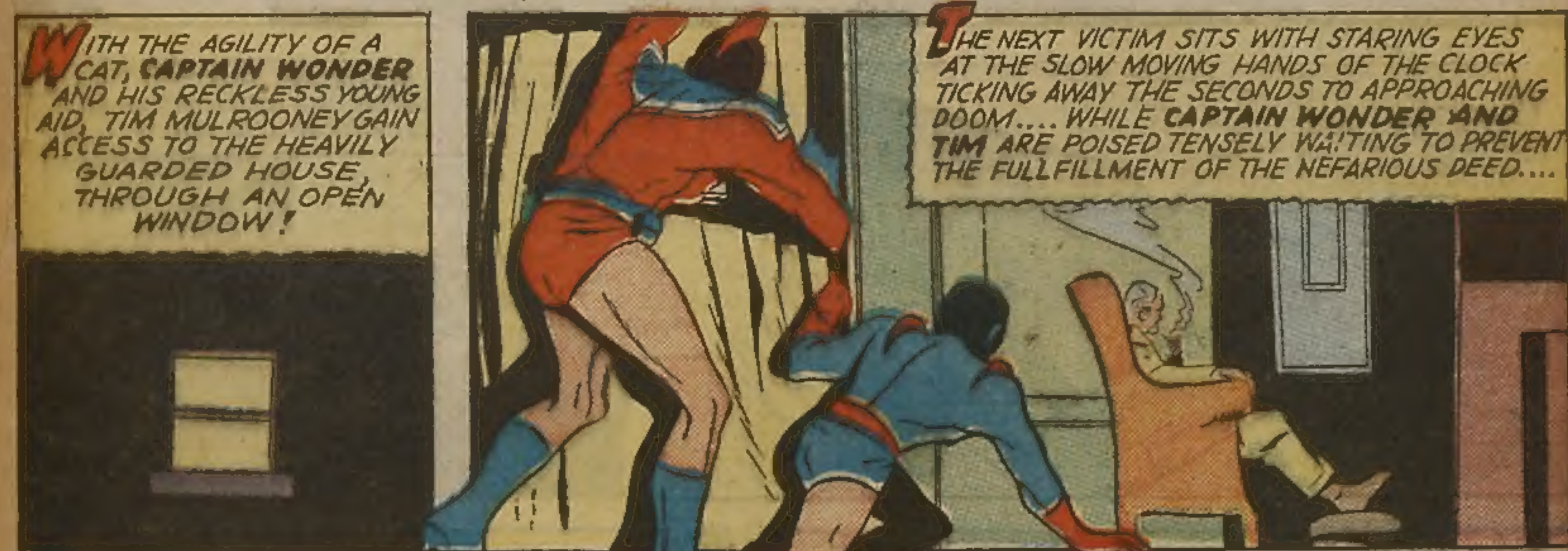


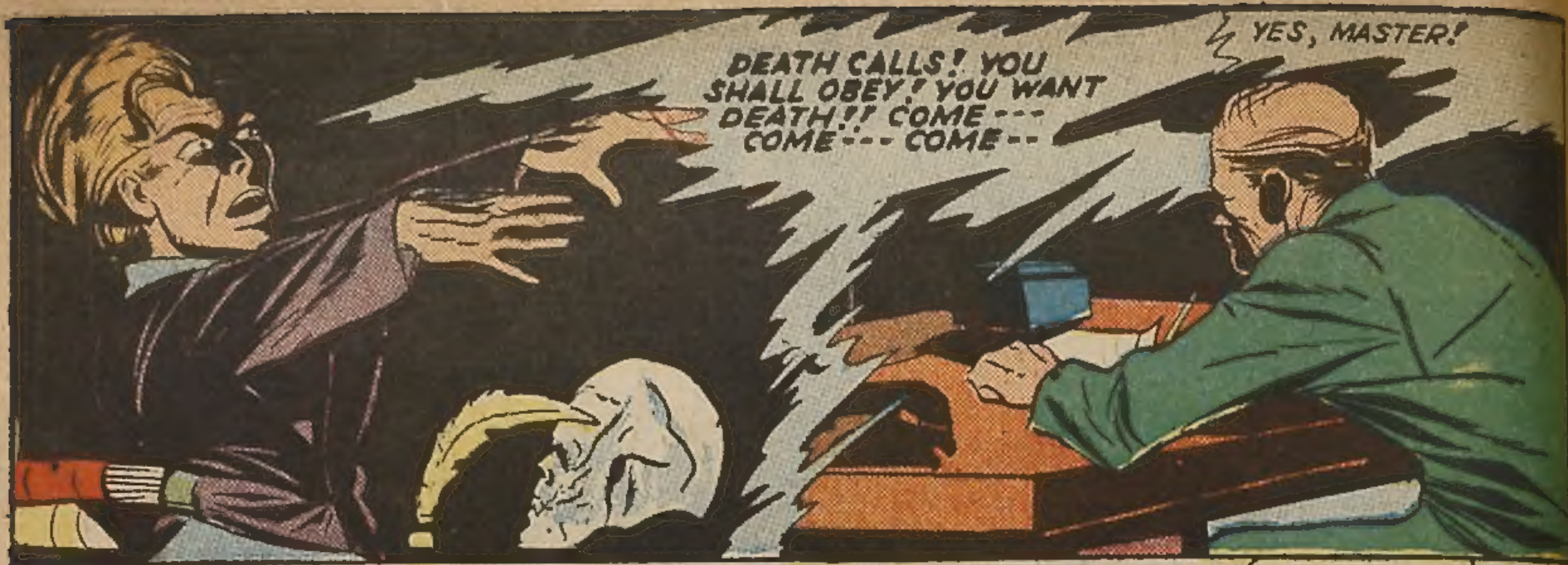
THAT SAME NIGHT...

YEOW! THE JOINT'S SWARMING WITH COPS!

YEAH! THE NEXT VICTIM IS WELL PROTECTED! IT'S GOING TO BE TWICE AS HARD TO GET IN, NOW!







YES, MASTER!

DEATH CALLS! YOU SHALL OBEY! YOU WANT DEATH!! COME--- COME--- COME---

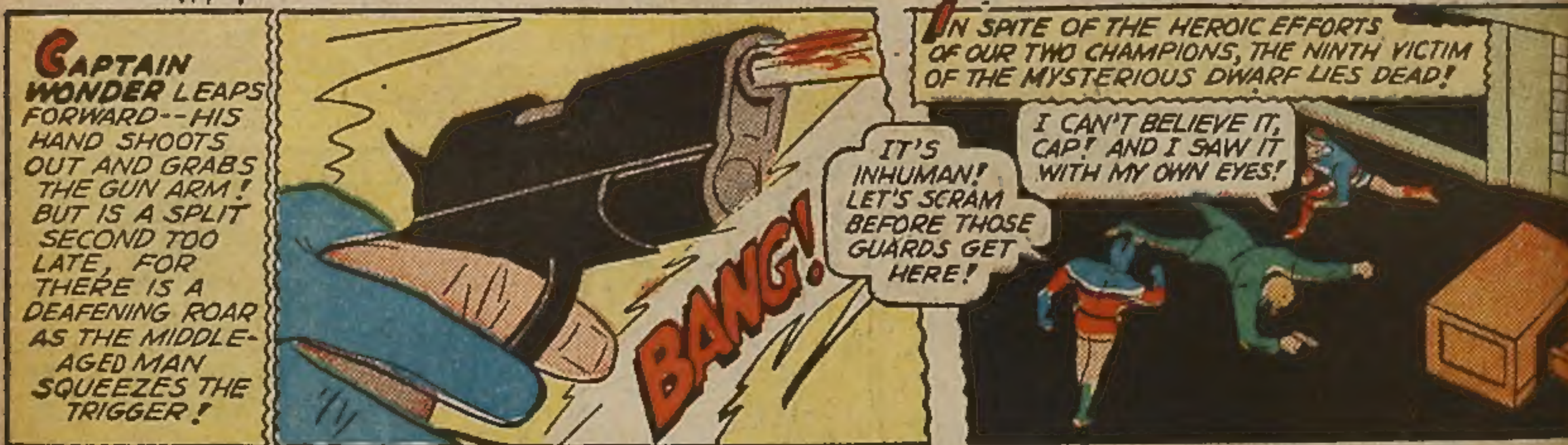


AS THE VICTIM, HYPNOTIZED BY THE THOUGHT WAVES OF THE MAD HERR DWARF, PLACES THE WEAPON TO THE TEMPLE! CAPTAIN WONDER AND TIM ARE GALVANIZED INTO ACTION!

HE'S GOT A GUN!! DON'T!--DON'T SHOOT YOU FOOL!

STOP HIM, CAP!

I WILL OBEY MASTER!



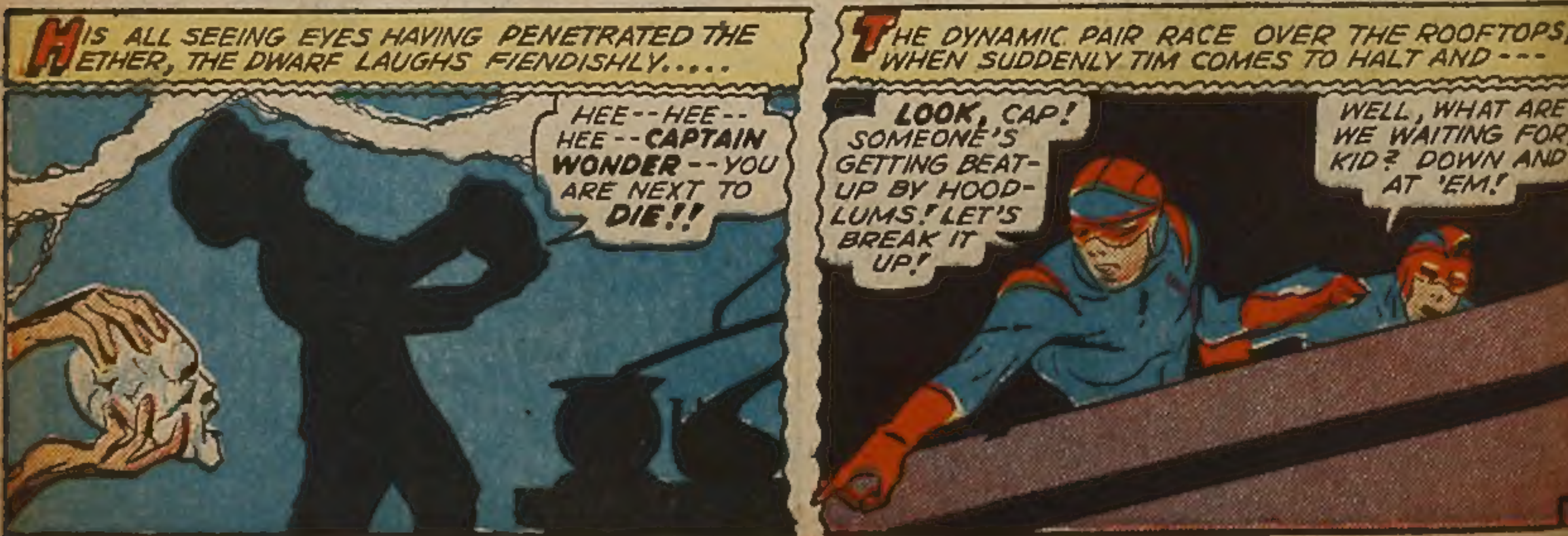
CAPTAIN WONDER LEAPS FORWARD--HIS HAND SHOOTS OUT AND GRABS THE GUN ARM! BUT IS A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE, FOR THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR AS THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER!

IN SPITE OF THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF OUR TWO CHAMPIONS, THE NINTH VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS DWARF LIES DEAD!

IT'S INHUMAN! LET'S SCRAM BEFORE THOSE GUARDS GET HERE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, CAP! AND I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

BANG!



HIS ALL SEEING EYES HAVING PENETRATED THE ETHER, THE DWARF LAUGHS FIENDISHLY....

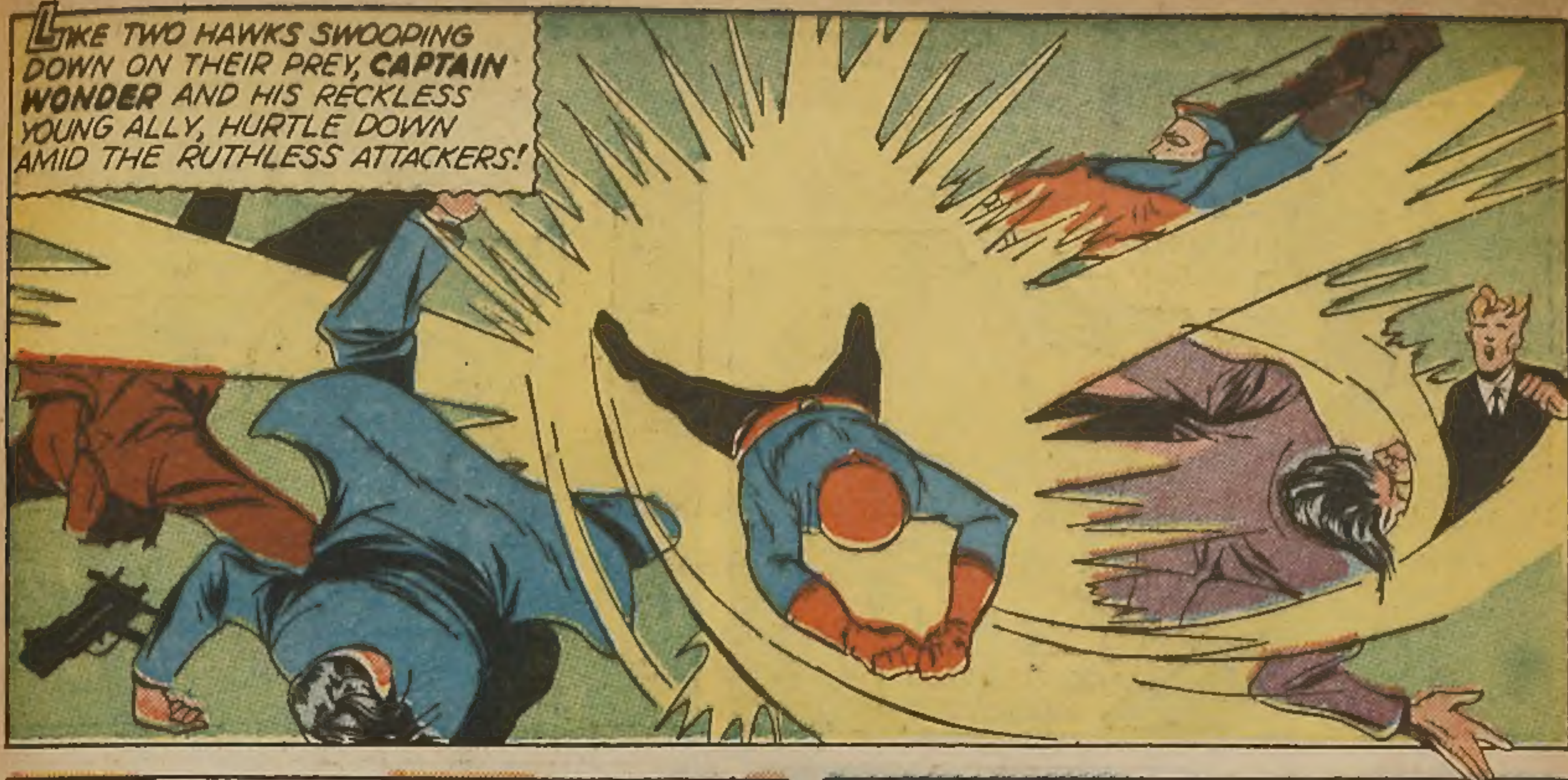
HEE--HEE--HEE--CAPTAIN WONDER--YOU ARE NEXT TO DIE!!

THE DYNAMIC PAIR RACE OVER THE ROOFTOPS, WHEN SUDDENLY TIM COMES TO HALT AND---

LOOK, CAP! SOMEONE'S GETTING BEAT-UP BY HOOD-LUMS! LET'S BREAK IT UP!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, KID? DOWN AND AT 'EM!

LIKE TWO HAWKS SWOOPING DOWN ON THEIR PREY, CAPTAIN WONDER AND HIS RECKLESS YOUNG ALLY, HURTLE DOWN AMID THE RUTHLESS ATTACKERS!



GANGWAY--
LUG!

CAPTAIN
WONDER!

WHO DID YOU THINK
IT WAS? ANN SHERIDAN?



UGH!

OOOF!

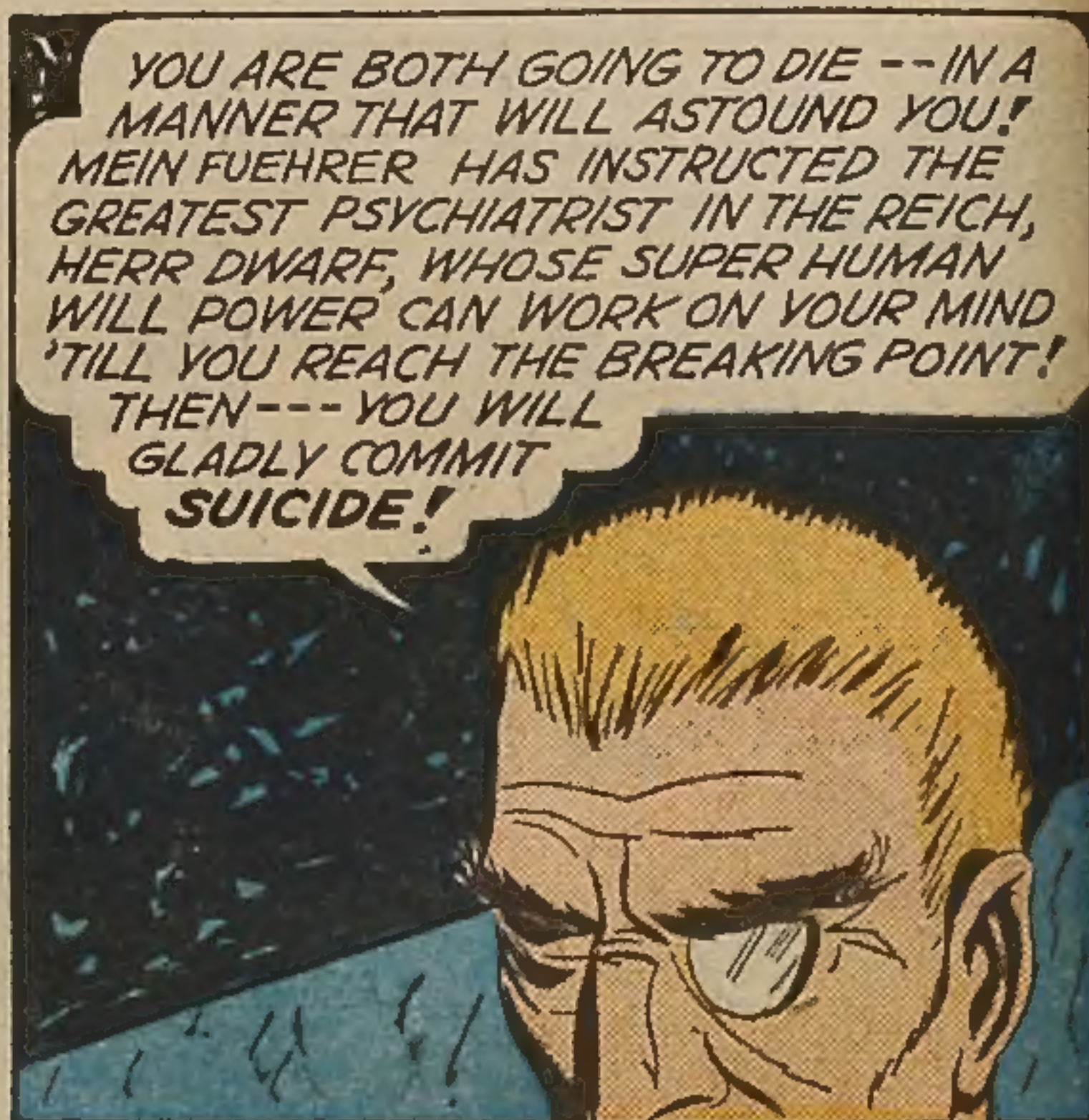
TAKE THAT--
YOU FUGITIVE FROM
A SIDE SHOW!



SUDDENLY

RAISE YOUR HANDS,
SUCKER! AND KEEP
THEM THERE!





THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE SHOUTS A WARNING TO TIM---

DOWN, TIM! GET DOWN!

DIE, BRAT!

BUT--

UGH!

THE LEADER, FOILED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO SHOOT DOWN CAPTAIN WONDER AND TIM, DASHES THRU A SECRET PANEL!

THANKS, CAP! HEY! OUR NAZI FRIEND IS ESCAPING!

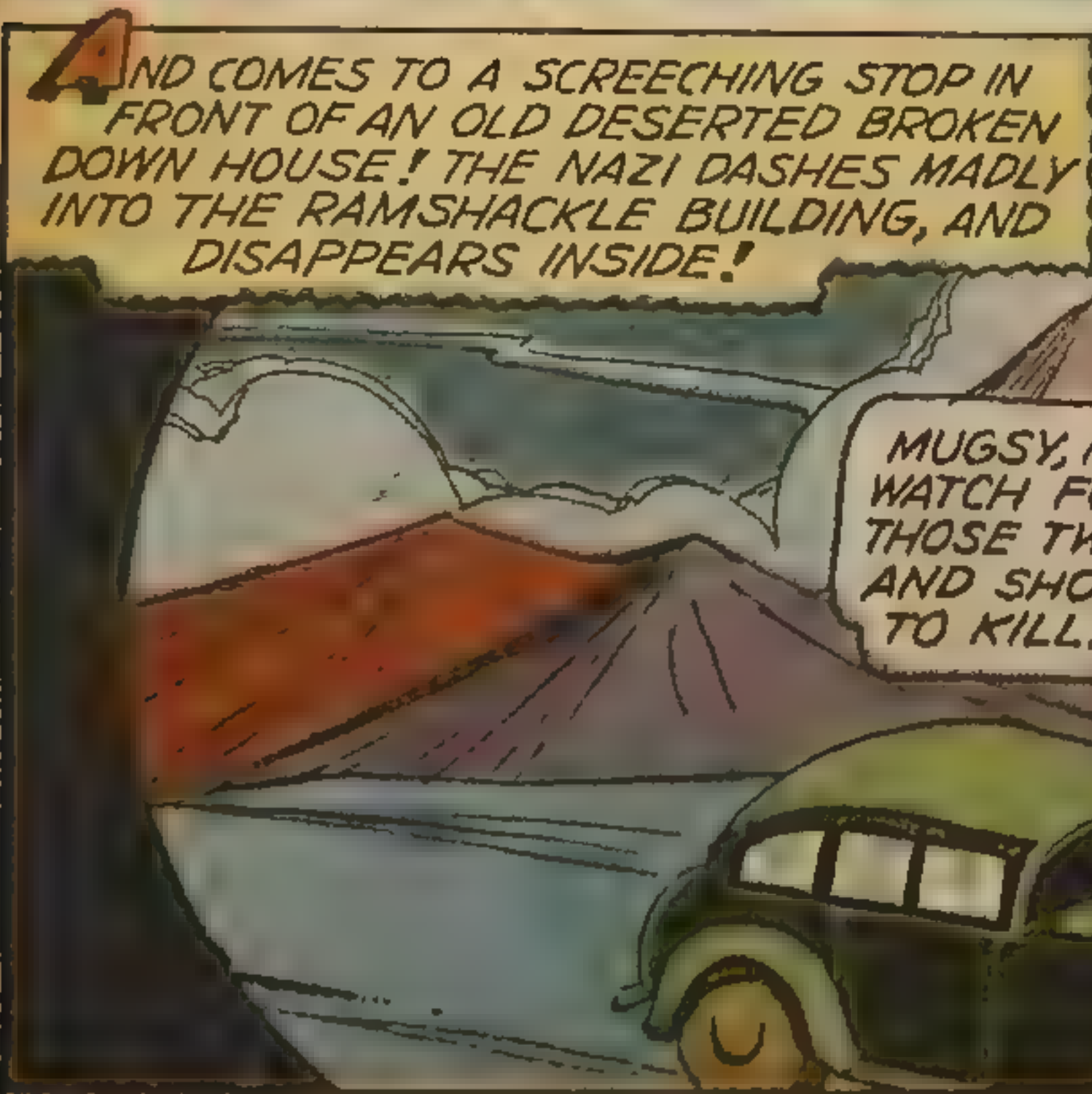
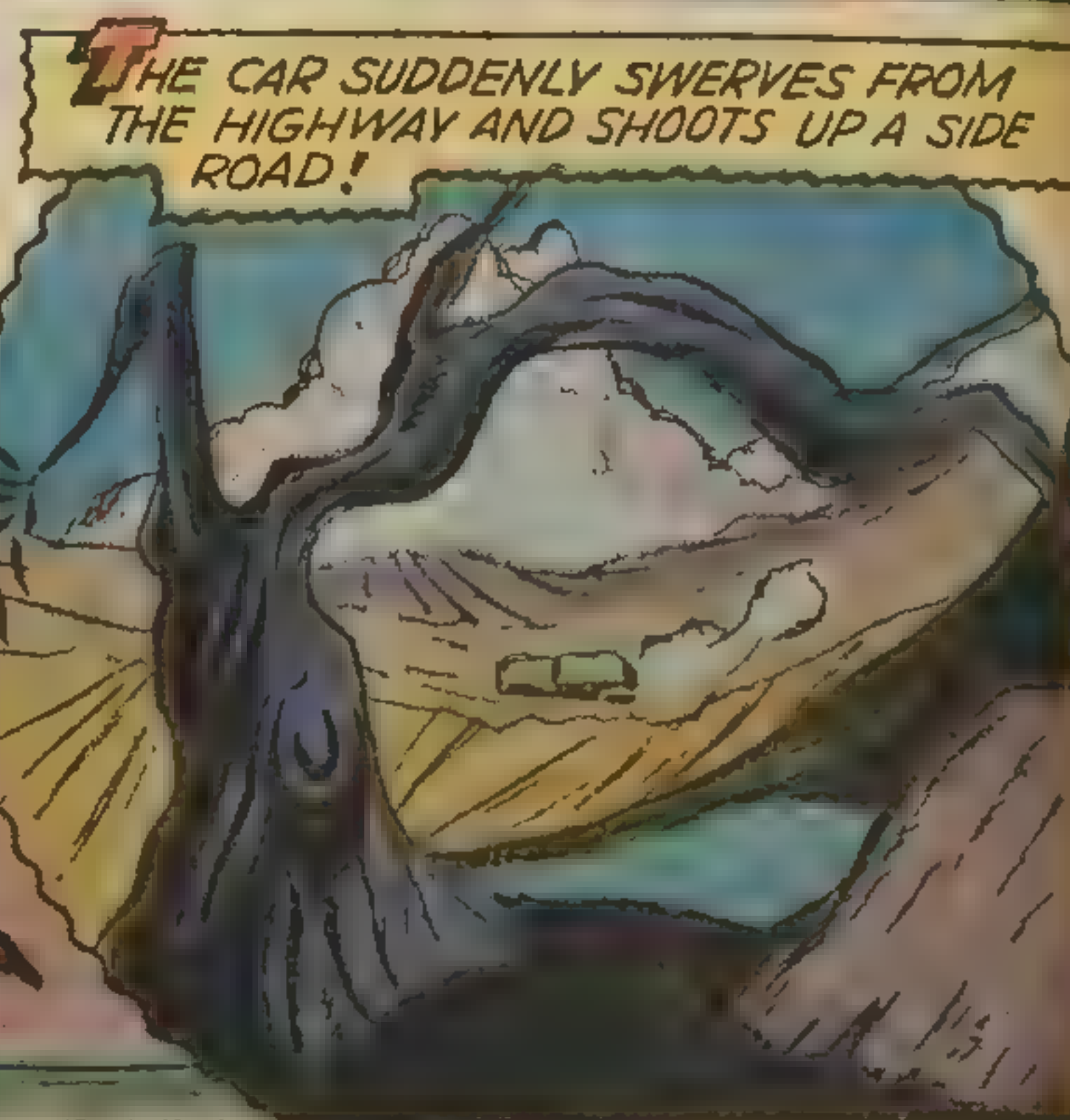
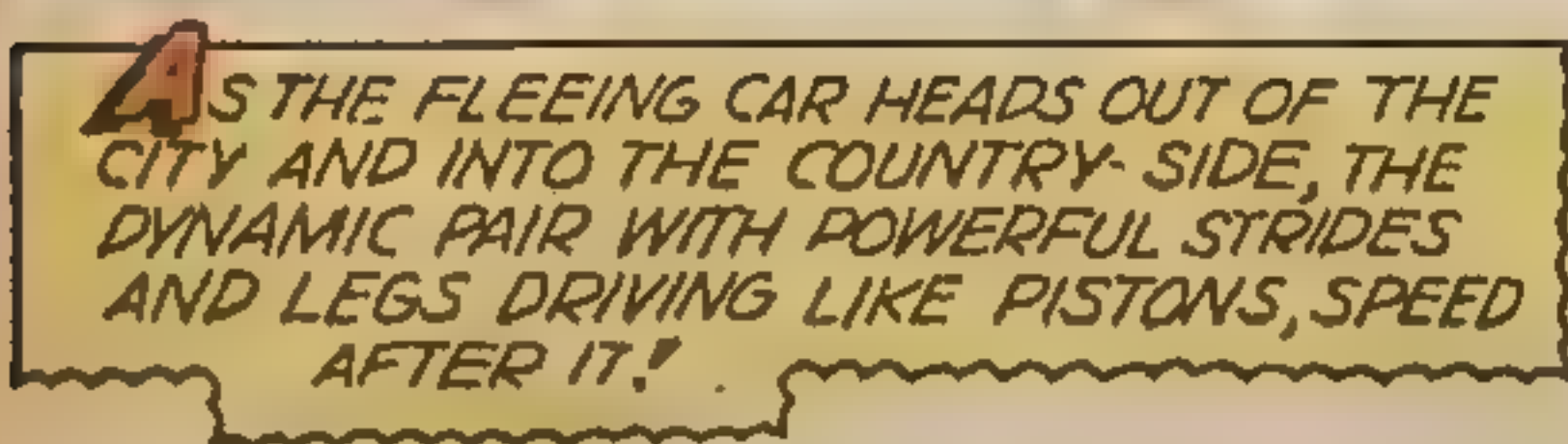
NOT IF I CAN PREVENT HIM!

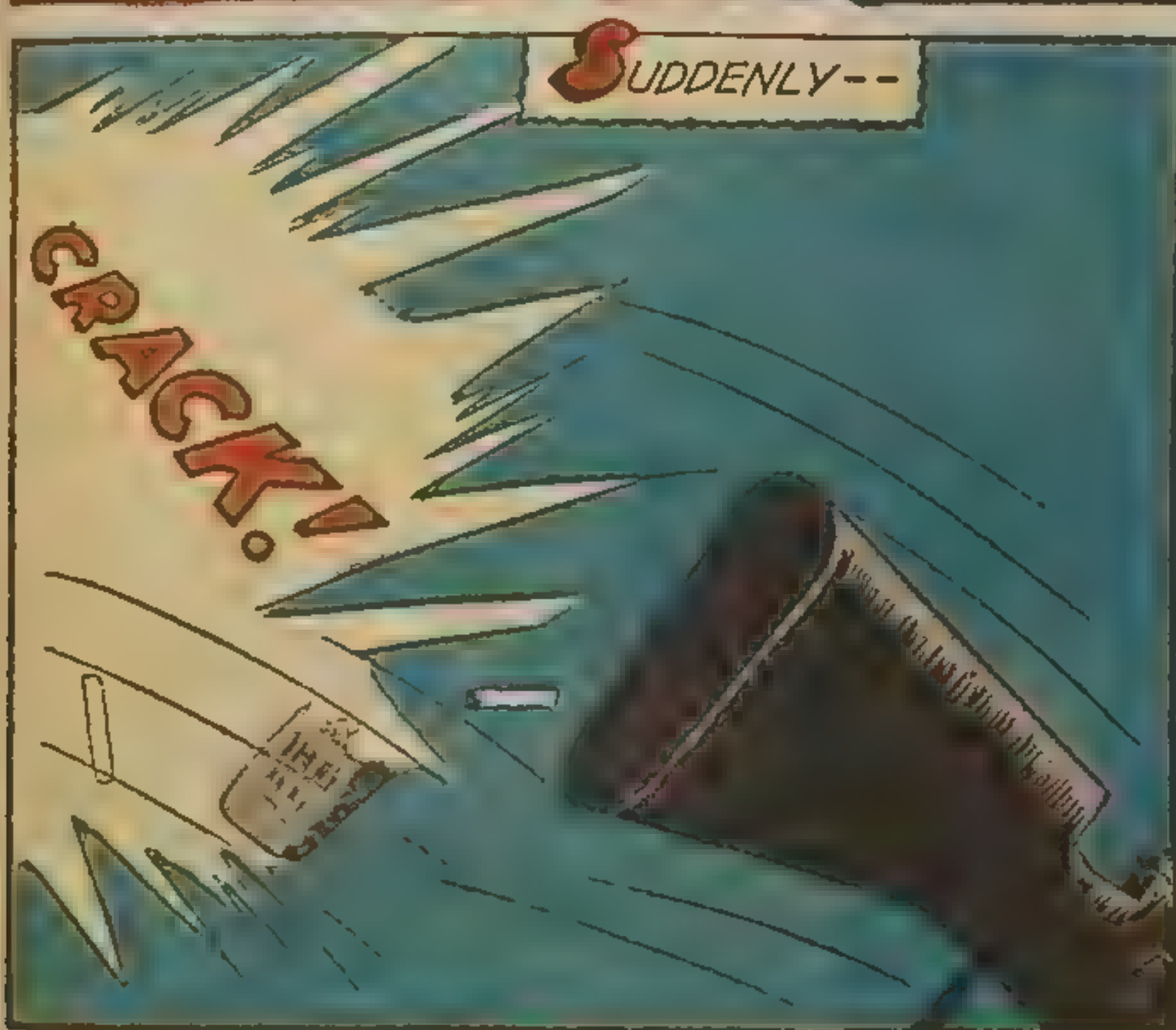
NOT SO FAST, RATZI!

THE COWARDLY NAZI LASHES OUT WITH HIS FOOT VICIOUSLY!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, CAP?

YES! I'M OKAY! BUT THAT RAT IS GETTING AWAY! COME ON-- HE'S PROBABLY GOT A CAR IN BACK!





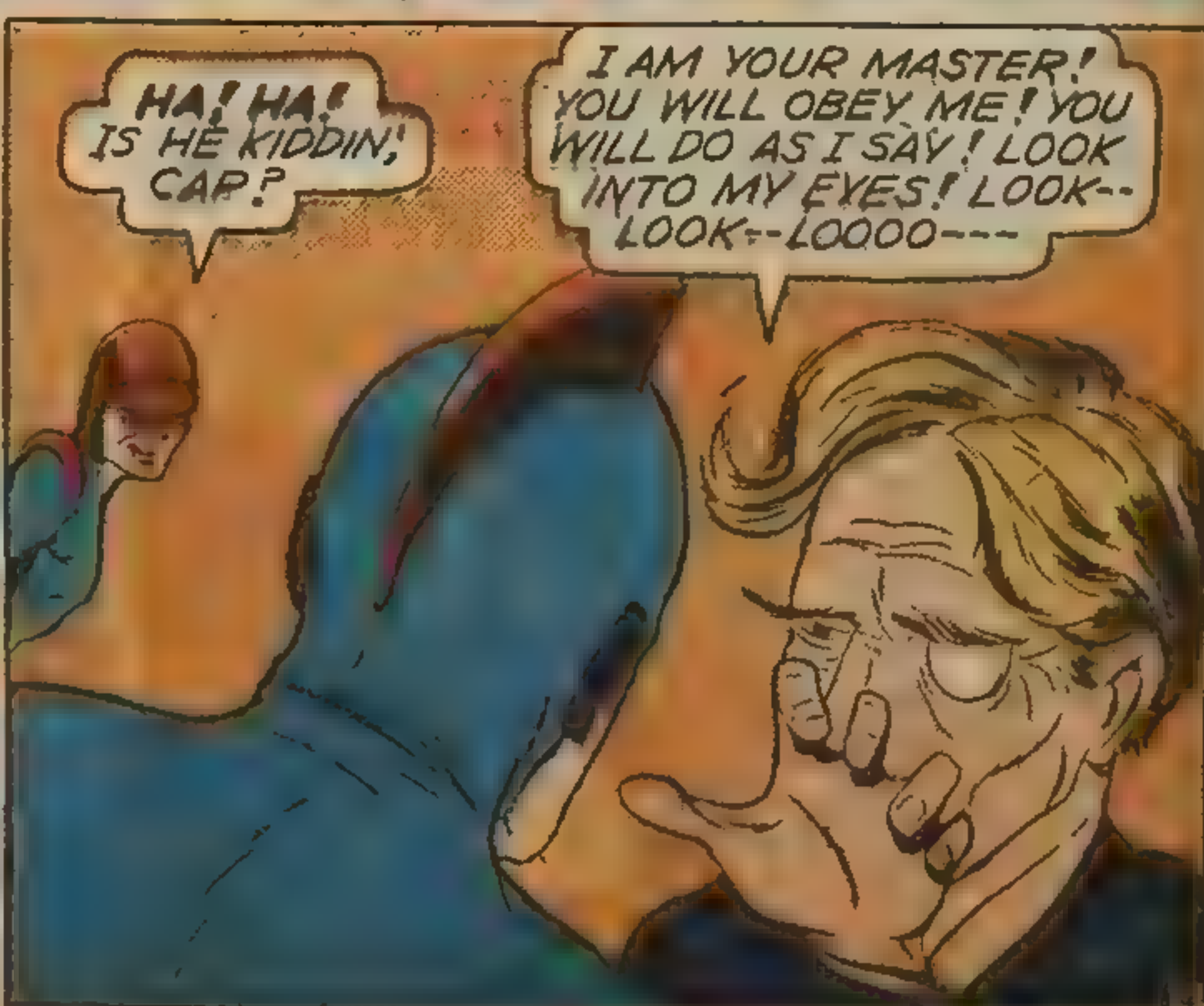
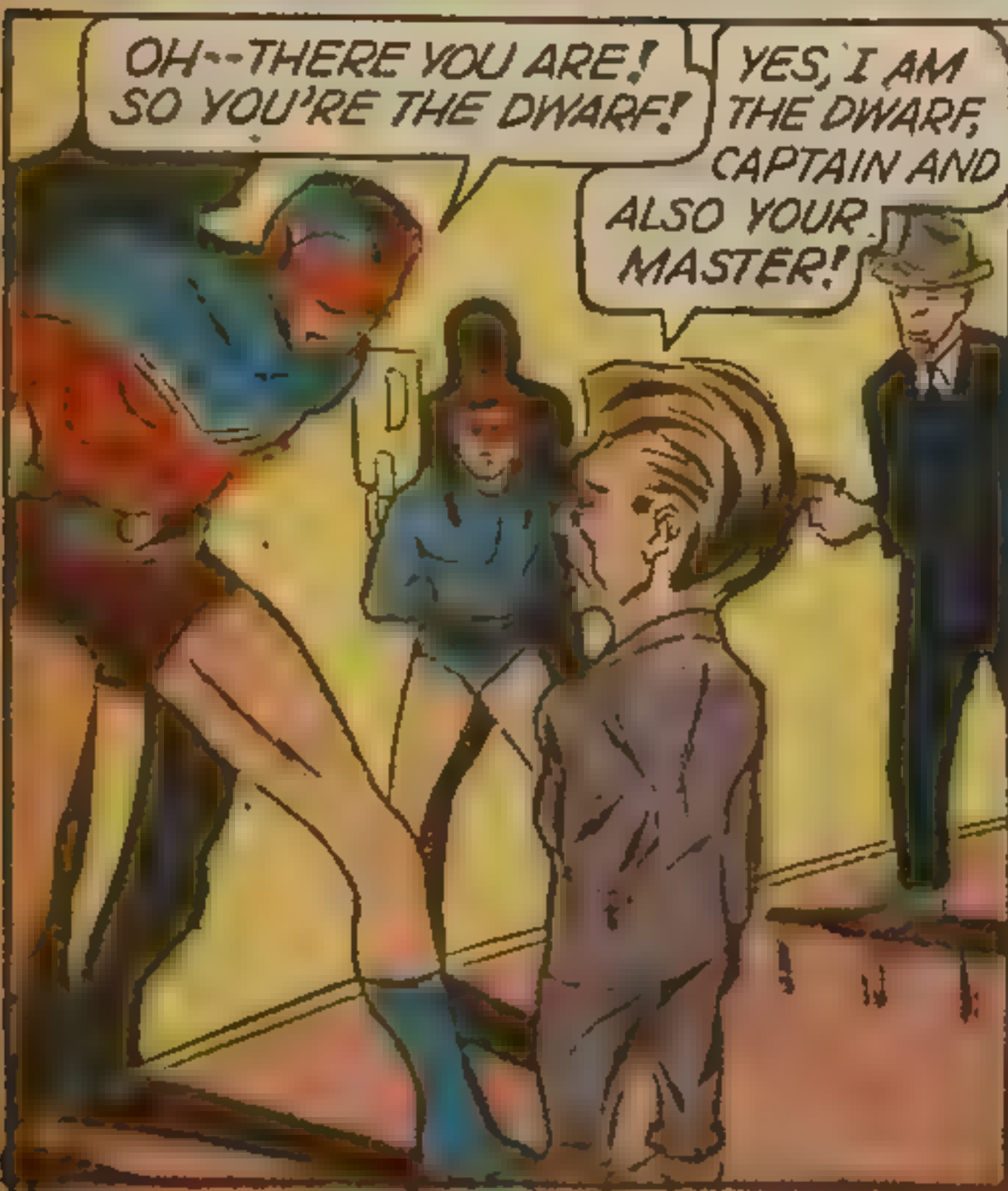
CAPTAIN WONDER HURTTLES DOWN A DEEP SHAFT, LANDING SAFELY ON HIS FEET! THE MIGHTY AVENGER MAKES HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY ALONG A DARK PASSAGEWAY!



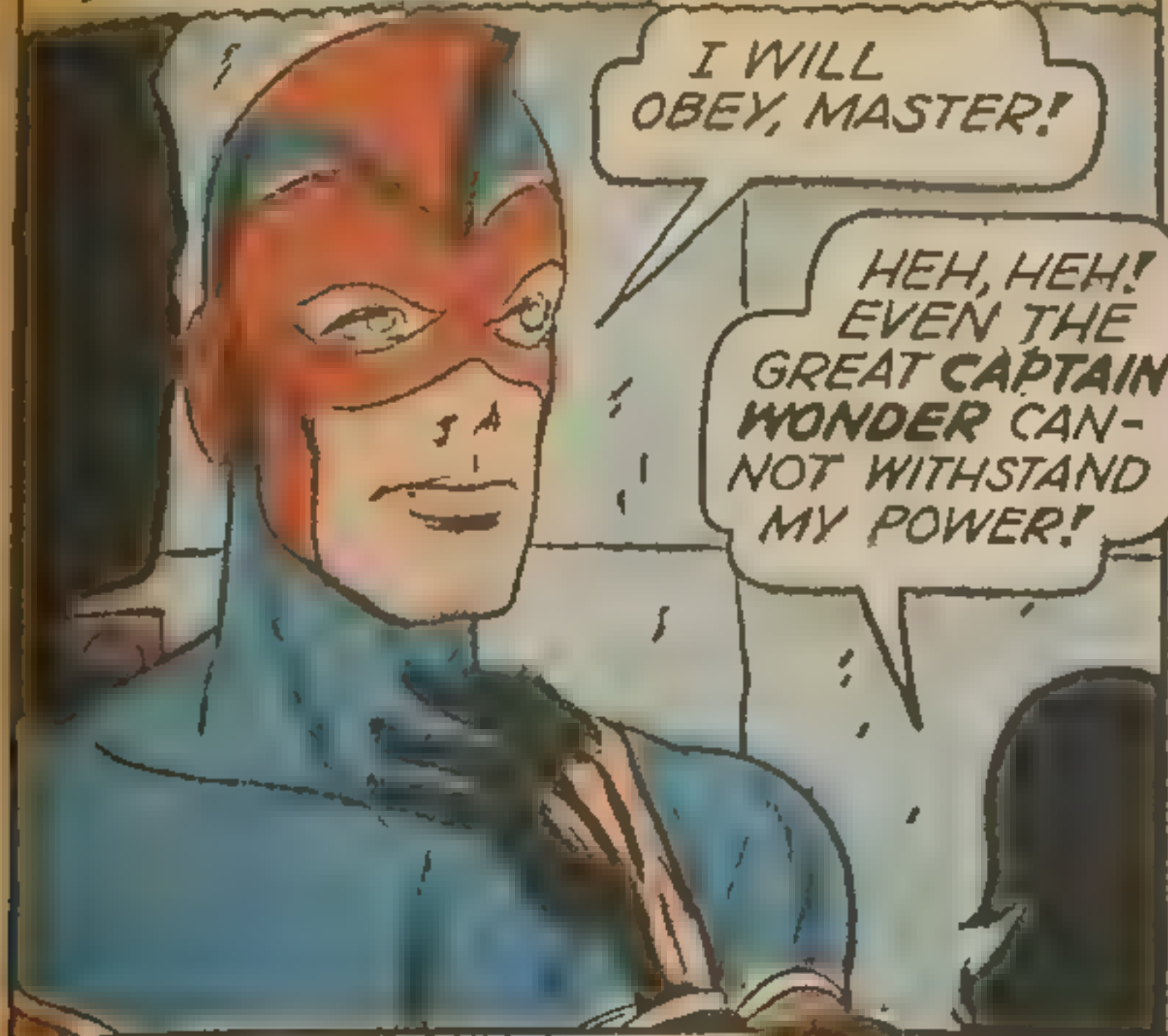
BUT HE DOESN'T NOTICE AN OMINOUS FIGURE WEILDING A CLUB--EMERGE FROM A SECRET PANEL BEHIND HIM AND---



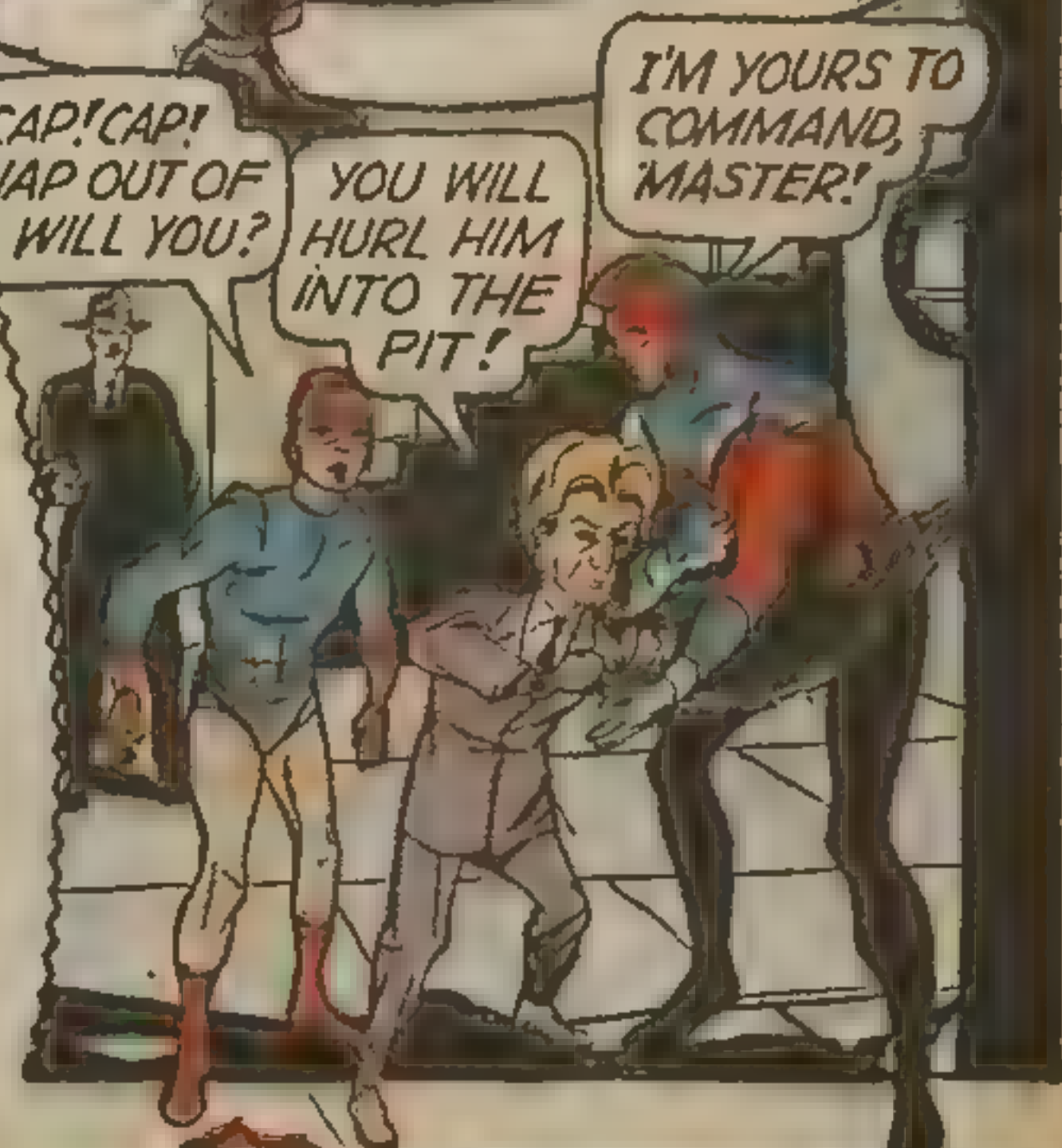
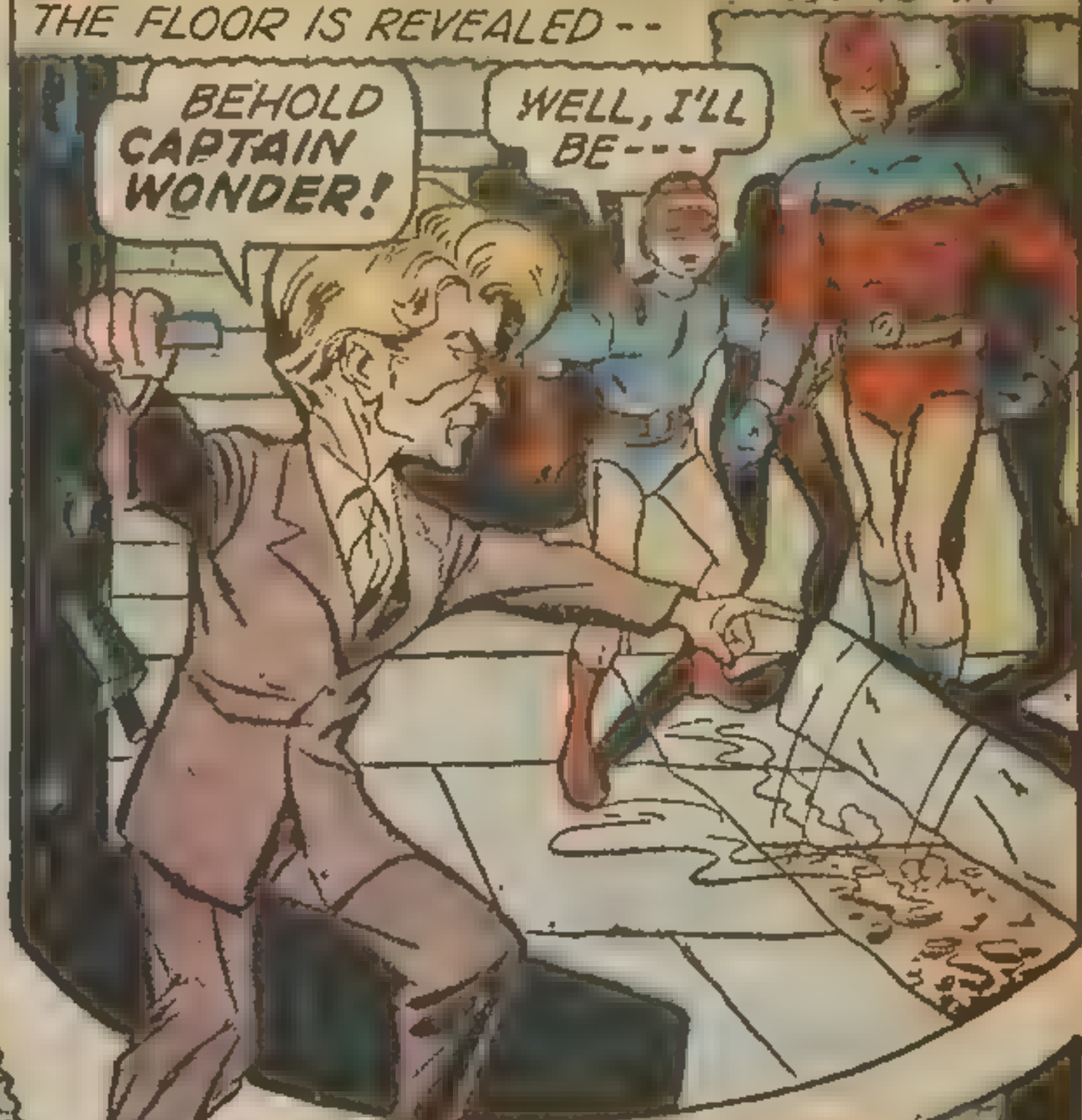
AFTER WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY, CAPTAIN WONDER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---



CAPTAIN WONDER "SUCCUMBS" TO THE DWARF'S MIGHTY WILL POWER---

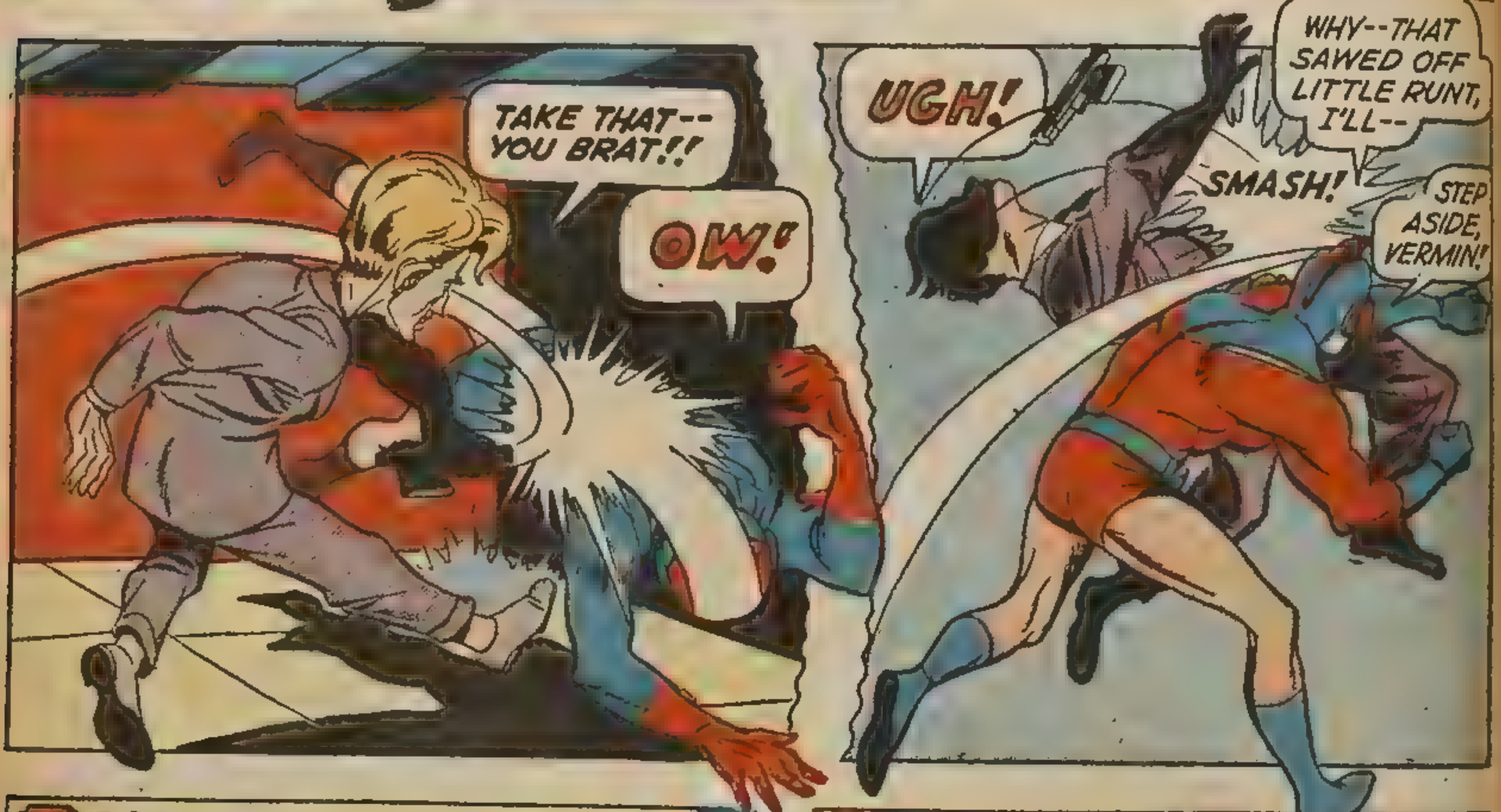
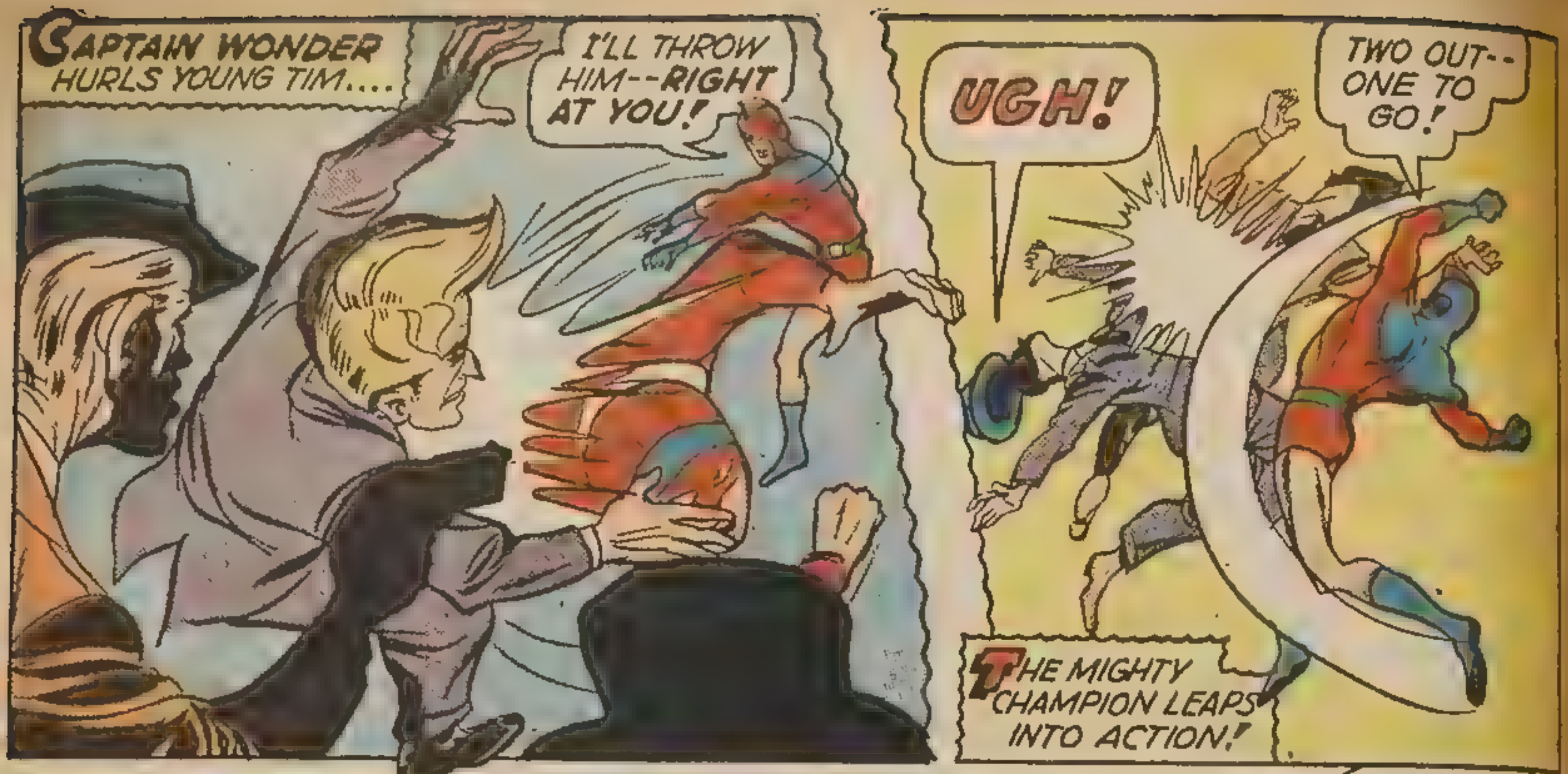


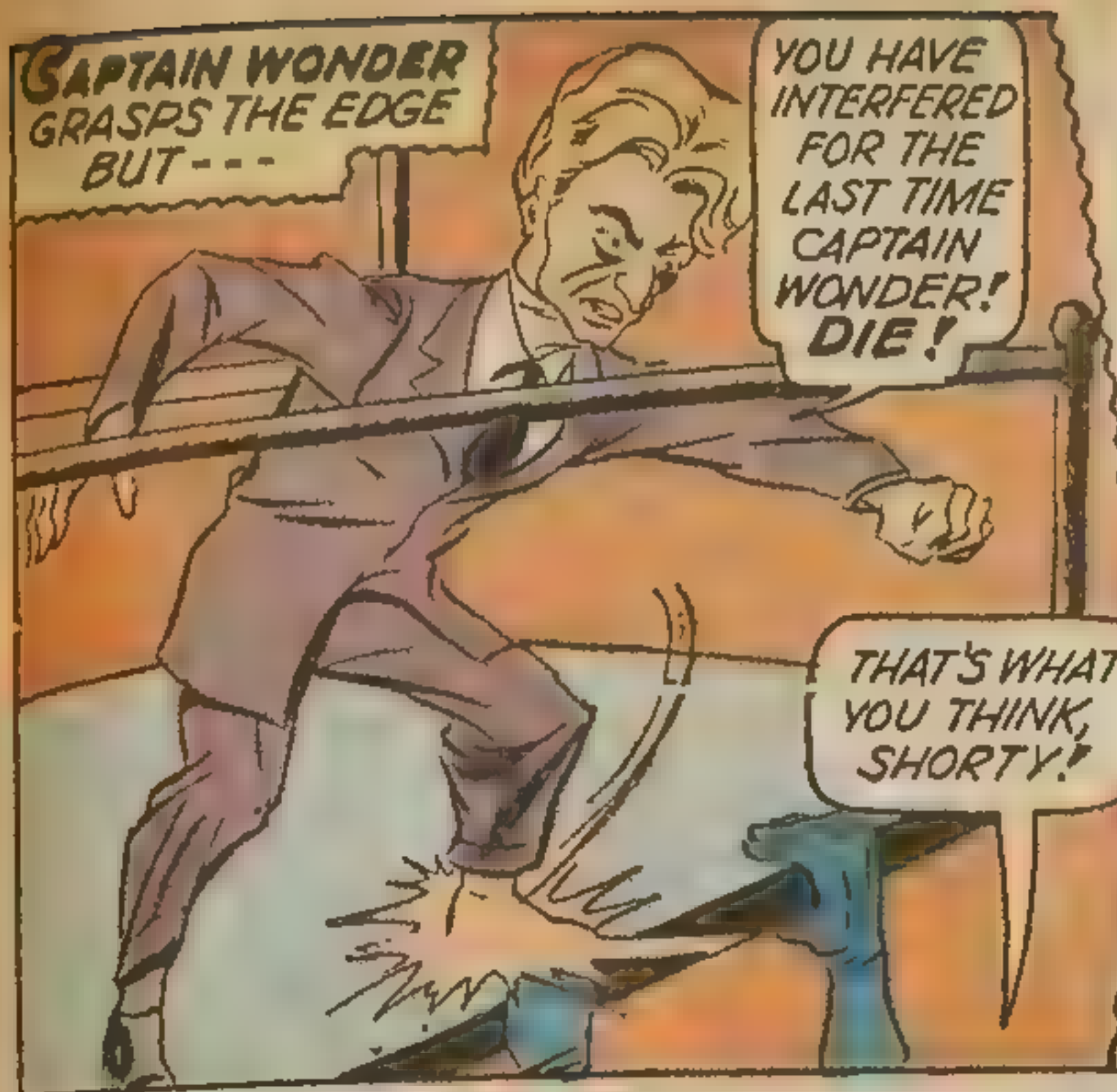
THE SMALL MASTER OF EVIL PULLS A LEVER ON THE WALL AND A HUGE OPENING IN THE FLOOR IS REVEALED--



SUDDENLY....



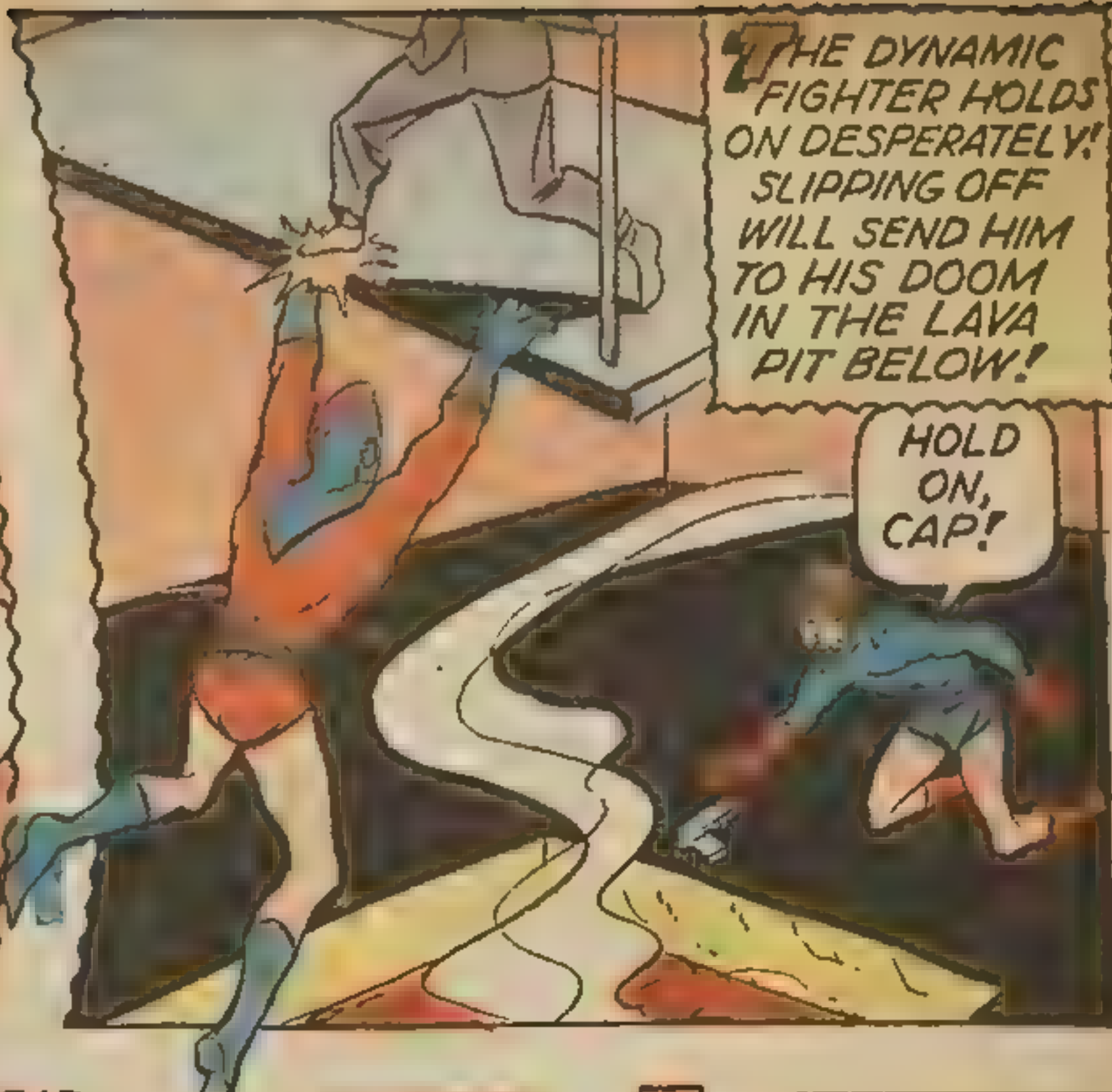




CAPTAIN WONDER GRASPS THE EDGE BUT ---

YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME CAPTAIN WONDER! DIE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SHORTY!



THE DYNAMIC FIGHTER HOLDS ON DESPERATELY! SLIPPING OFF WILL SEND HIM TO HIS DOOM IN THE LAVA PIT BELOW!

HOLD ON, CAP!



THIS IS NOT A PIGSKIN BUT MY AIM ISN'T CHANGED!

WHAM! IT THUDS AGAINST THE DWARF'S HEAD KNOCKING HIM OVER....

THE RAILING TO A HORRIBLE DEATH!

UGH!



NICE PITCHING, TIM!

YES! AND A JUST DEATH FOR THAT KILLER!

LATER..... AT SCHOOL!



BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, EH, CAP?

HISSSSSS



FOR A MOMENT--I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I'D BE--

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL LET ME PITCH FOR OUR CLASS, EH, PROF?

THE END

CALLING ALL KIDS!

SUB-MARINER SPEAKING

BOYS AND GIRLS... ARE YOU LOOKING
FOR THRILLS AND ACTION?
LOOK FOR ME IN THE SAME
BOOK WITH

THE **HUMAN TORCH**

THE ANGEL - TERRY VANCE
THE VISION - THE PATRIOT
AND JIMMY JUPITER!
THE GREATEST ARRAY OF
STARS THAT CAN BE FOUND
ONLY IN ↓

MARVEL

COMICS

MYSTERY

THIS LEADING COMIC MAGAZINE
IS ON SALE AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS EVERY
MONTH! IT'S THE
BEST ENTERTAINMENT
YOUR MONEY CAN BUY!

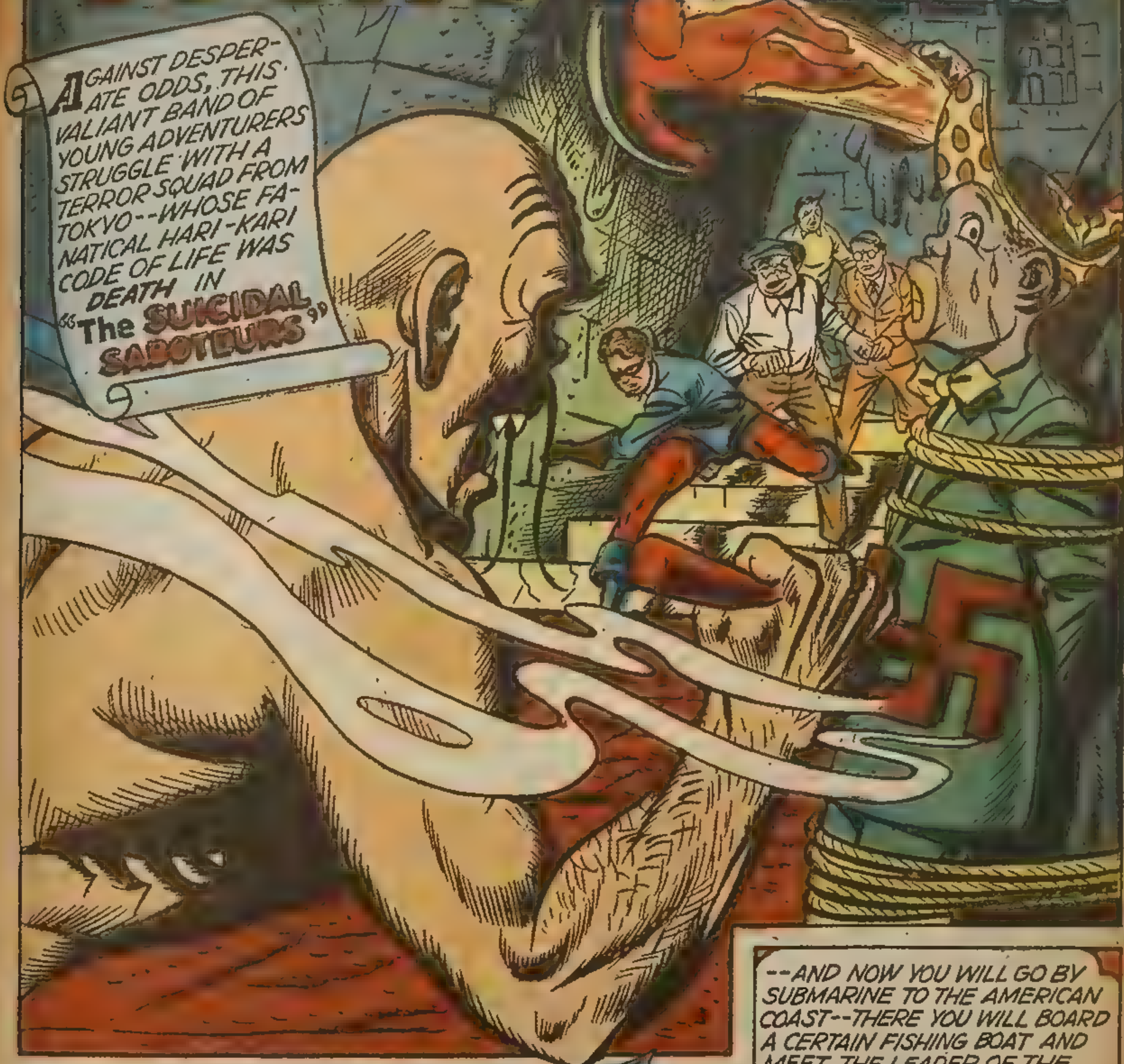
ON
SALE

Now

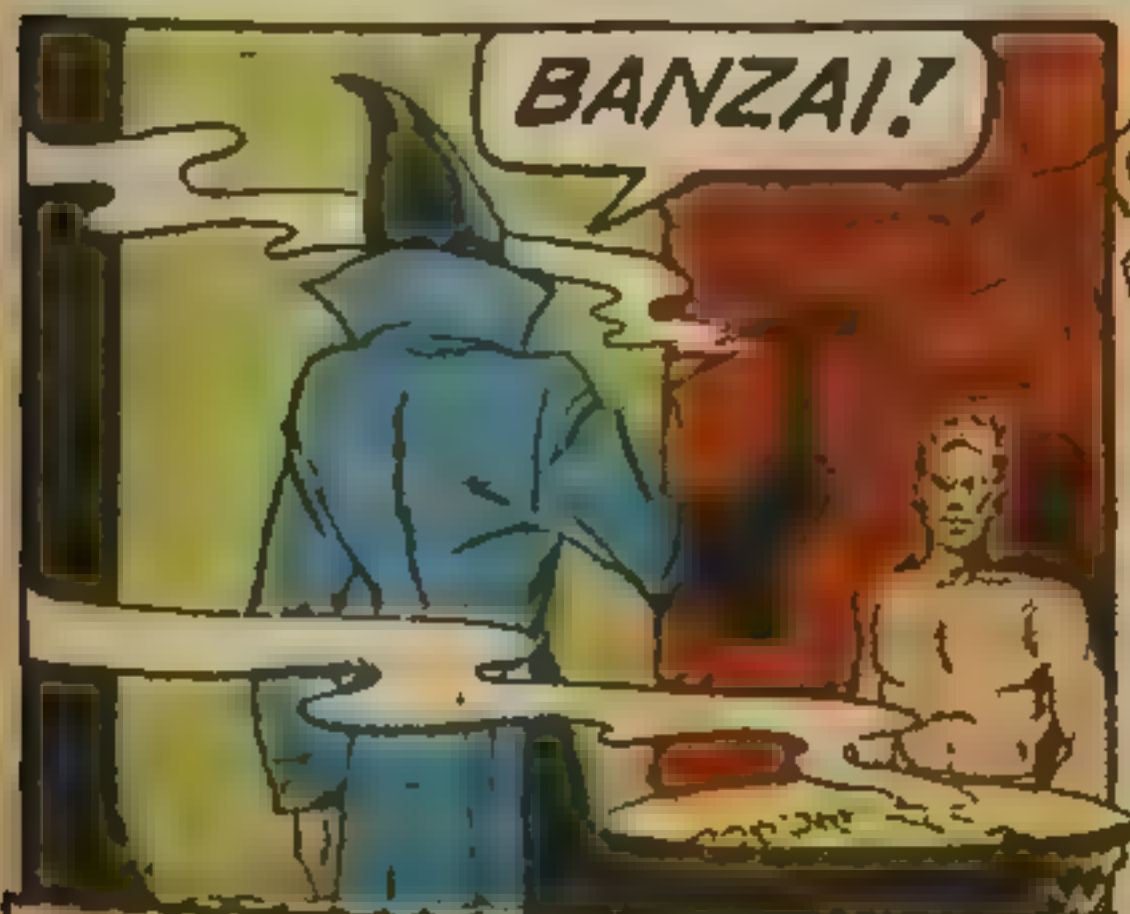
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YOUNG ALLIES



--AND NOW YOU WILL GO BY SUBMARINE TO THE AMERICAN COAST--THERE YOU WILL BOARD A CERTAIN FISHING BOAT AND MEET THE LEADER OF THE "YOUNG NIPPON" ORGANIZATION! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO THEN!

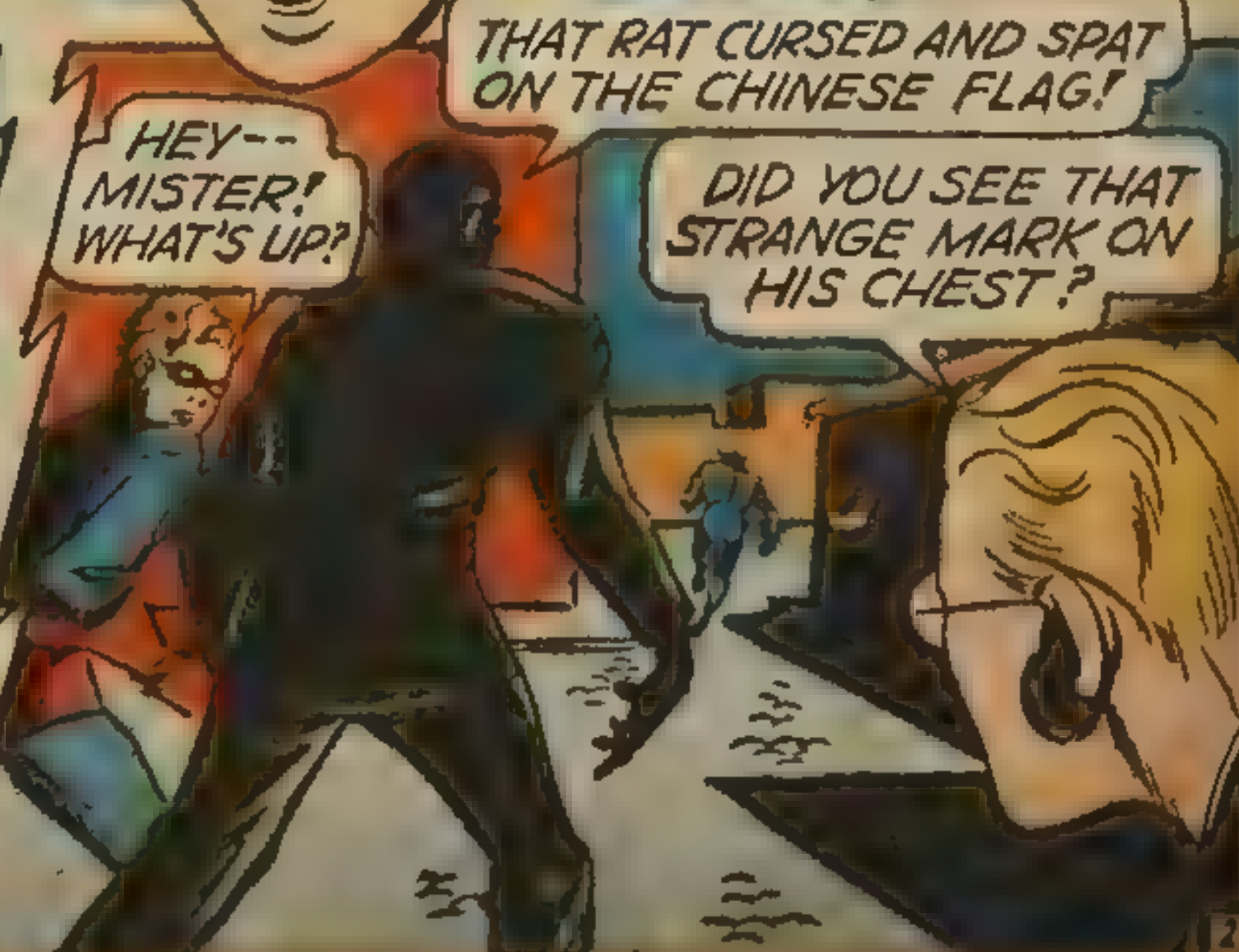
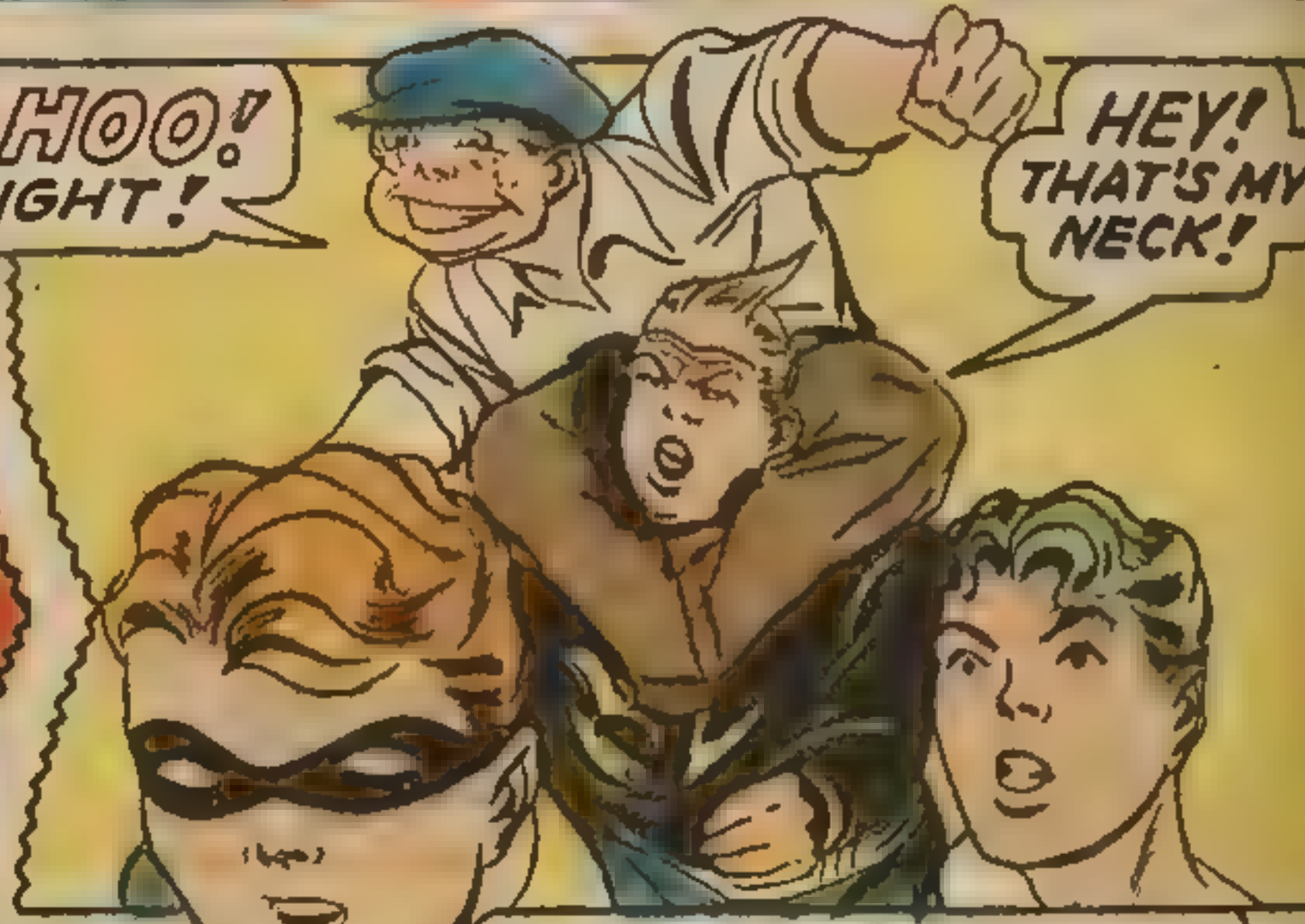
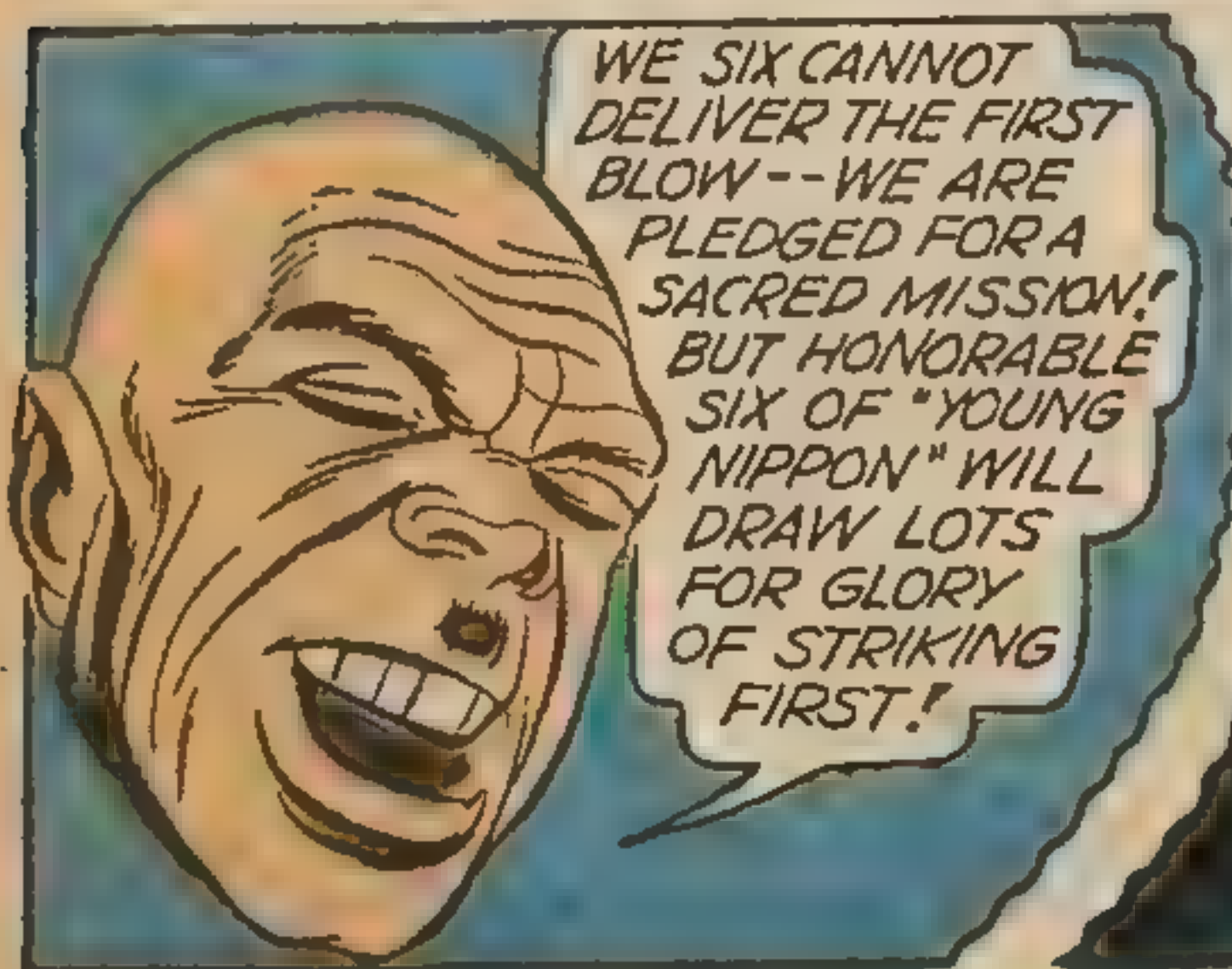
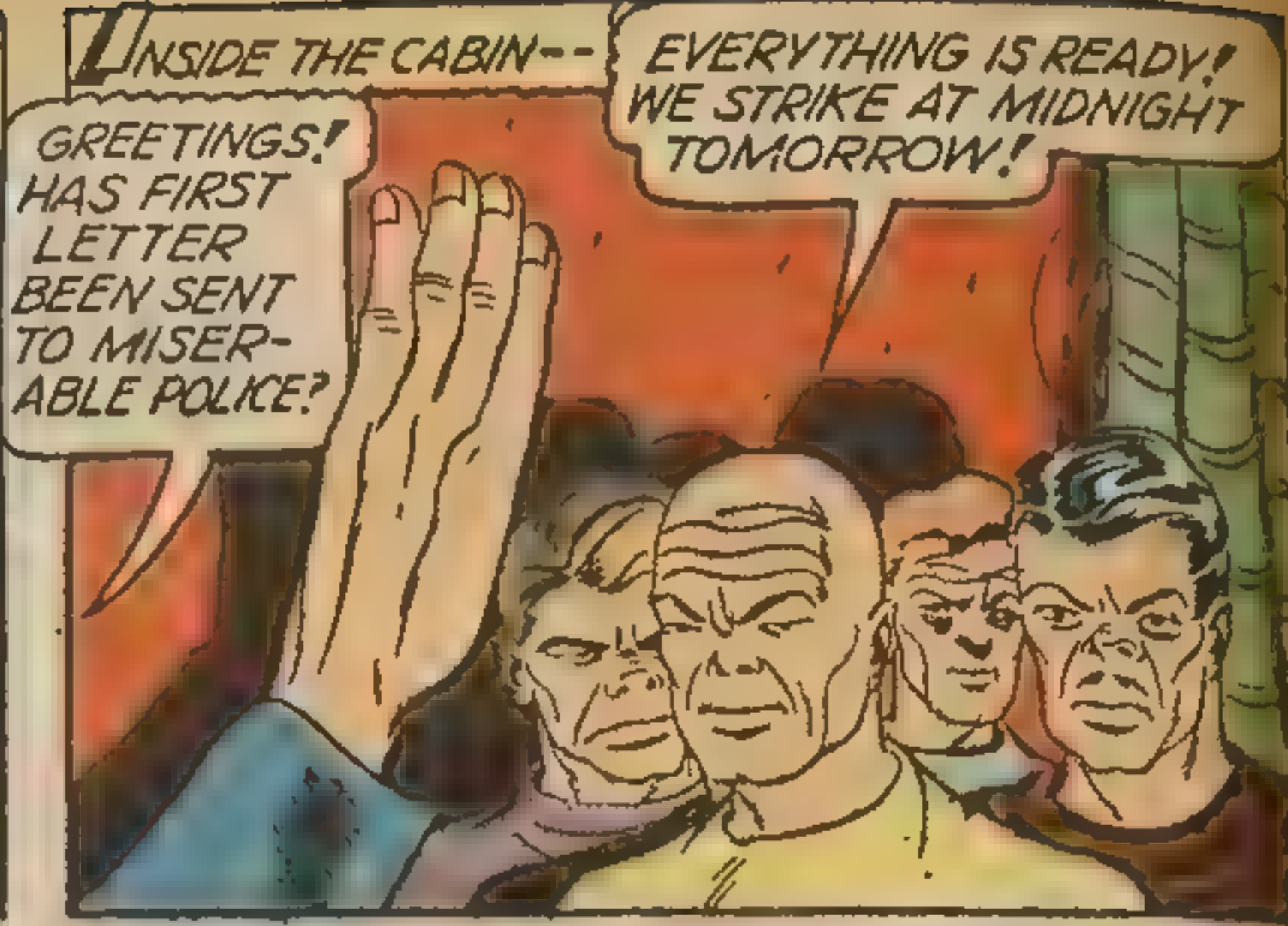
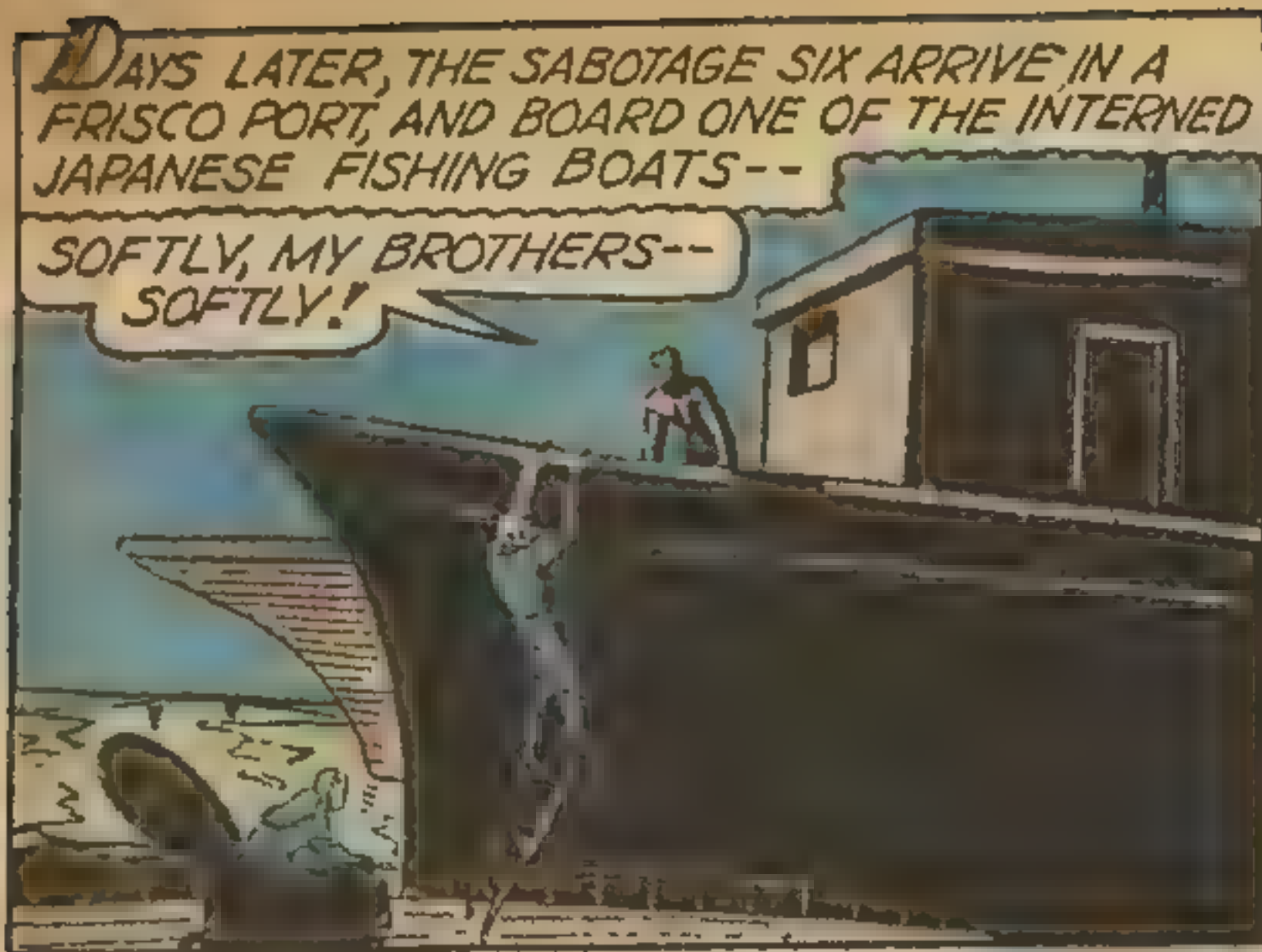


SIX SUICIDAL FANATICS PREPARE TO RECEIVE THE BRAND OF THE HONORABLE HARI-KARI BEFORE DEPARTURE ON THIS MISSION OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



THE WHITE HOT BRAND EATS INTO THE LIVING FLESH OF THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!





THE NEXT DAY NEWS-PAPERS BLARE FORTH WITH STARTLING HEADLINES!

FACTORY BOMBED!

SABOTEURS SEND WARNING NOTE, THEN BLOW UP DEFENSE PLANT!

SPY LETTERS SIGNED WITH DAGGER EMBLEM OF YOUNG NIPPON ORGANIZATION--

BOMBERS NAME THE VERY HOUR THEY WILL STRIKE AGAIN--

--AND AT THE YOUNG ALLIES CLUBHOUSE--

ALTHOUGH NO EMPLOYEES WERE MISSING, TWO CHARRED BODIES WERE FOUND IN THE RUINS--- HMMM!

SAY! REMEMBER THAT FIGHT YESTERDAY? AND THE DAGGER SIGN ON THE GUY'S CHEST? HE'S A MEMBER OF THAT YOUNG NIPPON OUTFIT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JEFF --- LISTEN! THE RADIO!

THE AREA WITHIN A FOUR BLOCK RADIUS OF THE RADIO TERMINAL HAS BEEN ROPED OFF, AND ALL EMPLOYEES SENT HOME ONE HOUR BEFORE MIDNIGHT-- A CORDON OF POLICE AND SOLDIERS IS TO BE STATIONED!

C'MON! I GOTTA HUNCH OUR JAP FRIEND WITH THAT MARK WILL BE AT THE TERMINAL TONIGHT!

YEAH! BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET PAST THE POLICE CORDON?

LISTEN! IF DE JAPS KIN DO IT-- WE KIN!

AS THE HOUR OF DESTRUCTION DRAWS NEAR, TWO DARK FIGURES SNAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE OVER-HEAD WIRES, WHILE THE GUARD PEERS INTO THE DARKNESS!

AW, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL SHOW UP!

NAW-- ME NEITHER!

BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE ON GUARD, TOO!

DERE DEV IS-- YO' WHISTLE, AH CAN'T! IF AH TRIED, AH'D BITE OFF MAH FINGERS-- MAH TEETH CHATTER DAT BAD!

EEEEEEH!

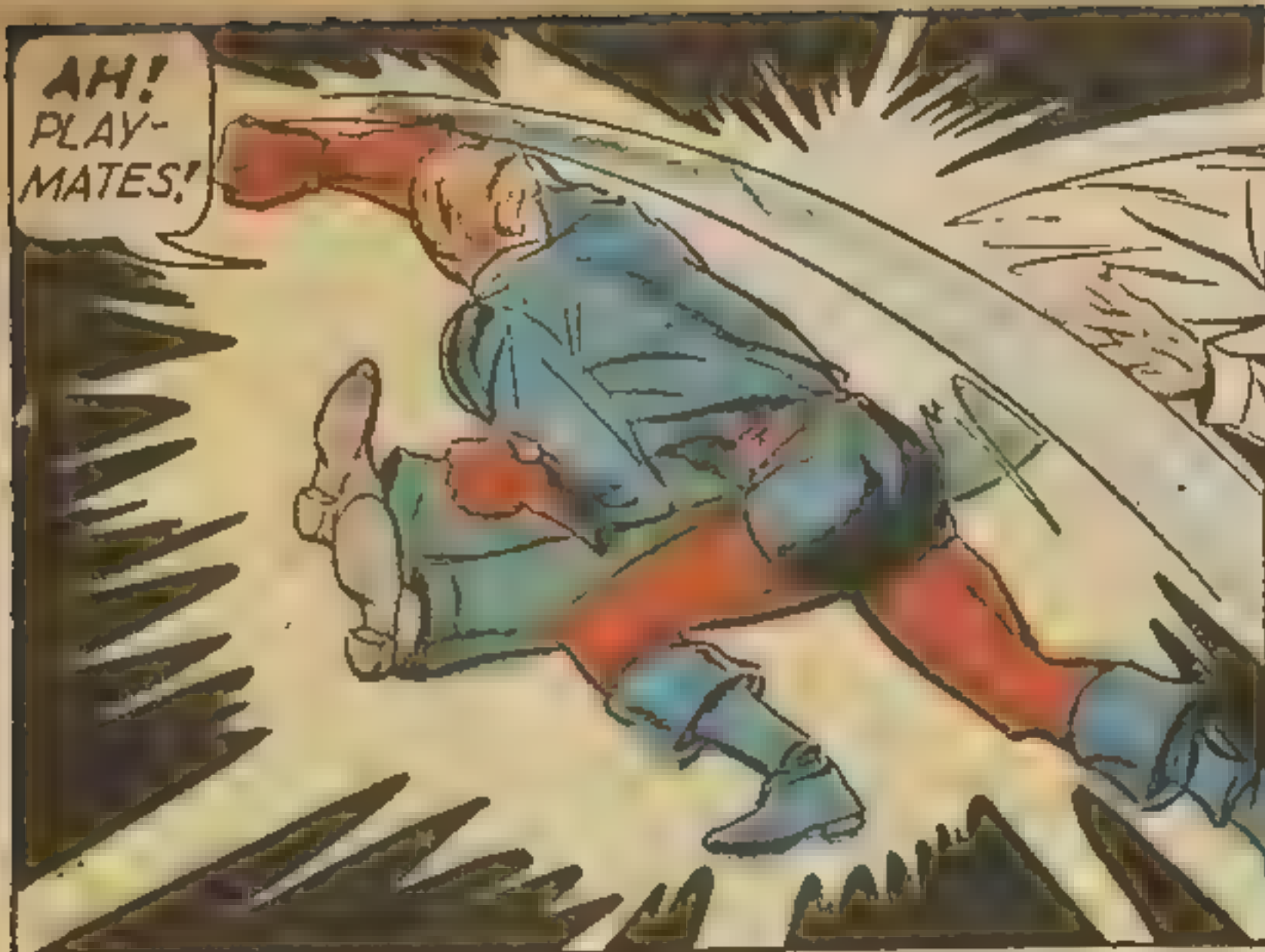
AT THE SIGNAL, BUCKY AND THE OTHERS, STATIONED AT ANOTHER CORNER, START TOWARD THE WHISTLE--

THERE'S THE SIGNAL! C'MON!

THEY'VE SPOTTED THEM--- HEY! WHO ARE THEY?

JAPS!





AH!
PLAY-
MATES!



SWIFTLY, TORO THROWS A RING OF FLAME
AROUND THE JAPS---

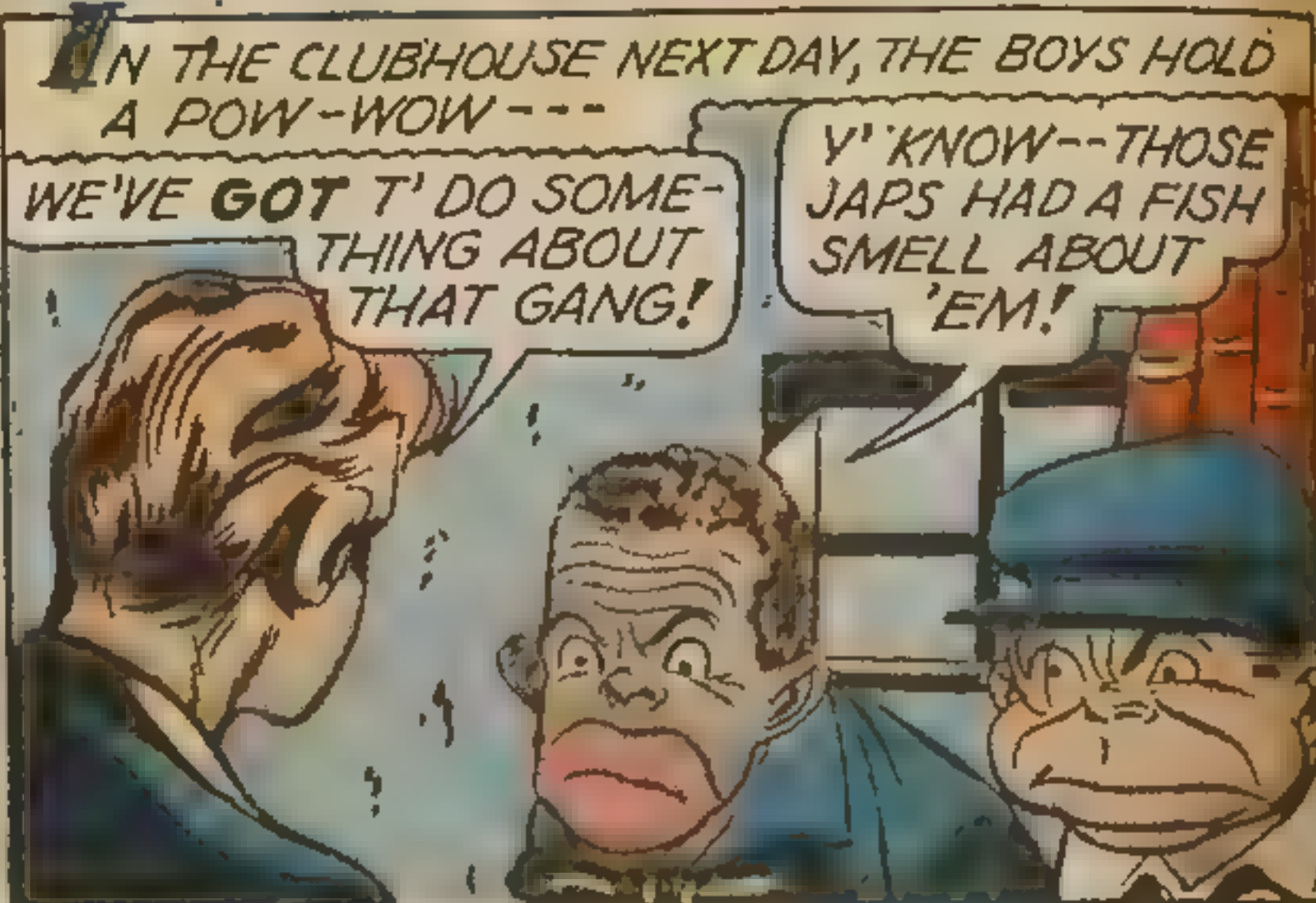
YOU FELLAS GO TOWARD
THE WHISTLE--I'LL MAKE
THESE GUYS TALK A
LITTLE STORY!



TOO LATE! THE TWO SUICIDAL JAPS LEAP
DOWN ON THE TERMINAL AND ARE BLOWN TO BITS!

HOLY CATS!
THEY'VE DONE
IT AGAIN!

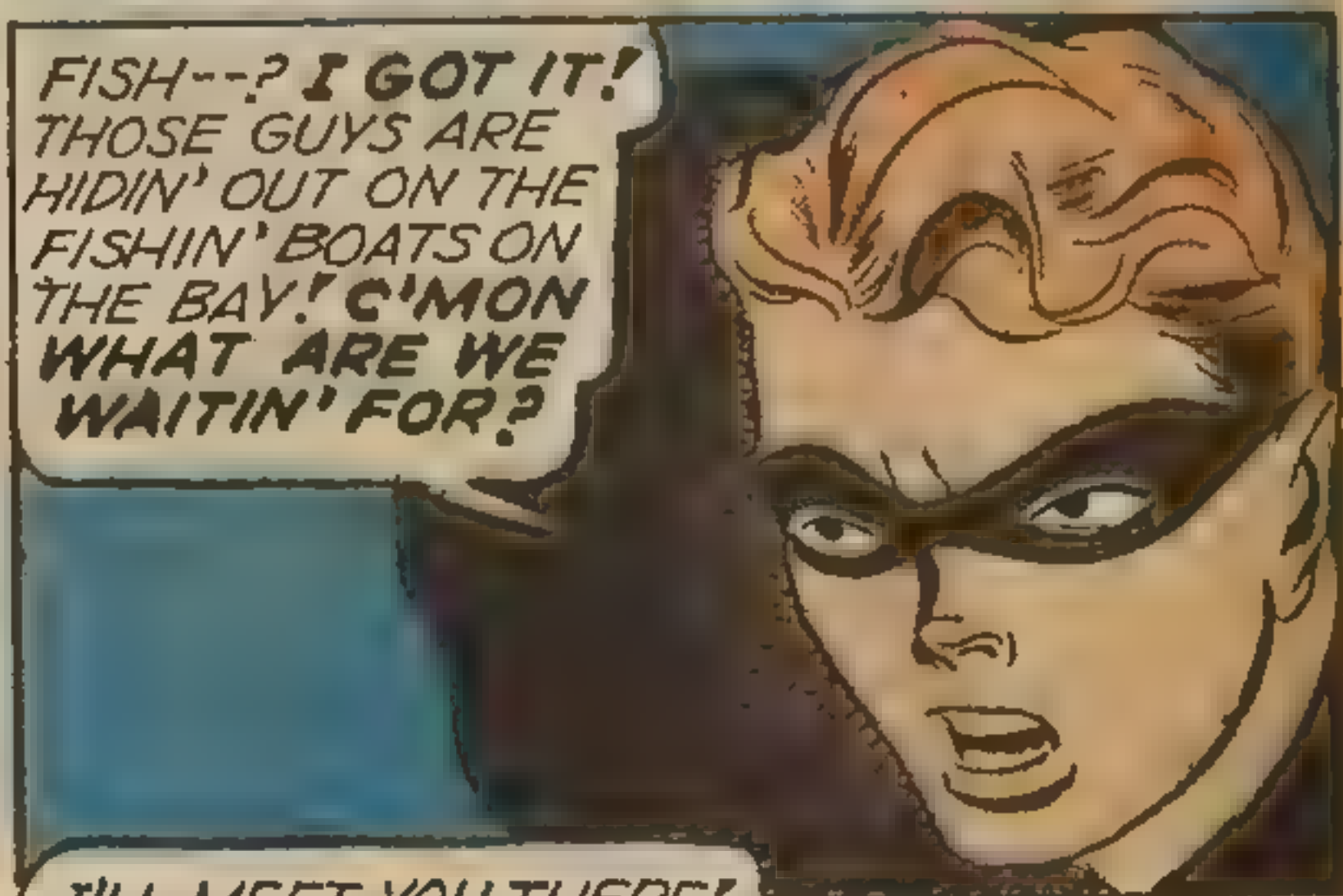
BOOM!



IN THE CLUBHOUSE NEXT DAY, THE BOYS HOLD
A POW-WOW---

WE'VE GOT T' DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
THAT GANG!

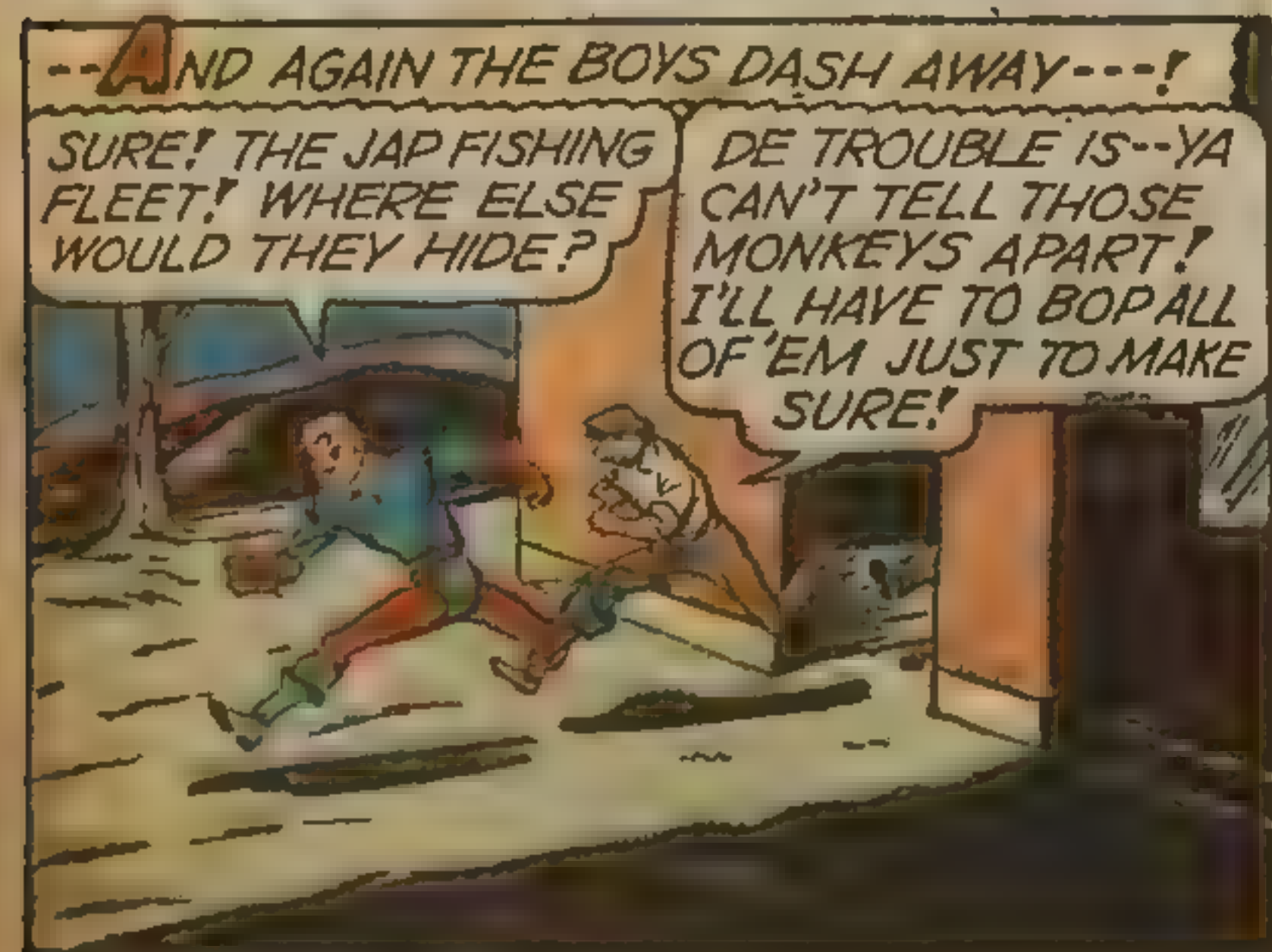
Y'KNOW--THOSE
JAPS HAD A FISH
SMELL ABOUT
'EM!



FISH--? I GOT IT!
THOSE GUYS ARE
HIDIN' OUT ON THE
FISHIN' BOATS ON
THE BAY! C'MON
WHAT ARE WE
WAITIN' FOR?

I'LL MEET YOU THERE!
IT'S TOO FAR TO WALK!
I'LL TAKE A BUS!

WHY YOU TALKIN'
'BOUT WALKIN'? PEARS
TO ME--THIS IS A
RUNNIN' MATTER!

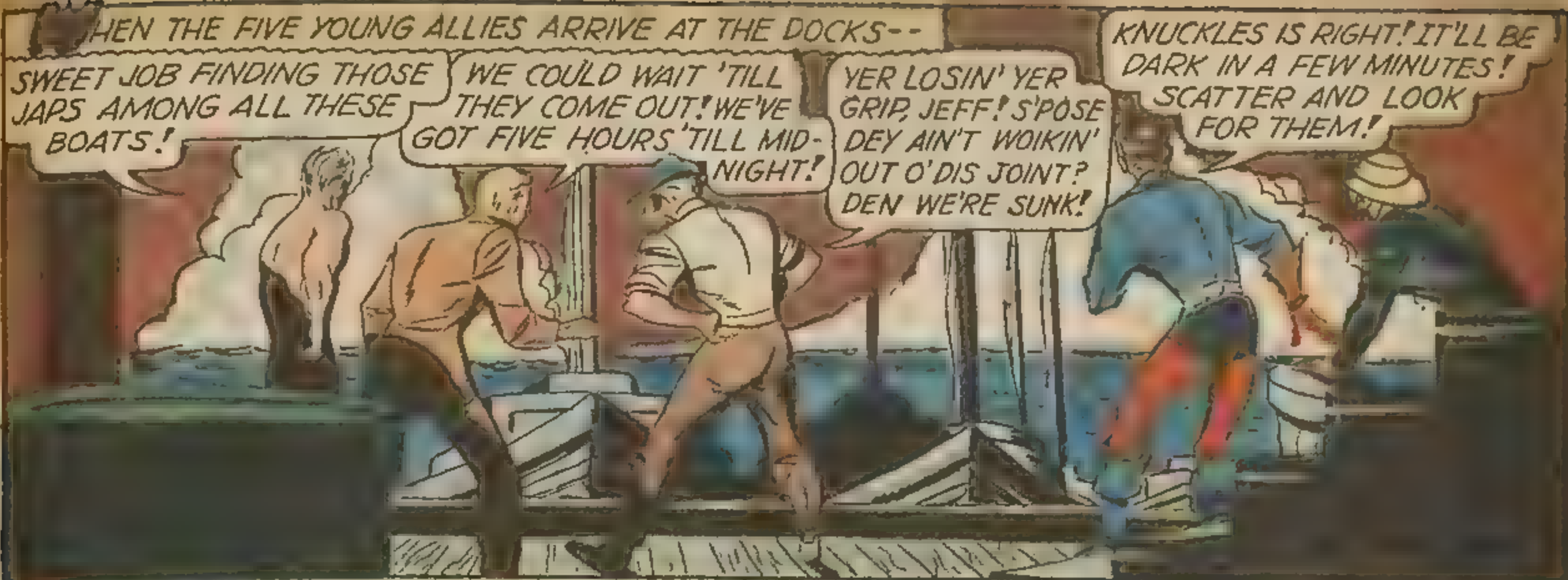


---AND AGAIN THE BOYS DASH AWAY---

SURE! THE JAP FISHING
FLEET! WHERE ELSE
WOULD THEY HIDE?

DE TROUBLE IS--YA
CAN'T TELL THOSE
MONKEYS APART!
I'LL HAVE TO BOP ALL
OF 'EM JUST TO MAKE
SURE!





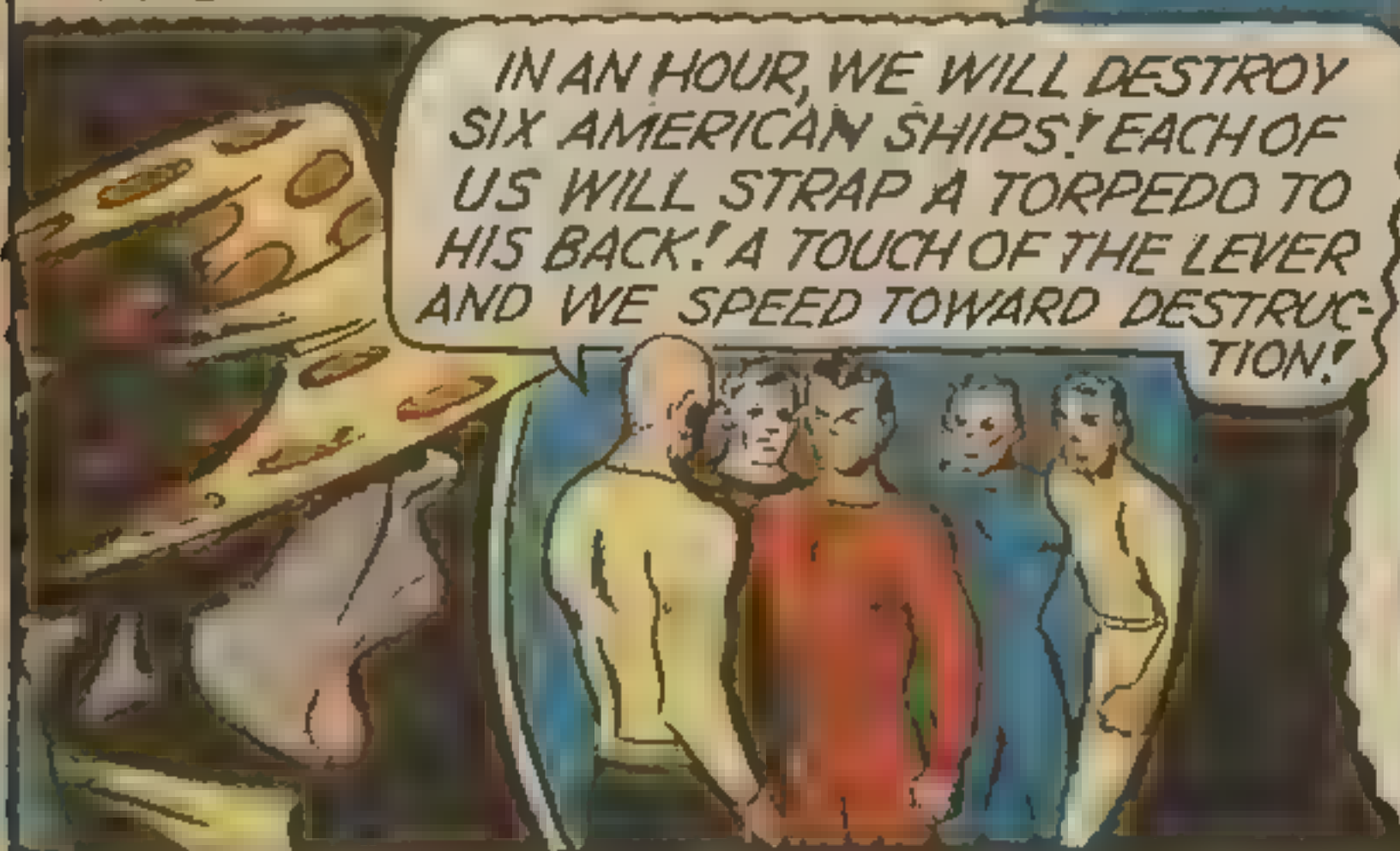
WHEN THE FIVE YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE AT THE DOCKS--
SWEET JOB FINDING THOSE JAPS AMONG ALL THESE BOATS!

WE COULD WAIT 'TILL THEY COME OUT! WE'VE GOT FIVE HOURS 'TILL MID-NIGHT!

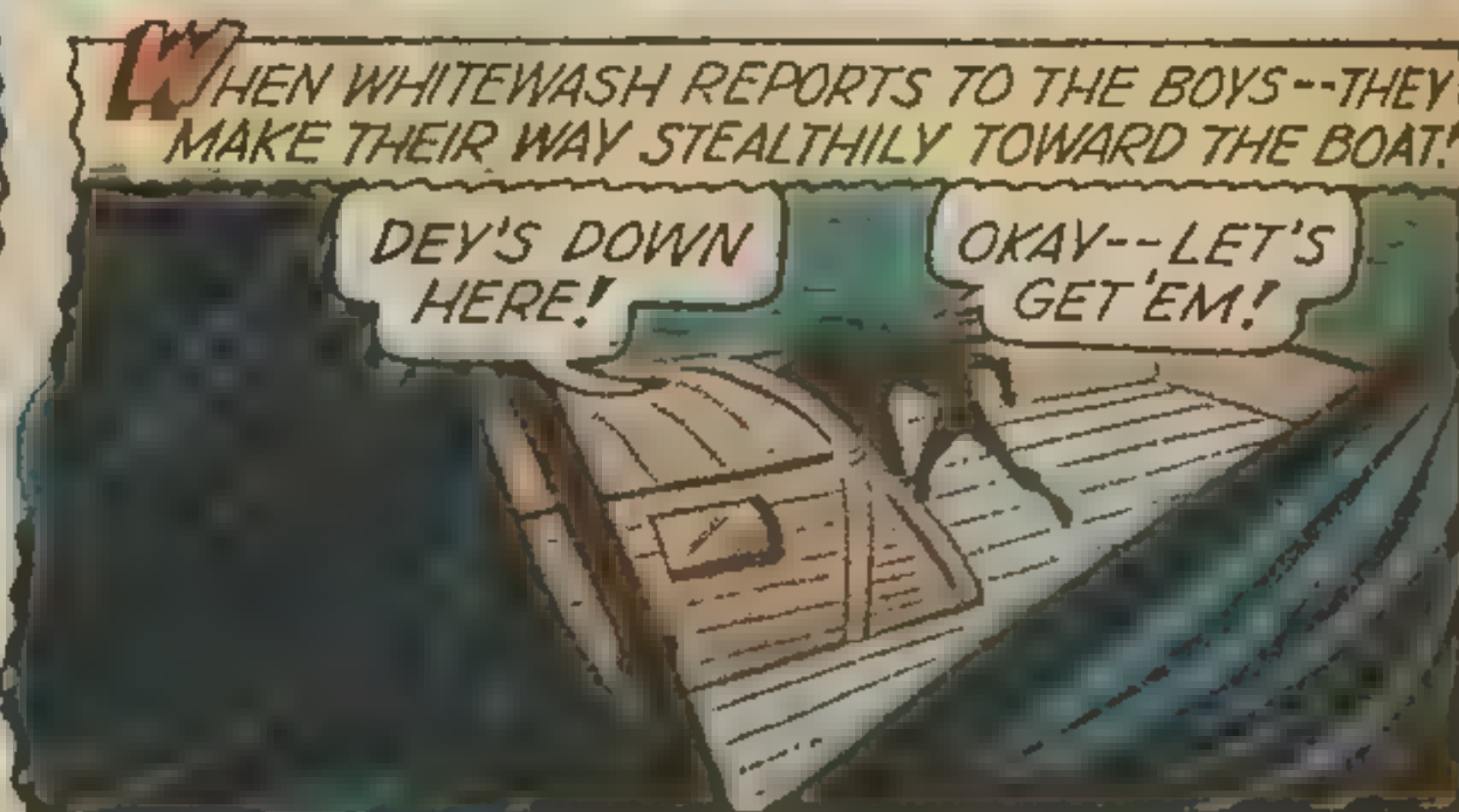
YER LOSIN' YER GRIP, JEFF! S'POSE DEY AIN'T WOIKIN' OUT O'DIS JOINT? DEN WE'RE SUNK!

KNUCKLES IS RIGHT! IT'LL BE DARK IN A FEW MINUTES! SCATTER AND LOOK FOR THEM!

AFTER A LONG SEARCH, WHITEWASH LOOKS THRU A PORTHOLE TO SEE ---



IN AN HOUR, WE WILL DESTROY SIX AMERICAN SHIPS! EACH OF US WILL STRAP A TORPEDO TO HIS BACK! A TOUCH OF THE LEVER AND WE SPEED TOWARD DESTRUCTION!



WHEN WHITEWASH REPORTS TO THE BOYS--THEY MAKE THEIR WAY STEALTHILY TOWARD THE BOAT!

DEY'S DOWN HERE!

OKAY--LET'S GET 'EM!



YAHOO!



BUT THE JAPS ARE A SLY FOE--
AMERICAN SWINE!

OOOOOH!

HO! HO! HO! THIS ACID-CONTRA WILL DESTROY YOUR FLAME, FIRE-BOY!

HEY! MY FLAME'S GOIN' OUT!

TORO'S FLAME DESTROYED, THE OTHERS CLUBBED MERCILESSLY, THE BOYS ARE BOUND BY THE CRUEL JAPS--

MUST HURRY! HAVE BUT LITTLE TIME!

IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S SEE WHAT IS DELAYING THE SIXTH YOUNG ALLY--

SORRY, SON! YOU'RE HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! THE BAY'S ALL THE WAY BACK!

WHAT! LET ME OFF--! QUICK!

GEE! NOBODY'LL STOP FOR ME! OOH! WOT'LL I DO?

AND BACK IN THE SHIP--

HOLY CATS! WOTTA SPOT DEY LEFT US IN! WHEN DAT CANDLE BOINS DE ROPE, WE'RE COOKED!

GOOD THING TUBBY'S SAFE!

HONORABLE JAPANESE GIVE YOU FOOD FOR THOUGHT--
NO CAN ESCAPE! IN TWENTY MINUTES, SIX WARSHIPS WILL BE **SMASHED** AND COWARDLY, STUPID SAILORS GO TO JOIN ROTTEN BONES OF ANCESTORS! CUNNING CANDLE WILL LAST ALSO TWENTY MINUTES--
THEN FIVE GO, TOO! IT GIVE PLEASANT THOUGHT! **GOOD-BYE PLEASE!**

YOU WILL WAIT FOR EXPLOSIONS FROM SHIPS! THEN IF CANDLE HAS NOT DONE TASK, DESTROY THE BOYS!

UP ON DECK, THE JAPS FASTEN THE TORPEDOES ON THEIR BACKS!

SILENTLY PADDLING THEIR WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION-- SIX LIVING TORPEDOES SLOWLY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE WAR CRAFT ANCHORED IN THE BAY AND TAKE UP THEIR STATION WAITING FOR THE FEARFUL HOUR OF MEDICINE!

BACK IN THE CABIN

HEY! THOSE JAPS AREN'T SO SMART-- THEY OVER LOOKED ONE THING!

CANDLES CAN BE BLOWN OUT---! C'MON, GANG--
BLOW FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH!



BOY! THAT DID IT!

HEY GUYS! I BEG TO ANNOUNCE I GOT ONE MITT FREE! I'LL BE WID YA IN A MINUTE!

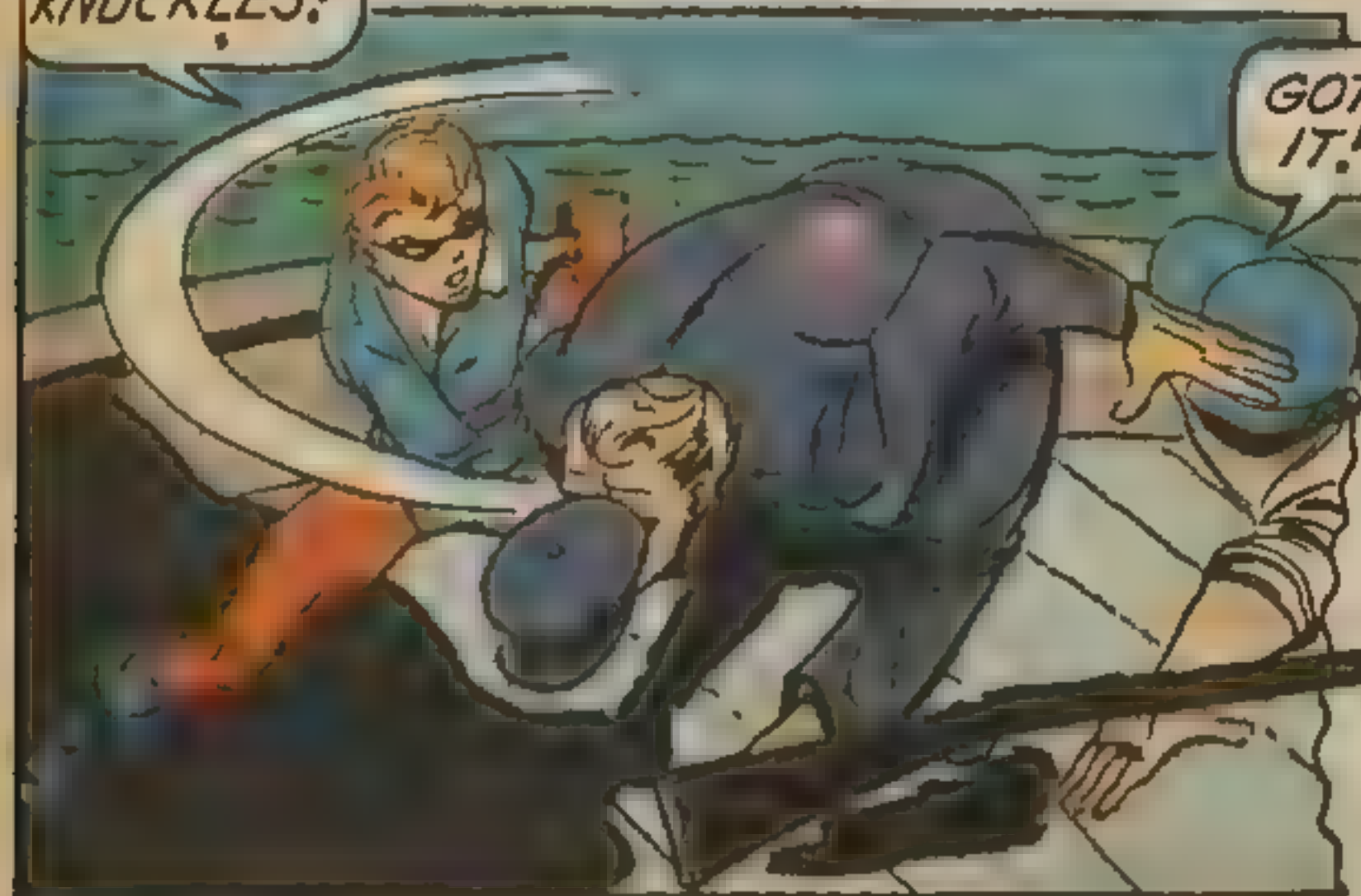
ATTABOY, KNUCKLES!

IN A FEW SECONDS THE BOYS ARE FREE--

C'MON-- WE GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THE GUARD!

WE HAVE ABOUT TWELVE MINUTES! I'M AFRAID WE WON'T HAVE TIME!

GRAB THE GUN, KNUCKLES!



DIS'LL BRING DA POLICE PATROL!

BANG!



SWIFTLY-- THE POLICE PATROL COMES UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOT--

HEY, YOU KIDS-- WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP THERE?

BOY! ARE WE GLAD YOU CAME!

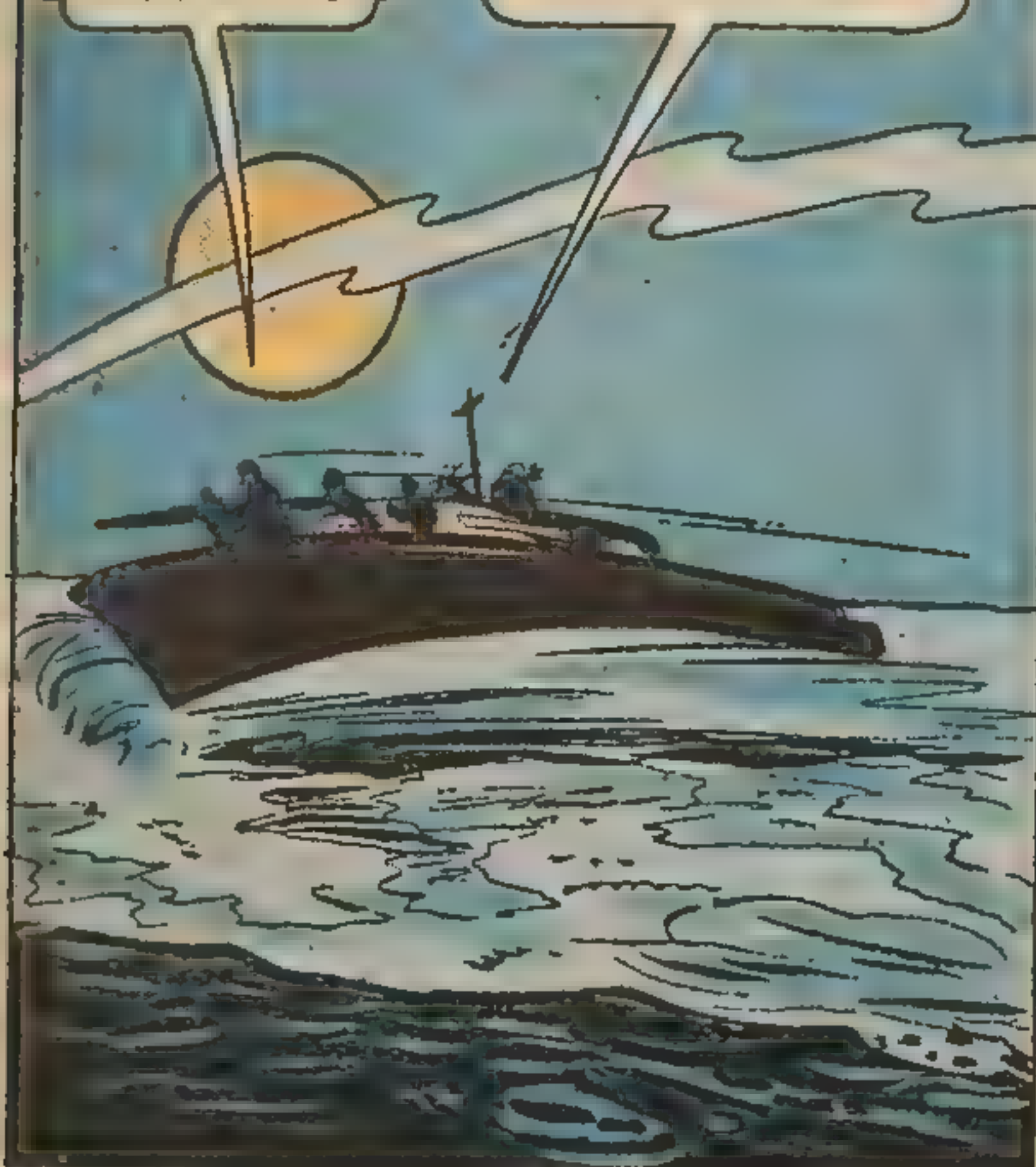
TORPEDO SABOTEURS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO BLOW UP WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOR--- AND WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW SECONDS TO STOP 'EM!



RACING AGAINST TIME, THE HARBOR POLICE BLAZE INTO ACTION, AND HEAD FOR THE WAR-CRAFT TO INTERCEPT THE SUICIDAL SABOTEURS, WHO, AT THAT VERY MOMENT---

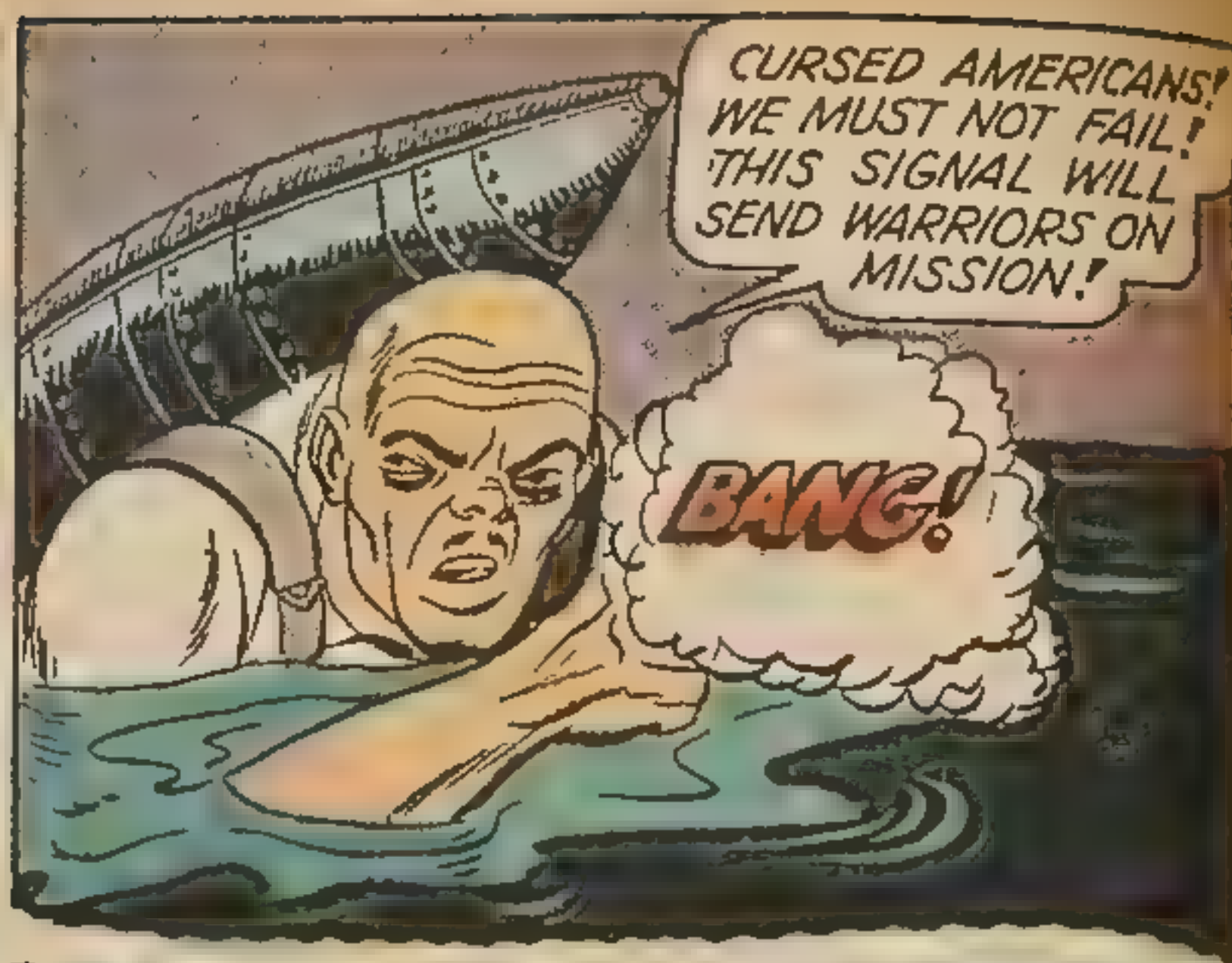
HURRY! HURRY!
WE'VE ONLY GOT
A MINUTE!

**I SEE ONE! THERE
HE IS! FIRE! BLAST
THE 7XZ 70! XX?!**



**CURSED AMERICANS!
WE MUST NOT FAIL!
THIS SIGNAL WILL
SEND WARRIORS ON
MISSION!**

BANG!



AND ON THE WARSHIP--

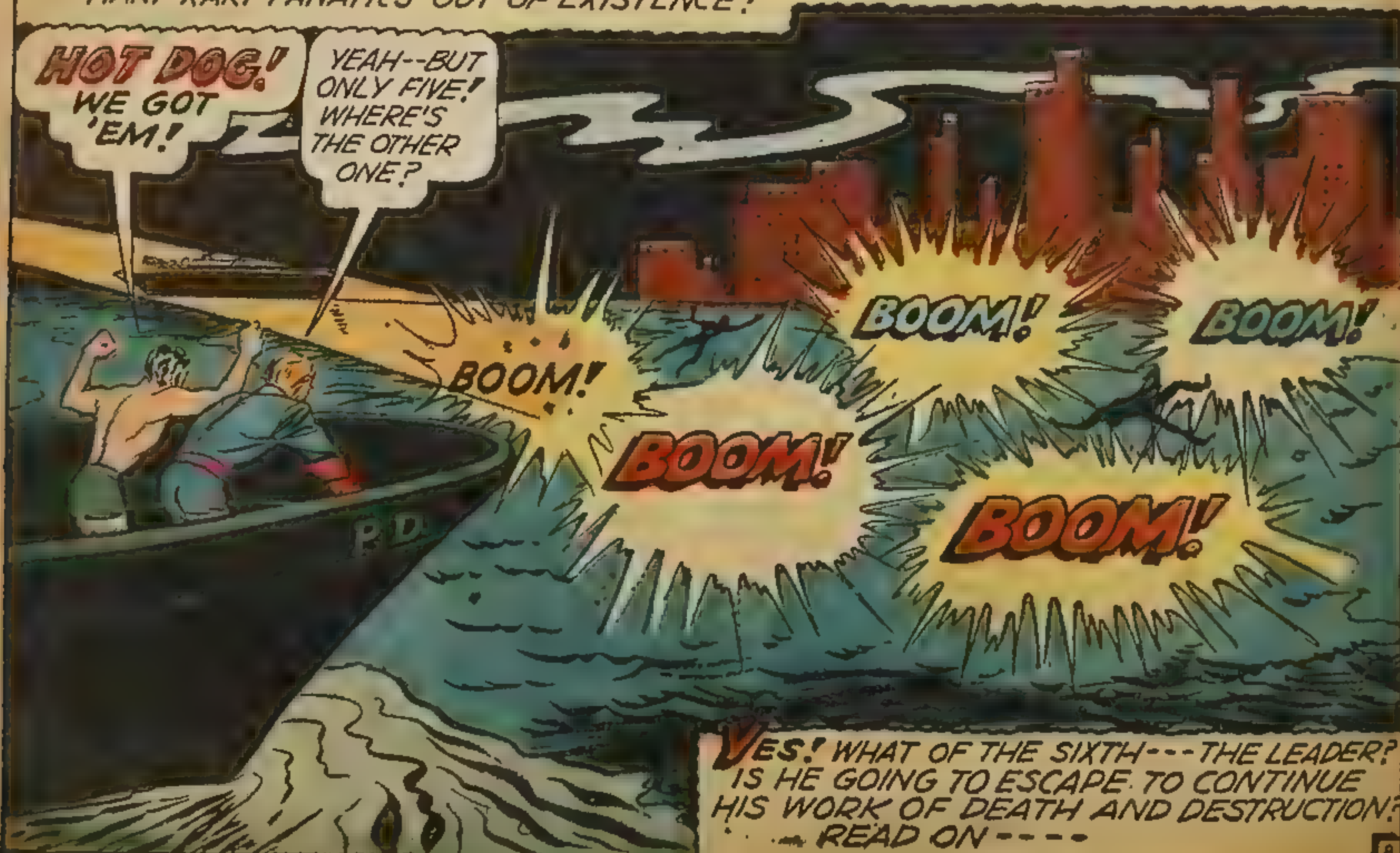
**MAN THE
SEARCHLIGHTS!
TORPEDO
ASTERN!**



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE DARK HARBOR WATERS ARE PIERCED BY THE UNERRING SEARCH-LIGHTS FROM THE WAR CRAFT, AND THE SABOTEURS ON THEIR ENGINES OF DEATH ARE PINNED IN THE PITILESS GLARE OF THESE RAYS--- AS THE SHIPS' GUNS BLAST FIVE OF THE HARI-KARI FANATICS OUT OF EXISTENCE!

**HOT DOG!
WE GOT
'EM!**

**YEAH--BUT
ONLY FIVE!
WHERE'S
THE OTHER
ONE?**



**YES! WHAT OF THE SIXTH---THE LEADER?
IS HE GOING TO ESCAPE TO CONTINUE
HIS WORK OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?
... READ ON ---**

AT THAT MOMENT, THE WILY
JAP LEADER IS SNEAKING PAST THE
BOAT!

HO! HO! RIGHT
UNDER THEIR
VERY NOSES! AT
LEAST--I SHALL
NOT FAIL!

LOOK! THERE
HE GOES!

-- AND HE'S HEADING
FOR THE FLAG-SHIP!
HE'LL WRECK IT!

NO--
HE WON'T!

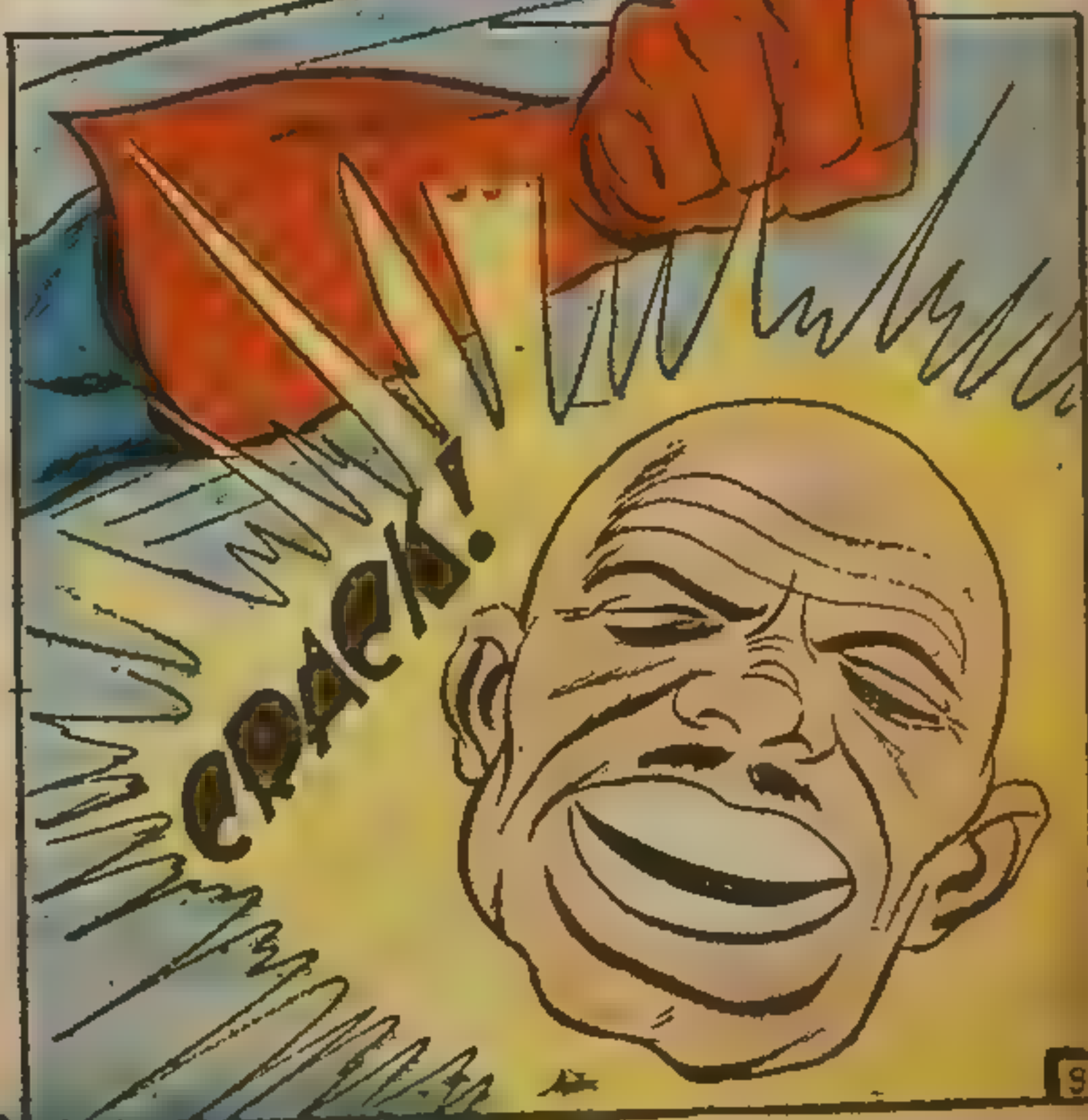
BUCKY!
DON'T
YOU'LL BE
KILLED!

BUT BUCKY BARNES HAS BEEN SCHOoled
BY THE GREATEST TEACHER OF PATRIOTISM
OF THEM ALL-- **CAPTAIN AMERICA--**
AND HE LEAPS ON THE BACK OF THE
LIVING TORPEDO!

EH?

WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE GOING,
YOU RAT?

P.D.



STRAIGHT FOR
THE HEART OF
THE GREAT
SHIP GOES THE
TORPEDO,
WITH BUCKY
FIGHTING
THE
GREATEST
BATTLE OF
HIS CAREER!



CRACK! SOCK!
BOAT!

VICTORY
AT LAST! BUCKY KNOCKS
THE JAP COLD AND DESTROYS
THE TORPEDO RUDDER!

OKAY!
COME AND
GET US!

CRACK!

MAN AND BOY--I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT!

YEP! AMERICAN KIDS CAN
BE PRETTY TOUGH WHEN
THEY WANT TO BE!

TELL ME
WHEN DAT SKUNK
WAKES UP! I WANNA
ROCK HIM BACK
TO SLEEP AGAIN!

HI, FELLAS! DID
I MISS ANYTHING--
HUH?

HEY--
LOOK WHO'S
HERE!

NOPE!
NOT A THING,
TUBBY!

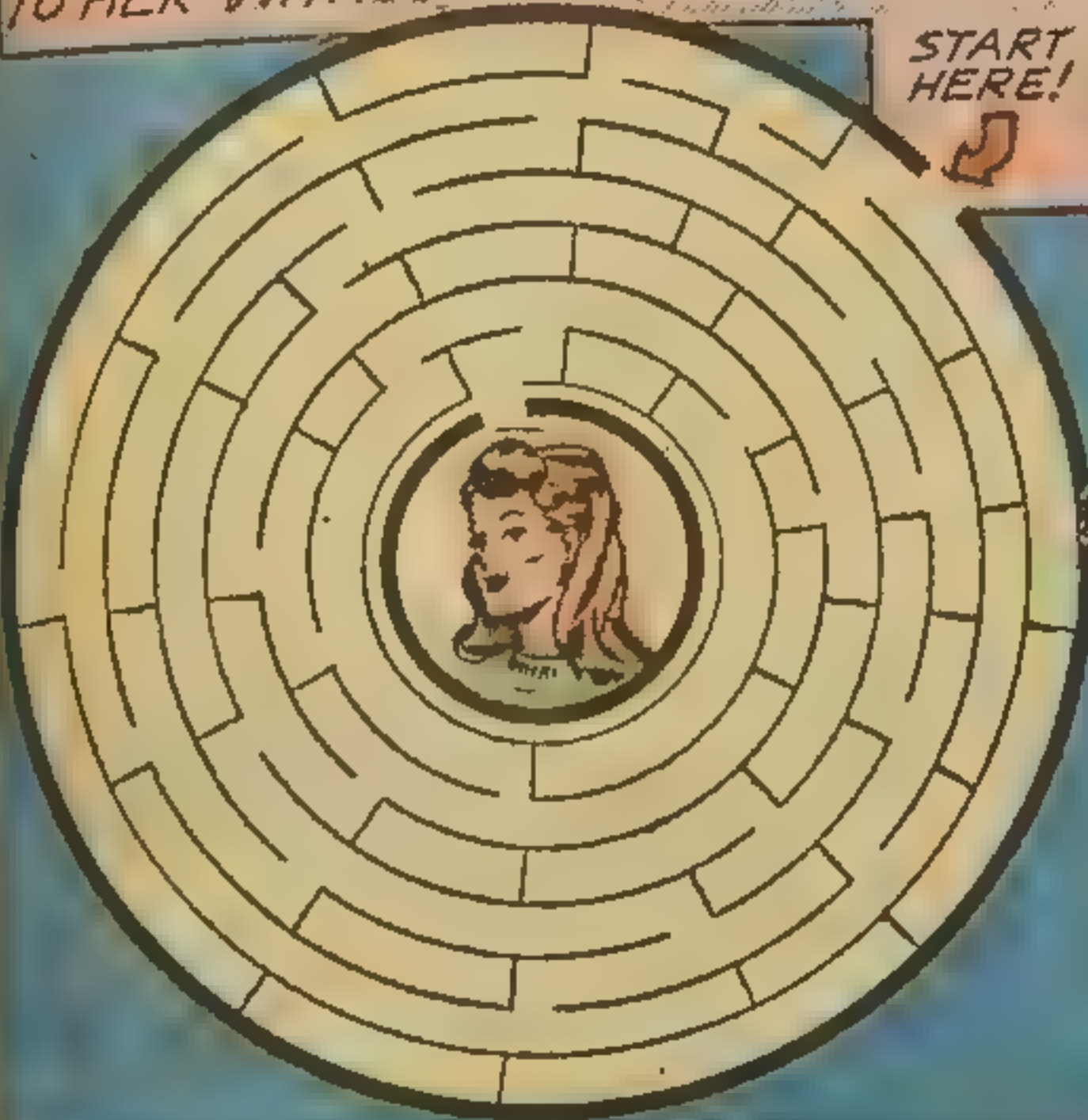
AND SO ENDS THIS STRANGE
ADVENTURE OF THE HARI-
KARI SABOTEURS ---
DON'T MISS YOUR FRIENDS
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**YOUNG
ALLIES
COMICS**

KID KOMICS FUN

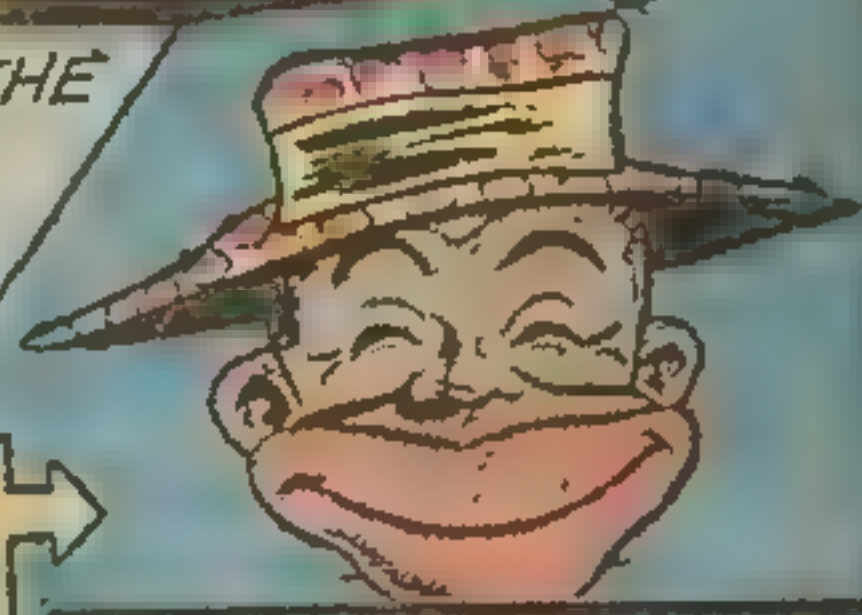


PINTO PETE IS ON HIS WAY TO RESCUE THE PRETTY GIRL TRAPPED IN THE CIRCLE... SEE IF YOU CAN HELP HIM GET TO HER WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES!



THE FIRST LETTERS IN THE NAMES OF THE ABOVE ANIMALS WHEN PUT TOGETHER SPELL A FRUIT!

WHITEWASH WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU CAN FILL IN THE EMPTY SQUARES WITH LETTERS TO MAKE SIX FOUR LETTER WORDS!

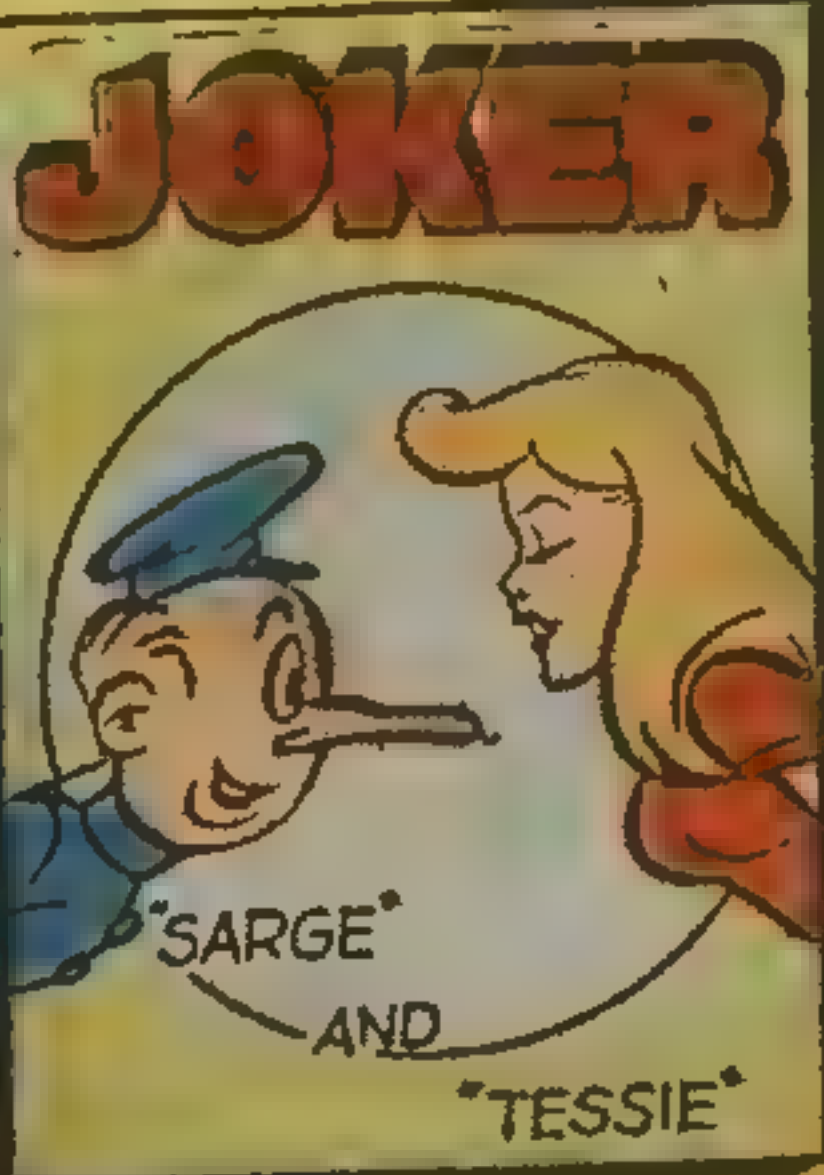


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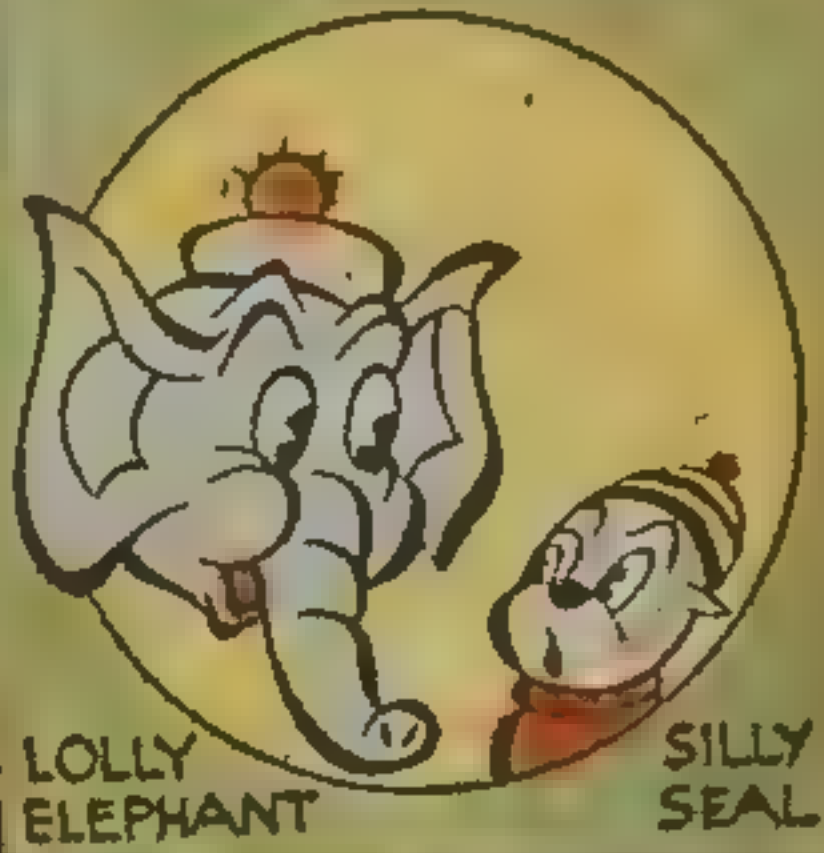
3 STEPS TO FUN!

HERE THEY ARE KIDS! THREE GRAND MAGAZINES, LOADED WITH A SWELL BUNCH OF GRAND FEATURES!

HUMOR!
GAMES!
COLOR!
FUN!



KRAZY KOMICS



NOW ON SALE
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!
GET YOURS TODAY!

10¢

Pinto Pete



LATE AT NIGHT, A SOLITARY FIGURE IS SEEN GALLOPING UP TOWARDS THE WEBSTER RANCH, HOME OF PINTO PETE!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S LIZA PERRY FROM BAR-NINE RANCH! WHAT'S THE MATTER, LIZ?

IT'S FATHER, IT'S FATHER--HE'S BEEN SHOT!

THIS IS A JOB FOR US, PETE! LET'S GET OUT THERE!



LEAVING LIZA IN CARE OF HIS MOTHER, PETE AND RED HEAD OUT FOR THE FERRY RANCH--

WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, RED!

I DON'T KNOW, PINTO, BUT WE TWO AIMS TO FIND OUT!

KIYIPPEE YAYYY!



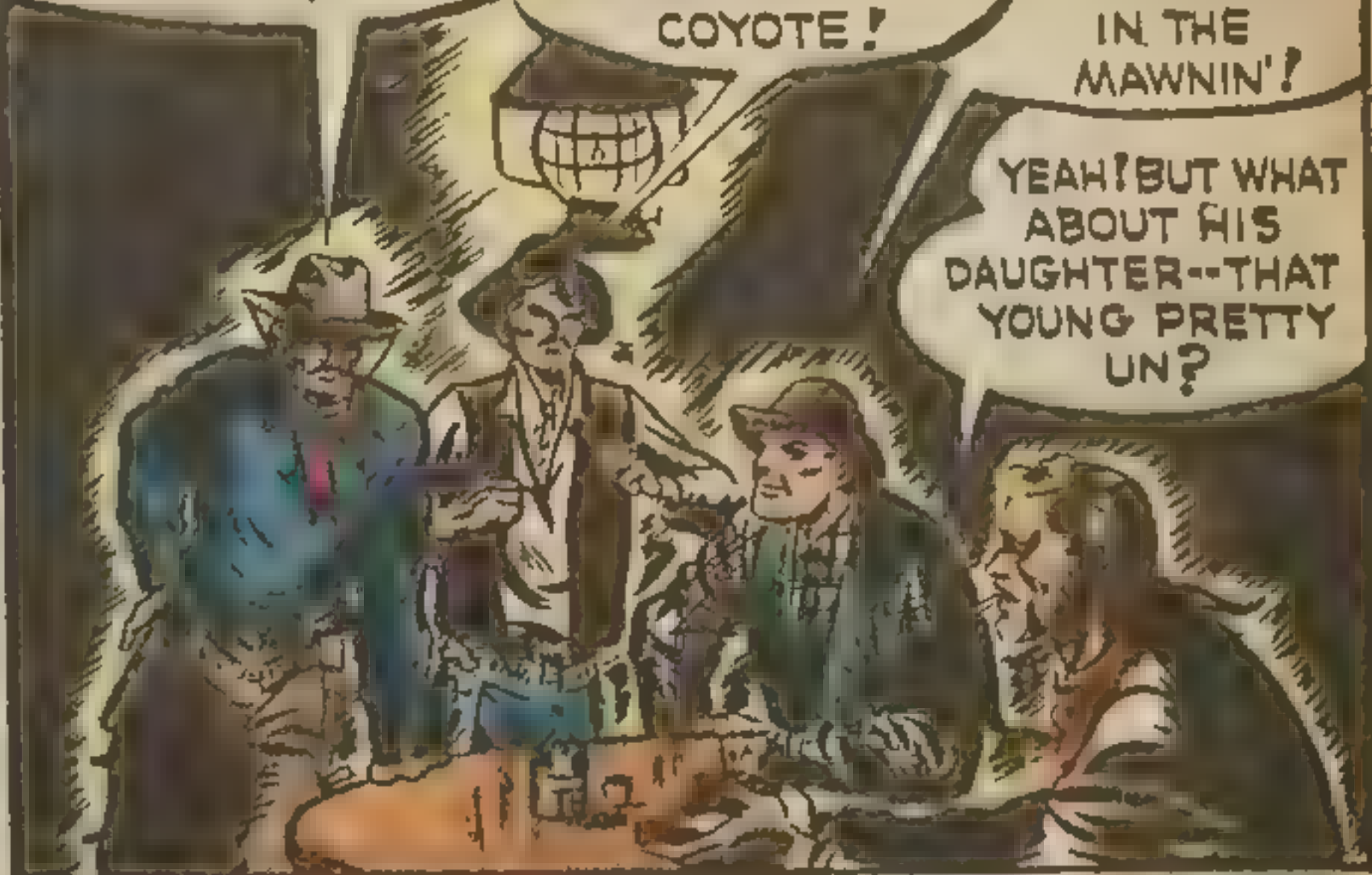
MEANWHILE, IN A SALOON IN A NEARBY ARIZONA TOWN--

WELL, OLD MAN PERRY'S DONE FOR!

YEAH! I DID IT MYSELF! HE'S DEAD AS A COYOTE!

GOOD! THEN WE CAN GO OUT THERE IN THE MAWNIN'!

YEAH! BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER--THAT YOUNG PRETTY UN?



SHE WARN'T THERE!

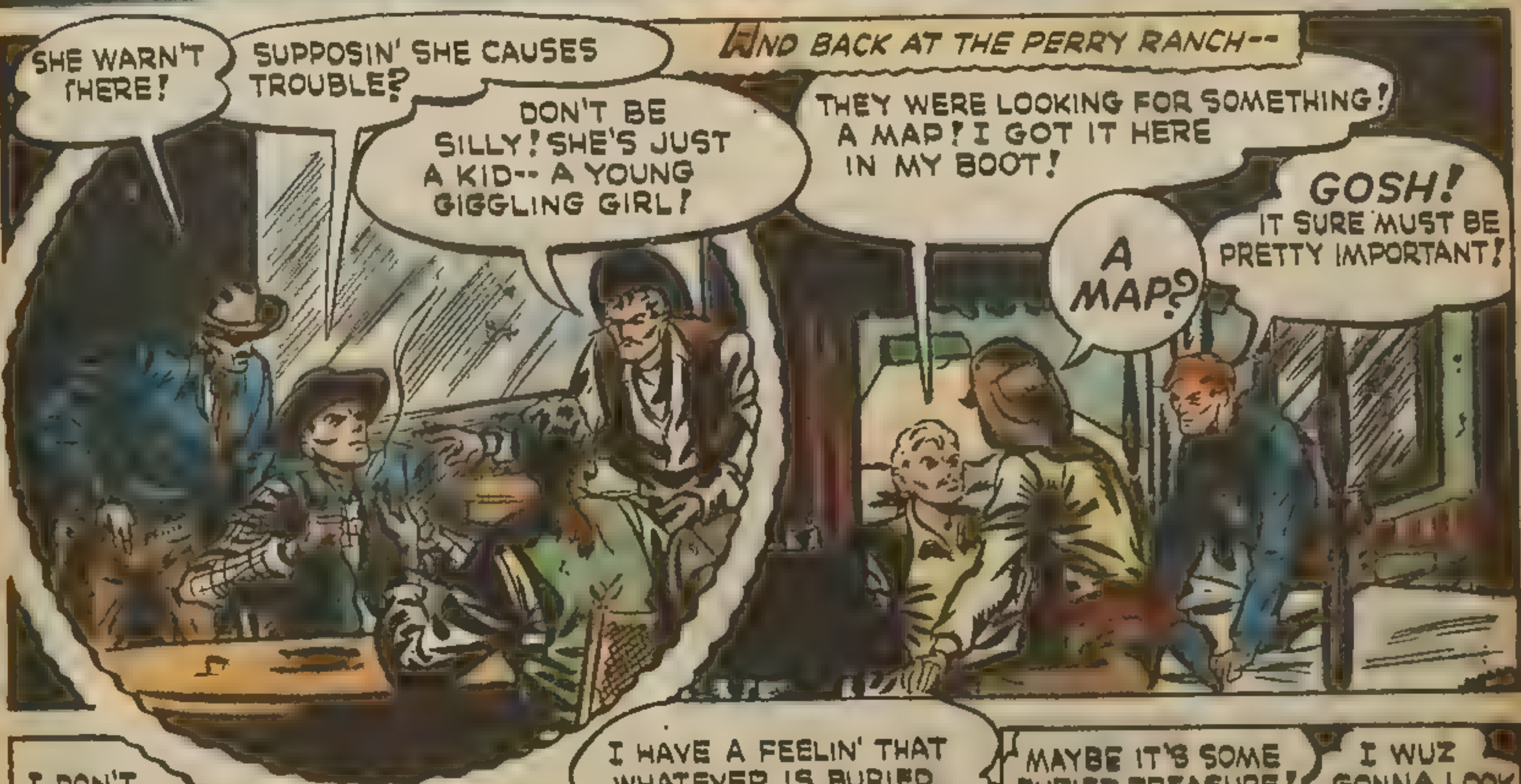
SUPPOSIN' SHE CAUSES TROUBLE?

DON'T BE SILLY! SHE'S JUST A KID-- A YOUNG GIGGLING GIRL!

THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING! A MAP! I GOT IT HERE IN MY BOOT!

A MAP?

GOSH! IT SURE MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT!



I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' IMPORTANT! JUST A PLAN OF YOUR RANCH AND A COUPLE O' CROSSES MARKED ON TH' FIELDS!

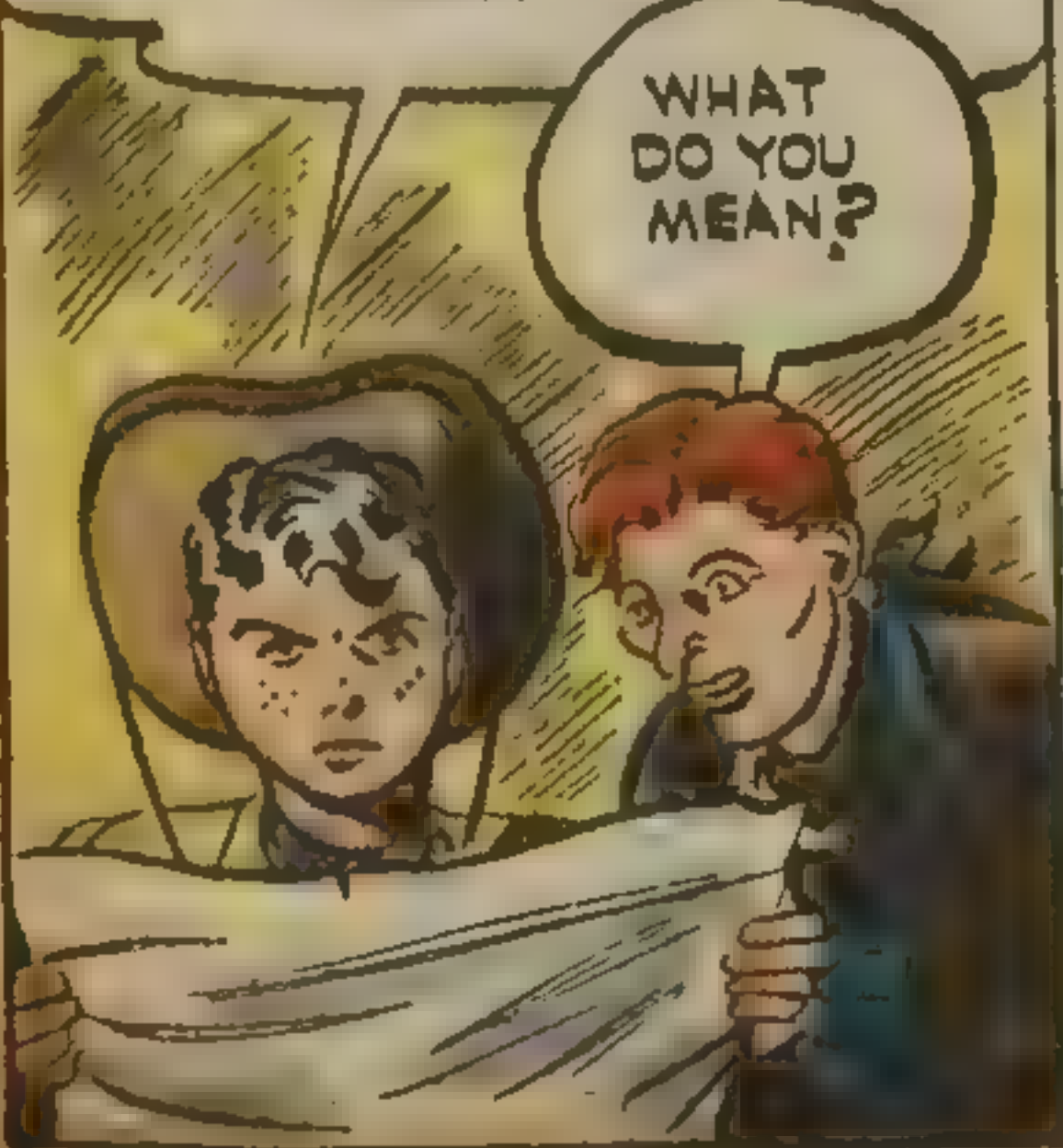
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I HAVE A FEELIN' THAT WHATEVER IS BURIED UNDER THOSE CROSSES IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO ANYONE WHO WANTS TO LOOK!

MAYBE IT'S SOME BURIED TREASURE!

I WUZ GONNA LOOK AT IT TOMORROW!

TOMORROW NOTHIN'! ME AND RED ARE GONNA LOOK NOW!



AN HOUR LATER

HOPE YOU FEEL WELL ENOUGH FOR THIS NIGHT RIDE, MR. PERRY!

SHUCKS! HIS BULLET JUST A-GRAZED ME--YA CAN'T KILL A PERRY THAT EASY!

THERE'S WHERE THE FIRST CROSS IS-- NEAR THAT TREE!

ARRIVING AT THE SPOT, PETE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY--

LEMME SHOVE THIS STICK IN, PINTO--WE KIN SOON FIND OUT!

WHAT KIN BE SO DURNED IMPORTANT UNDER THIS HERE GROUND?

WAIT! I GOT IT-- GOSH ALL GOPHERS-- IT'S

OIL! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! OIL!

KI-YIPPEE YAYYY!

SUFFERIN' SAWBONES! OIL, AND ON MY RANCH!

THIS IS A BONZANA! IT MEANS ALL THEM CROSSES ARE OIL VEINS! I'M A RICH MAN!

KI-YIPPEE-Y-Y-YII! OIL! MR. PERRY, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU!

BOY! LIZ WILL BE ABLE TO GET ALL THEM FANCY STORE DUDS SHE'S BEEN A'WANTIN'!

NOT SO FAST, YA GET-RICH-QUICK COWHANDS! REACH FOR THE SKY-- PRONTO!

NOW, WE'LL JUST TIE YOU THREE GUYS UP AND DO A COUPLA' TRICKS WITH THAT SLIP O' PAPER YA GOT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, SLICK HADLEY!

SHUT UP, YOU PUNK! YA SHOULD BE HOME ASLEEP STEAD O' PLAYIN' COPS'N' ROBBERS WITH MEN! LUCKY I'M BIG-HEARTED OR I'D DRILL YA RIGHT NOW!

IT'LL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO SWITCH OWNERSHIP OF THIS RANCH TO MY NAME AFTER A LITTLE JUGGLIN' OF THE BOOKS TONIGHT AT THE COURTHOUSE WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP! THEN I'LL OWN THIS PLACE!

YER A BRAVE GUY WHEN WE'RE TIED UP, AIN'TCHA HADLEY?

BUT, AT THIS MOMENT, A SILENT FIGURE CREEPS UP TO THE CAR PARKED IN THE DARK BUSHES--

GOSH, I HOPE PINTO'S MA DON'T MISS ME! I'M JUST IN THE NICK O'TIME! THEY SURE NEED HELP-- BUT HOW CAN--- OH, OH, THE GAS TANK?

WAITING FOR THE THIEVES TO GET A START, LIZA REAPPEARS--

C'MON GUYS! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

THIS'LL FIX THEIR GAS WAGON FOR 'EM!

FATHER! FATHER! ARE YA ALLRIGHT?

YIPPEE! IT'S LIZA!

GOSH! GOOD OL' LIZ!

FREE OF HIS BONDS, PINTO DECIDES TO ACT QUICKLY!

LISTEN, MR. PERRY, YOU GO BACK TO YOUR PLACE WITH LIZ! YA SHOULDN'T GET MIXED UP IN THIS IN YOUR CONDITION! ME AN RED'LL HEAD OFF THOSE VARMINTS!

YIPPEE! LET'S GET A'GOIN'!

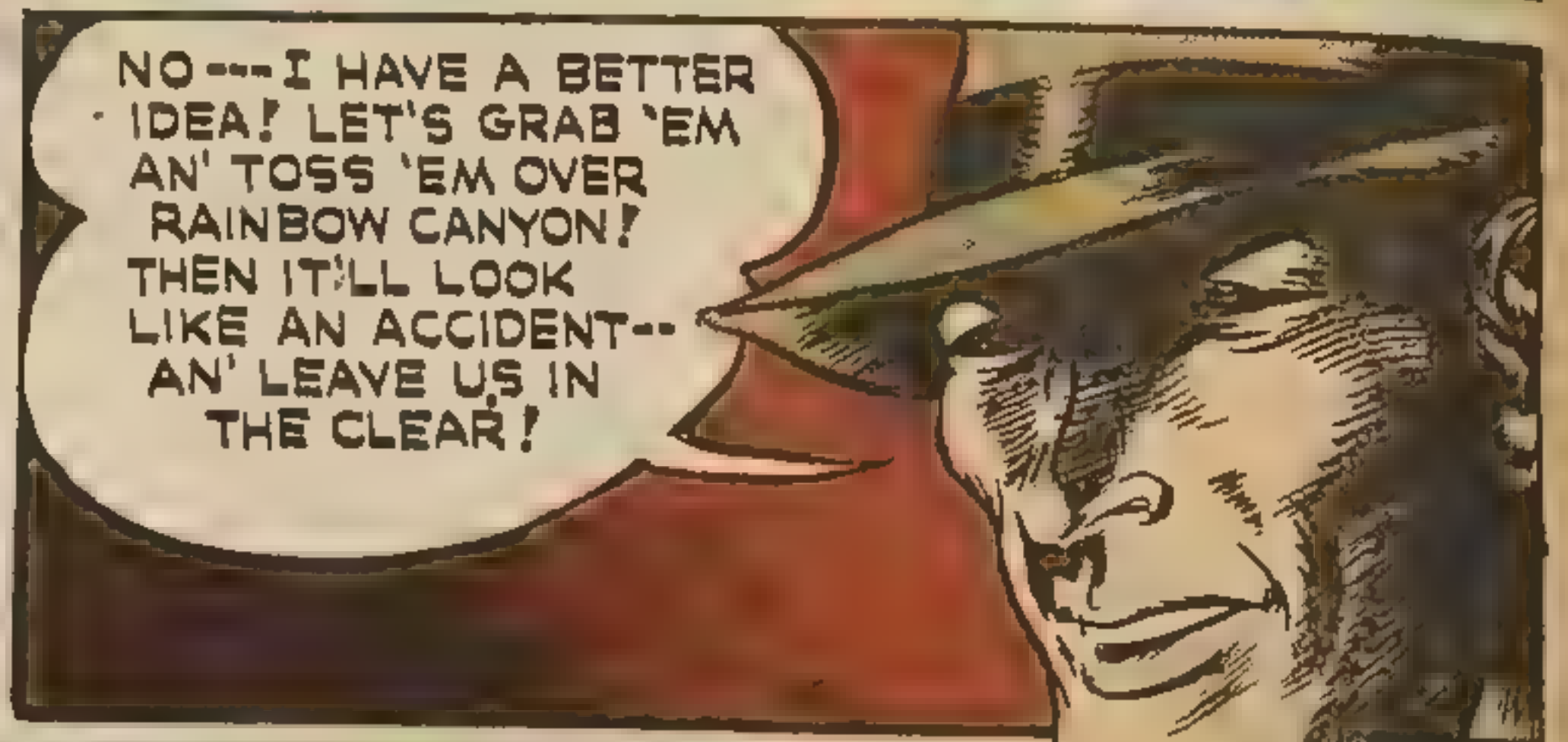
IF YOU SAY SO, SON! I'M A LITTLE TUCKERED OUT!

O.K. MR. PERRY-- WE'RE GONNA GO AS SOON AS WE KIN WHISTLE FOR OUR HORSES!

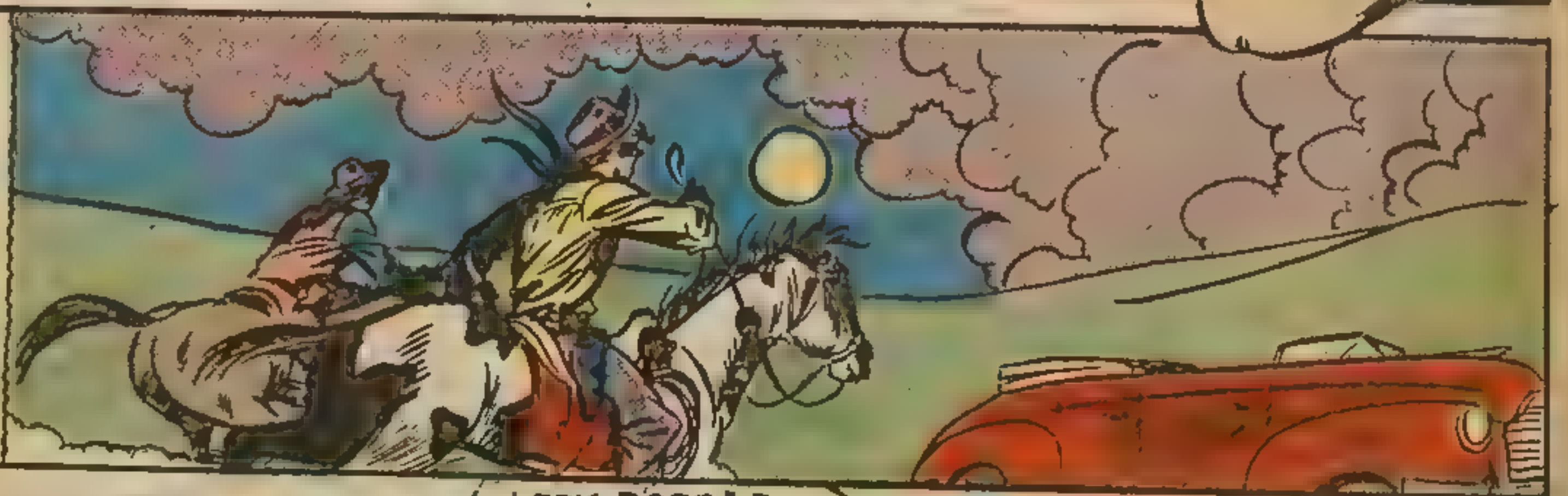
WE'LL NEED OUR GUNS!

TWEEEEE





SPOTTING
THE CAR
AND THINKING
THE CROOKS
HAVE GONE
AHEAD
ON FOOT,
PINTO AND
RED RIDE
TOWARDS
THE TRAP!



THEN SUDDENLY--

I SHOULDA BUMPED
YA OFF LONG AGO,
YA SQUIRT, BUT
THIS TIME WE'RE
DOIN' IT RIGHT!

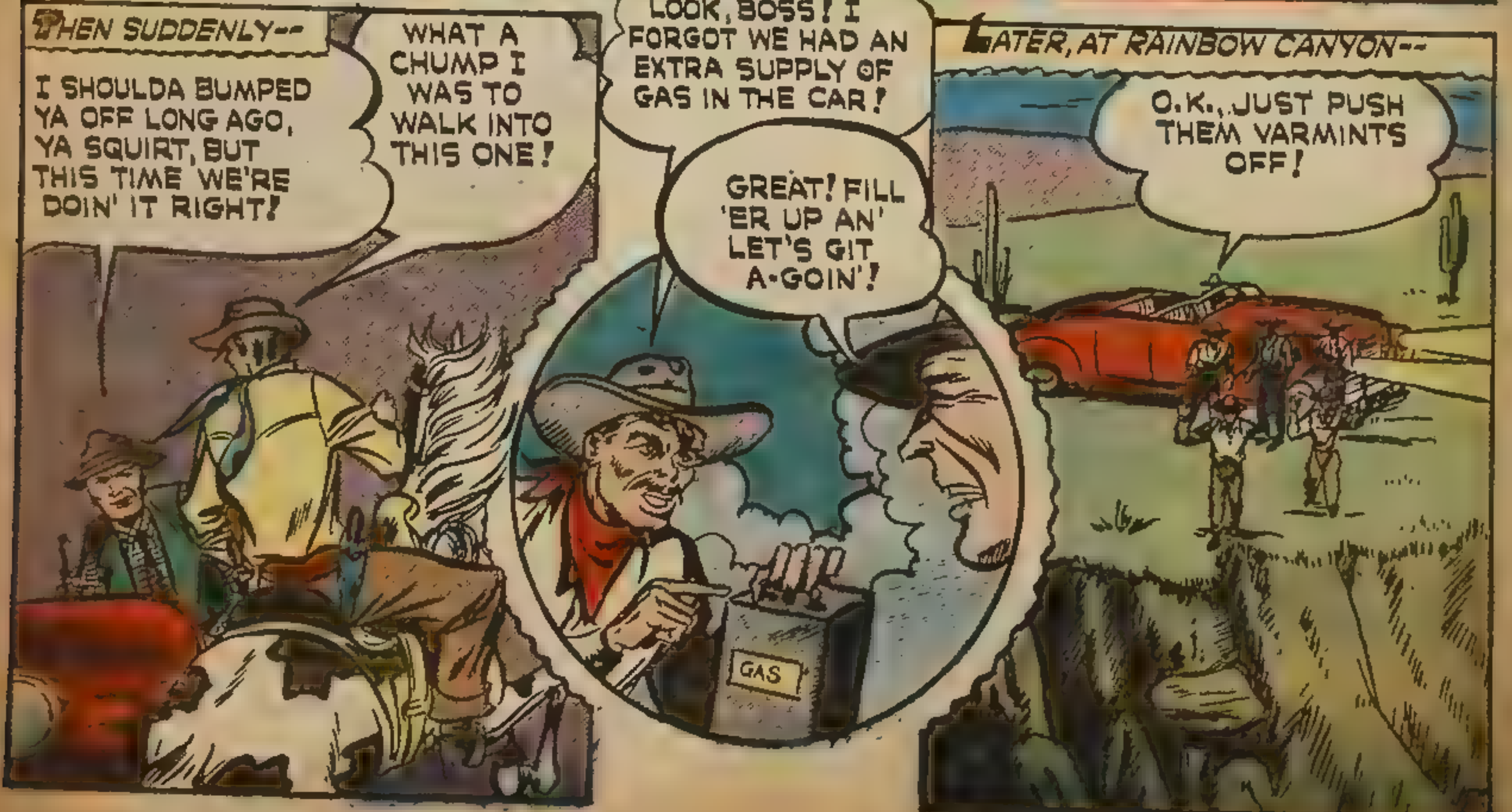
WHAT A
CHUMP I
WAS TO
WALK INTO
THIS ONE!

LOOK, BOSS! I
FORGOT WE HAD AN
EXTRA SUPPLY OF
GAS IN THE CAR!

GREAT! FILL
'ER UP AN'
LET'S GIT
A-GOIN'!

LATER, AT RAINBOW CANYON--

O.K., JUST PUSH
THEM VARMINTS
OFF!

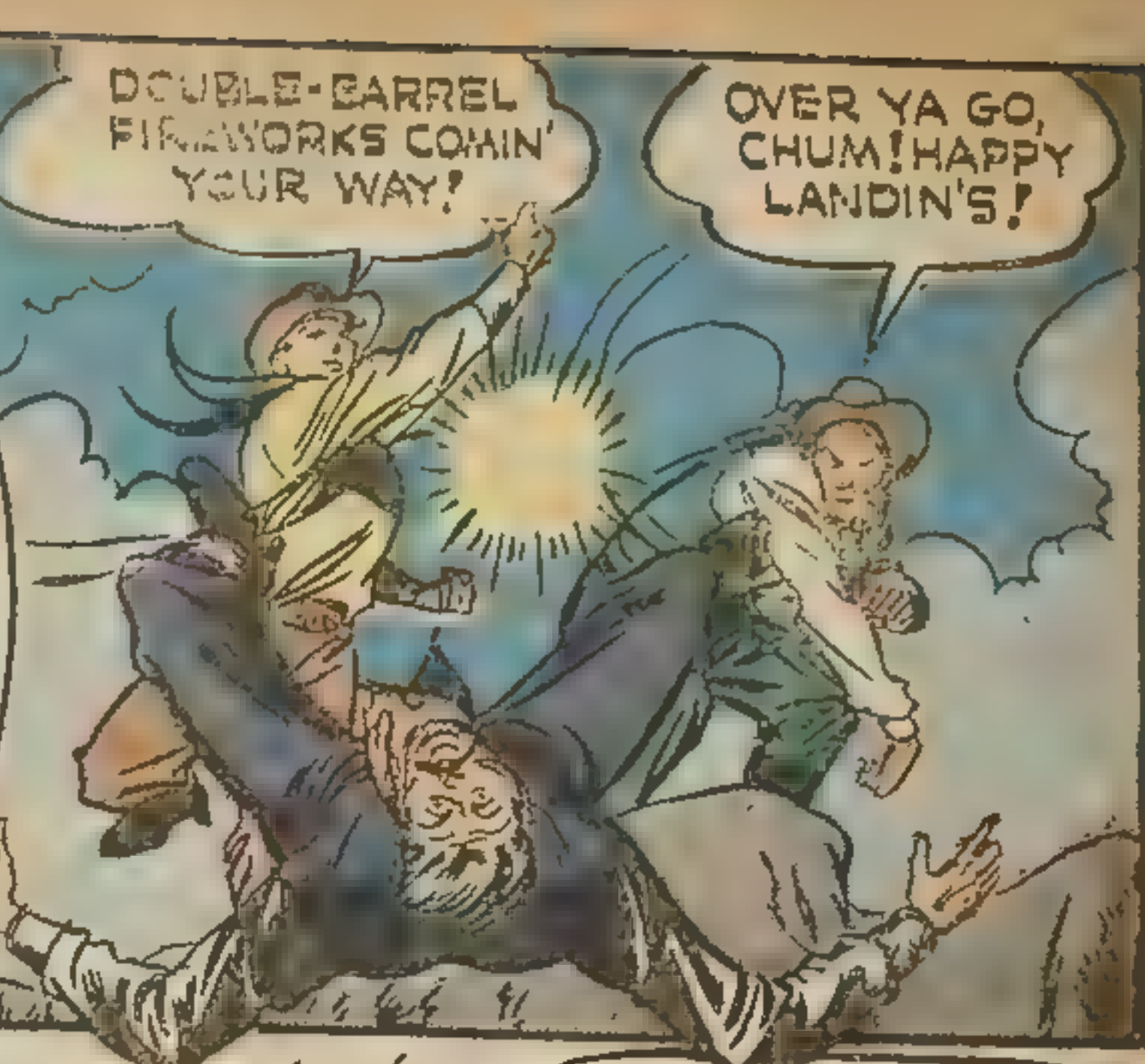




BUT PINTO HAS HIS OWN IDEAS

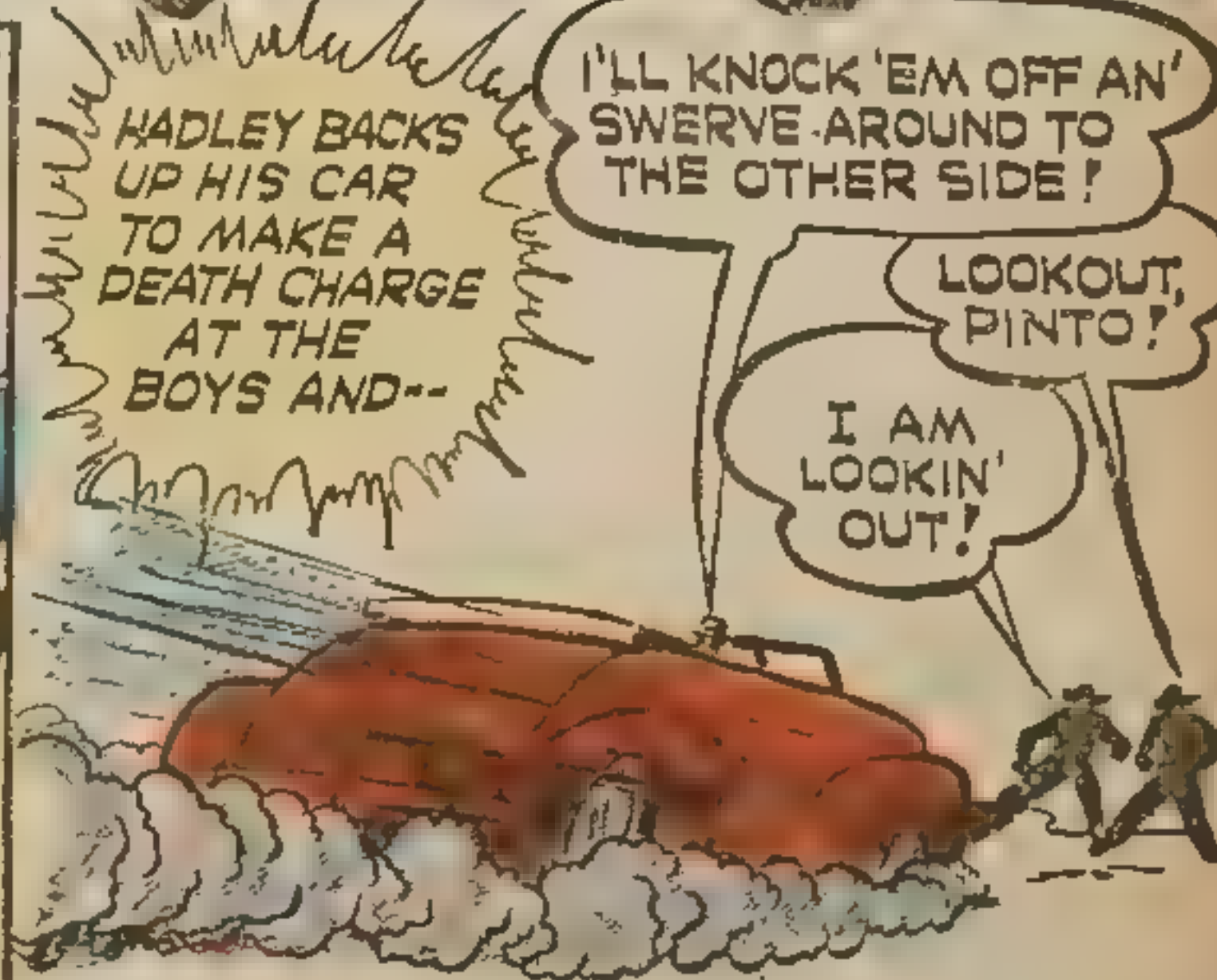
NO YOU DON'T WISEGUY!

MY GUN!
IT'S IN
THE SIDE
POCKET--- CAN'T
REACH IT-- I HAVE IT!
I'LL RUN 'EM DOWN
WITH THE CAR!



DOUBLE-BARREL
FIREWORKS COMIN'
YOUR WAY!

OVER YA GO,
CHUM! HAPPY
LANDIN'S!



HADLEY BACKS
UP HIS CAR
TO MAKE A
DEATH CHARGE
AT THE
BOYS AND--

I'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF AN'
SWERVE AROUND TO
THE OTHER SIDE!

LOOKOUT,
PINTO!

I AM
LOOKIN'
OUT!

PINTO AND RED SIDESTEP AS THE RACING MACHINE
BEARS DOWN ON THEM--

AAAAACH!

G-GOSH,
PINTO!

THAT'S THE END
OF THE DOUBLE
DEALING HYENA!

NEXT MORNING AT PERRY'S RANCH!

SO YOU SEE, WHEN MY
FATHER DIED, HE LEFT
ME THIS MAP-- I KINDA
SUSPECTED IT WAS OIL,
AND I'VE BEEN SAYIN'
ALL THESE YEARS TO
BUY MACHINERY FOR
DRILLING!

YOU KNEW ALL THE
WHILE, YOU FOXY
OL' COYOTE!

NO, RED, JUST
THOUGHT-- NOW
LIZ KIN GIT
DRESSED LIKE
A LADY!

WHADDAYA MEAN
LADY-- I'LL RIDE
AN' SHOOT BETTER
YOU ANY DAY
PETE WEBSTER!

BE SEEIN' YA
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
KID KOMICS

S'LONG, PALS!



The LOYAL HEART

THE SKY above the refinery was a sullen red glow and Sam Yankey fixed his eyes upon it as he walked through dimmed out streets. It felt good, after all these years of loafing, to get back in harness. Maybe the younger men were doing the actual fighting but, here at home, there was plenty for the old codgers to do. Although Sam didn't consider himself exactly old, he knew, after two weeks of pavement pounding, that he wasn't quite as young as he used to be. Sam Yankey shifted his blue eyes to the corner ahead of him.

Red Rawlins was there again, bold and inclined to be arrogant. Sam's bushy brows pulled together while a scowl fitted down tightly over his face. He didn't like kids hanging around corners at this time of the night. If the red-head were his . . .

"Nothin' to do but hang around killin' time?" Sam demanded, coming up behind Red.

"What's it to you?" Red demanded, turning swiftly. "I'm not doing anything."

"Exactly," Sam stated. "Doin' nothin' when there's heaps could be done. Kids like you—"

"Looking for another promotion? Trying to pin something on me?"

"Course not, Red. Just curious. I'm gonna meet up with you often, probably. Suppose I should call you Mr. Rawlins, eh?"

"Wise guy!" Red backed up a little, his grey eyes hard and unflinching. "Okay. If you don't mind—"

"Til traipse along," Sam said. "Gets kind of lonesome—"

RED RAWLINS didn't answer. He turned and strolled slowly across the street, hands thrust into his pockets, his shoulders hunched forward. Sam saw he wasn't too warmly dressed. Just as he'd figured. One of the kids who lived down here in this district. Good kids inside, but kids who hadn't ever had much and probably never would, until they got fed up and tried to pull a job which would land them behind bars.

"Underneath," Sam lectured seriously, "you're probably aces. Trouble is you hang around with nothin' to do and before long . . . you get into hot water with the bulls. You can't beat the law, Red. It's made to protect you, but at the same time when you go against it—"

"Nuts!" Red Rawlins muttered succinctly. "You guys think—"

"We don't think, son. We know. I've seen plenty of kids get in trouble. Stay away from those other eggs. I could tell 'em a mile away. They're headed for trouble!"

Red growled, "They're okay. You've got them all wrong!"

"Why don't you do something? Get a job in defense? Or join up?"

"Join up? Huh. They won't let a guy now. Sure, I'd join up but before the old lady wouldn't let me. . . . Defense? That's the bunk. I want action. . . ."

"You'll get it hanging around. But it'll be the wrong kind!"

SAM YANKEY was convinced Red was okay. Bright kid, in fact. But nowadays, with the world what it was, with older people all in the air, and schools under-staffed, and so on, it was no wonder the kids got to wandering around into trouble.

Sam didn't want to see anything happen to Red Rawlins. You could almost always tell a guy by taking a good look at their map. You could almost tell just what was going on inside their hearts. Sam had Red Rawlins in one classification, the others of the gang in another. They were as different as night and day. Red . . .

It wasn't hard checking up on them. Sam concluded his investigations in the course of a morning down at headquarters, then got busy. The most important thing was that they had a "club" in a vacant warehouse which had been condemned by the fire department. Sam headed for it that night.

The crowd was lounging around on make-shift chairs and with a rickety table in the center of the room. A lantern burned, giving off yellow light and a stink. Cigarette smoke lay in clouds. Sam Yankey slid in through the door.

"Hey!" someone whispered. "The flat-foot!"

There was a tense moment of silence, then someone stepped forward, a dark-headed fellow, older than the rest, slouched and glowering.

"Okay, copper," he greeted. "Who invited you?"

"Nobody," Sam admitted confidently, blue eyes clamping down on the sullen face before him. He had this guy classified. . . . "Just thought I'd drop in. Lonesome out in the streets. Kind of a club you've got here, eh?"

"We've got enough members—"

"Don't want to join up," Sam

interrupted steadily. "Y'see . . . it isn't too good for you fellows to hang around here much. The place was condemned. Should have been pulled down years ago. When I was a harness bull—"

Behind Sam the door opened and he moved aside, feeling the draft on the back of his neck. A second later Red Rawlins stepped into view and Sam's heart took a nose-dive.

Red said, "What's up?" He turned quickly to face the other, said, "Steve, this guy—"

"I know!" Steve snarled. "I had an eye on you two last night. Pretty chummy. Nice stuff. How come he found out about this so easy? Tell me that!"

THE AIR was tense. Sam flexed his arms cautiously. Trouble was brewing, real trouble. Red Rawlins was okay. Sam didn't want to see him get hurt—

Something crashed down on Sam Yankey's head and for a split second he saw Steve's grinning face before him. Sickening pain ran down through his body, then blackness relieved him and he hit the floor.

Sam Yankey opened his eyes. The stink and sight of smoke in yellow lamp light came back to him, the mutter of voices.

"Some flat-foot!" he said. "Imagine! A dick without a rod. You must think you're pretty good, old man."

"Okay," Sam said painfully. "Round one's yours, son. How about round two?"

"In the bag. You're out . . . for the count. You stay here, see? We've got business to attend to. We're not coming back here, so you won't have company. You stay here till you're done for. Nobody ever comes around. Sorry I can't stay to chew the rag!" Steve laughed.

"We'll leave the light on—so y'wont get lonesome!"

Sam Yankey twisted his body around and started to roll. It made his head throb like blazes but he kept it up till he reached the table. Getting onto his feet was another job, but he finally managed it, leaned back against the table, forcing his bound hands out behind him.

It took guts to burn the ropes through. Sam Yankey felt the sweat all over his body, and had to grit his teeth to go through with it. But it was over finally and he was free. . . .

TONY'S STATION was dark. Sam Yankey circled place. He saw that the windows had been painted over. Whoever had done it had taken great pains. But the smell of a car's exhaust came to Sam and he knew that inside there was light and. . . .

Sam was proud of his accomplishments as a guardian of the law. At the same time a cop had to be able to get into places . . . unnoticed. Sam did it now. He slid forward to a door. He wasn't armed and ahead lay trouble. . . .

Sam opened the door. He saw drums before him, oil drums ordinarily. They acted as a shield and he slid through and closed the door. The purr of truck motors came to him. Voices—

There were milk trucks out there. And milk cans. But there wasn't milk in them. The liquid being poured out was clear and the smell of raw gas was heavy. He pressed forward. . . .

Someone said, "Well, I'll be—hold it, copper! That's it! March. Hey, Steve!"

They were surrounding him then. Steve was glowering, his long heavy arms hanging loosely at his sides. Tony was there. Sam looked at him quickly, tagged him as a crook, and shifted blue eyes back to the sullen face before him.

Steve said, "I figured we should have dumped him—"

A horn sounded briefly. Someone else said, "Hold it. That's probably Red with his load—"

It was Red. When the big doors were back a milk truck rolled inside. Red dismounted, his young face looking pinched and hard. He advanced to the group. . . .

"Your pal," Steve said, turning back to Sam. "Well, there's only one way—Okay, Mikel!"

For the second time that night something hit Sam Yankey and Sam hit the floor.

Sam Yankey opened his eyes, sputtering as something sharp and hot was forced between his lips. He sat up, gasping for breath, as a blue clad figure straightened, grinning.

"Just take it easy—"

Red Rawlins appeared then, his young face worried, perplexed.

"You young hellion!" Sam sputtered. "After all my lecturin' you went right ahead and did it—"

A slow flush mounted Red Rawlins' face and he ran long fingers through sandy hair nervously. "I was coming back for you," Red blurted. "Shucks, I wouldn't have left you there. Not like that. I—well—" He stopped. One of the cops laughed.

"Okay, kid. Red came for us. Loaded us into a milk truck. Said there was smuggling or something going on. He drove us here and we got out just in time for the fireworks. See?"

Sam Yankey steadied himself against an oil drum. "I didn't think," he muttered, "that I could be wrong about Red. I had him tagged—"

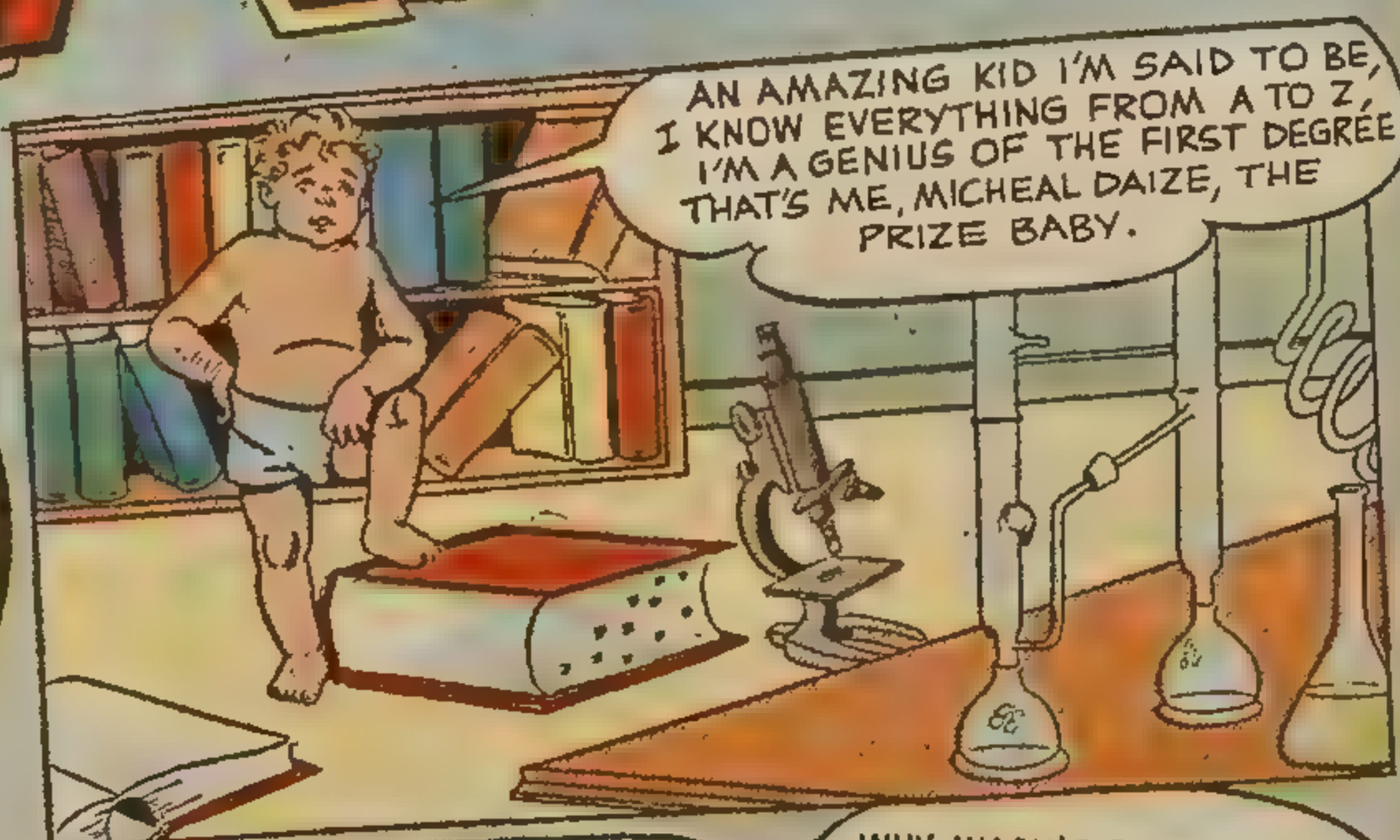
Red laughed. "You're some talker all right. I—shucks, if I hadn't believed you, where'd you be now?"

The End.

HAPPY DAIZE

THE
MANY STRANGE
AND THRILLING AD-
VENTURES WHICH HAPPY
DAIZE ENCOUNTERS IN HIS
QUEST TO BECOME AN OR-
DINARY BABY WILL AMAZE
YOU ALL.

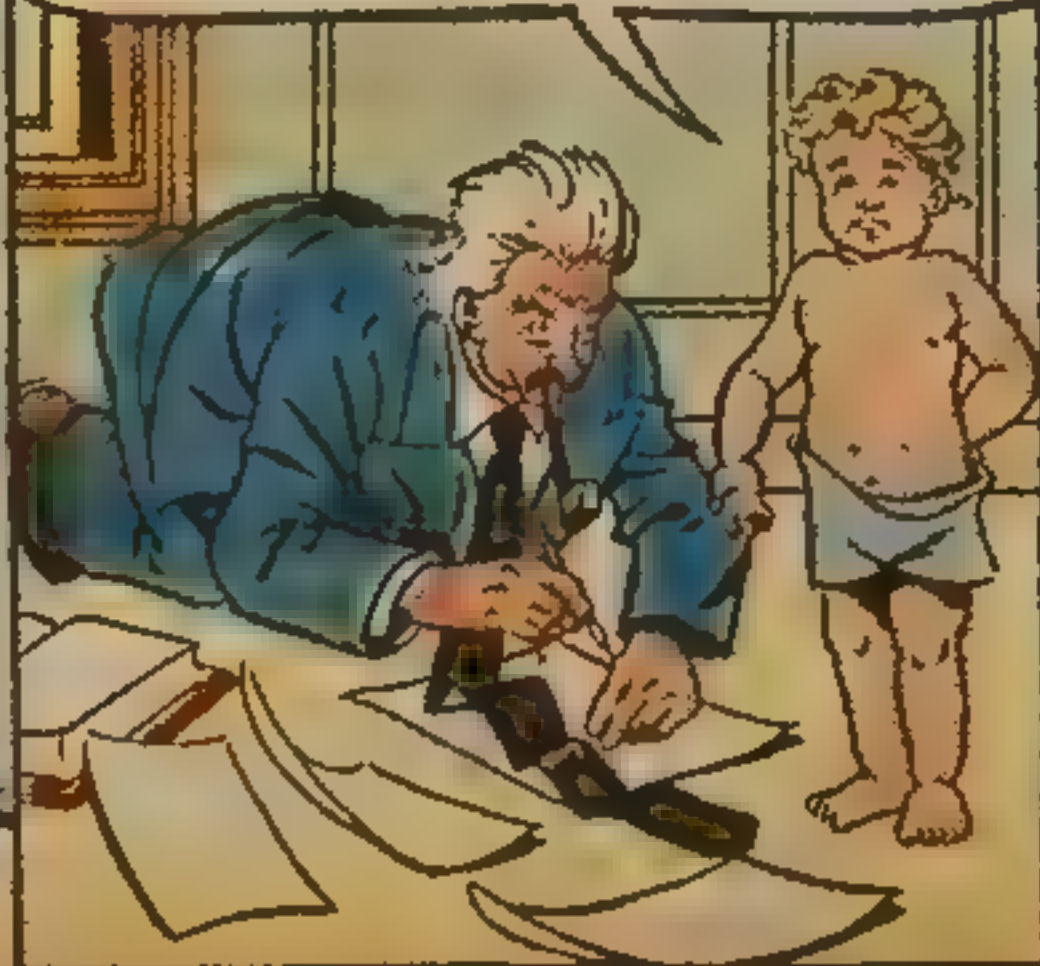
THERE'S FUN AND
EXCITEMENT WAITING FOR
YOU AND HAPPY, SO
READ ON...

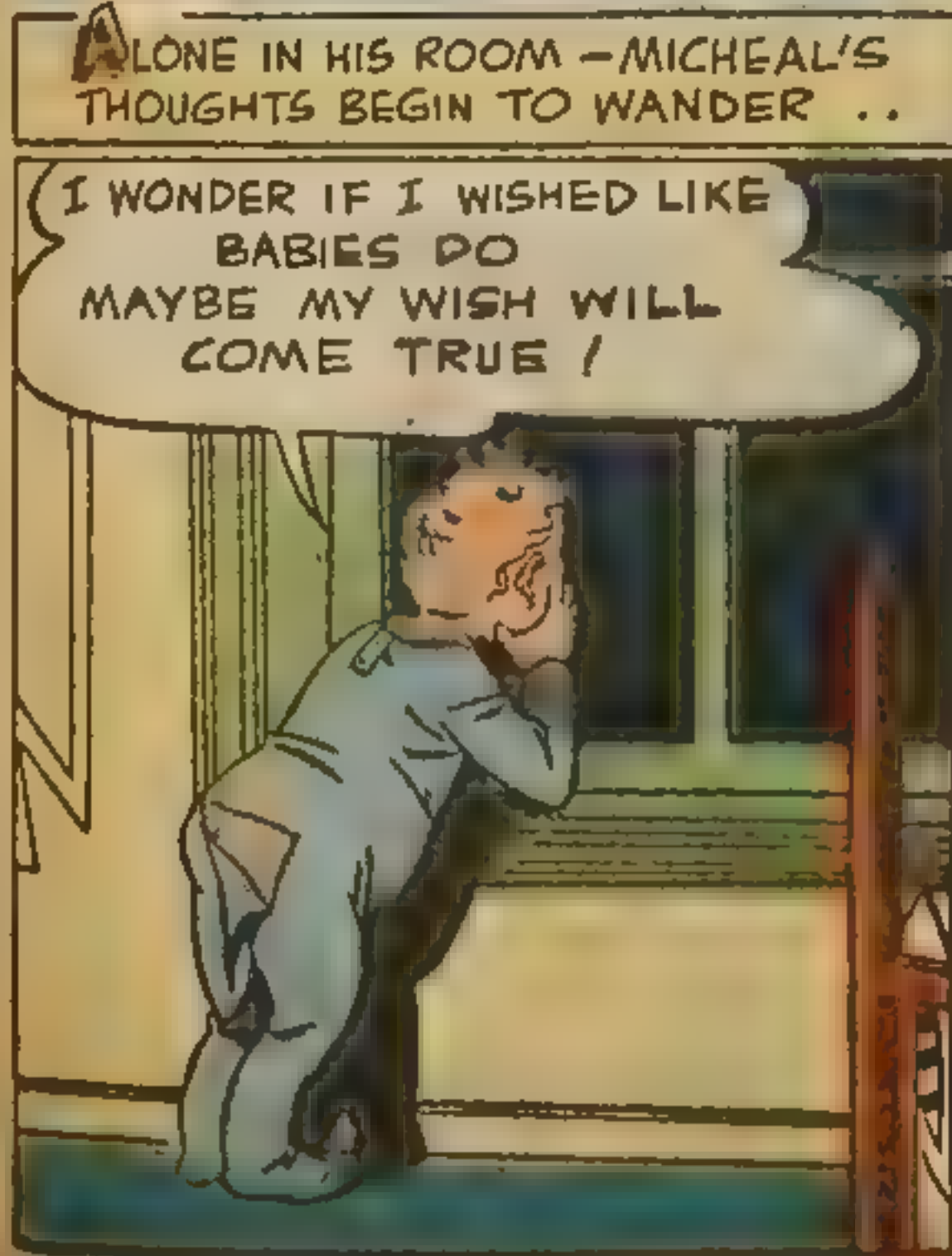
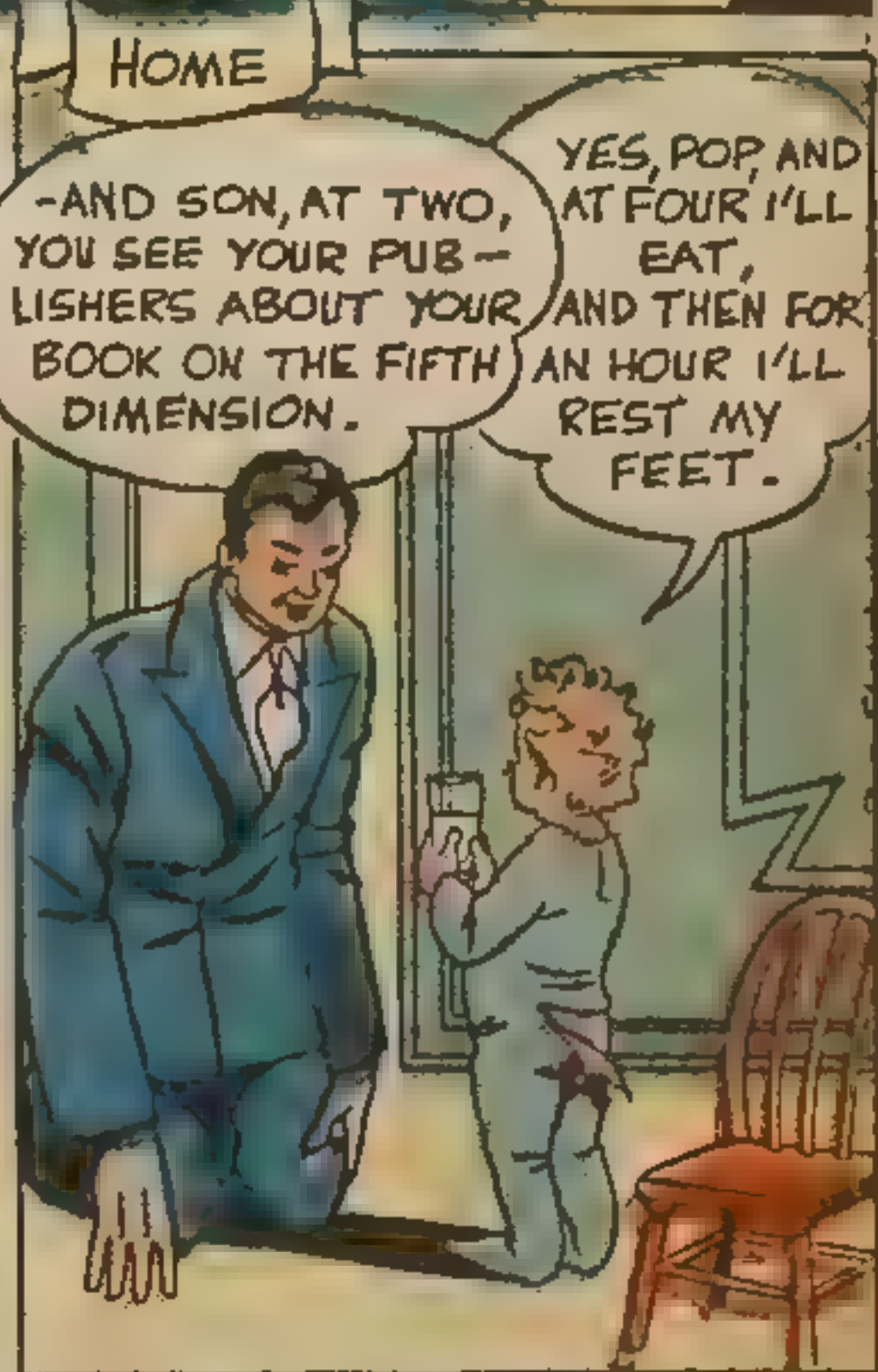
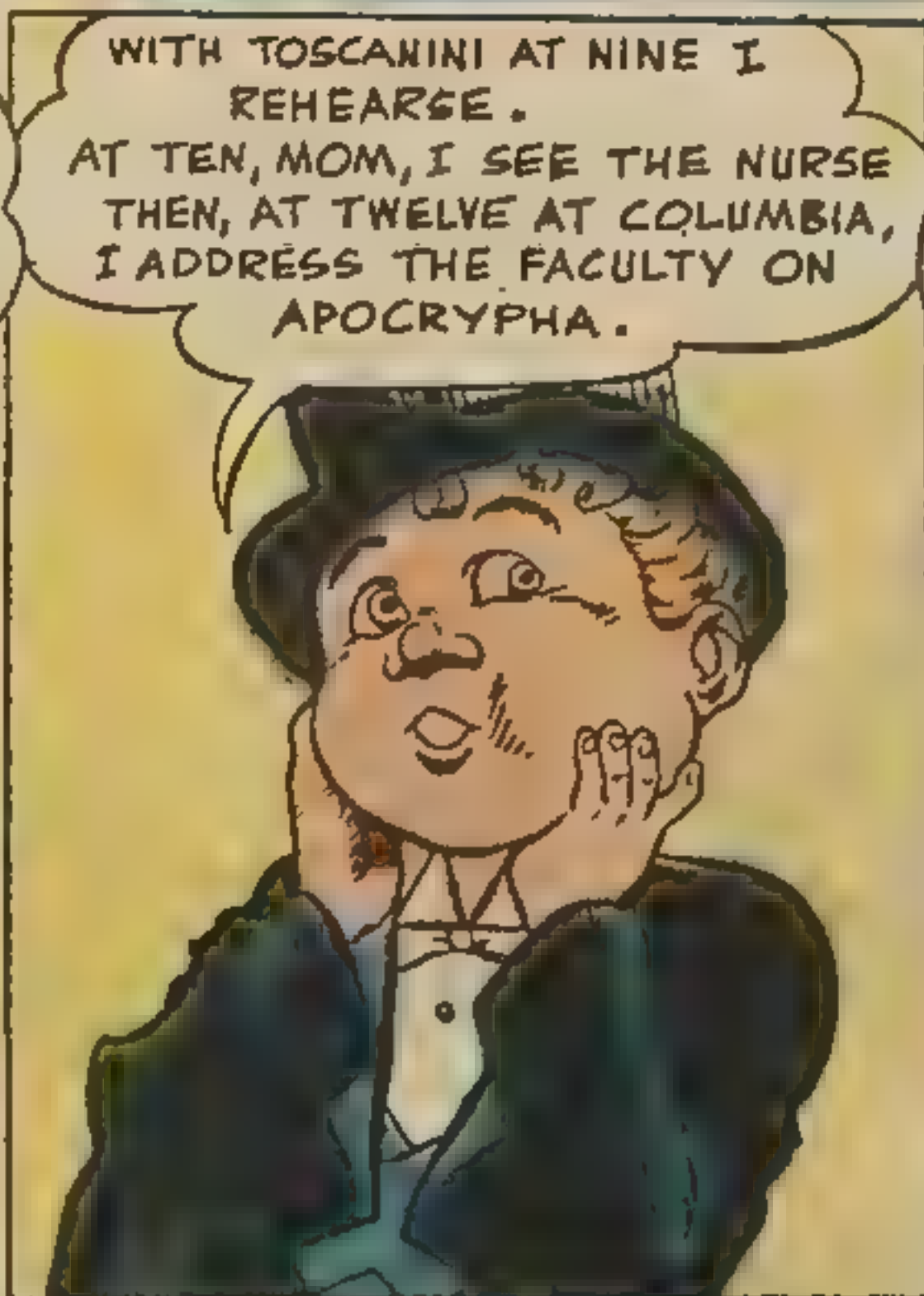
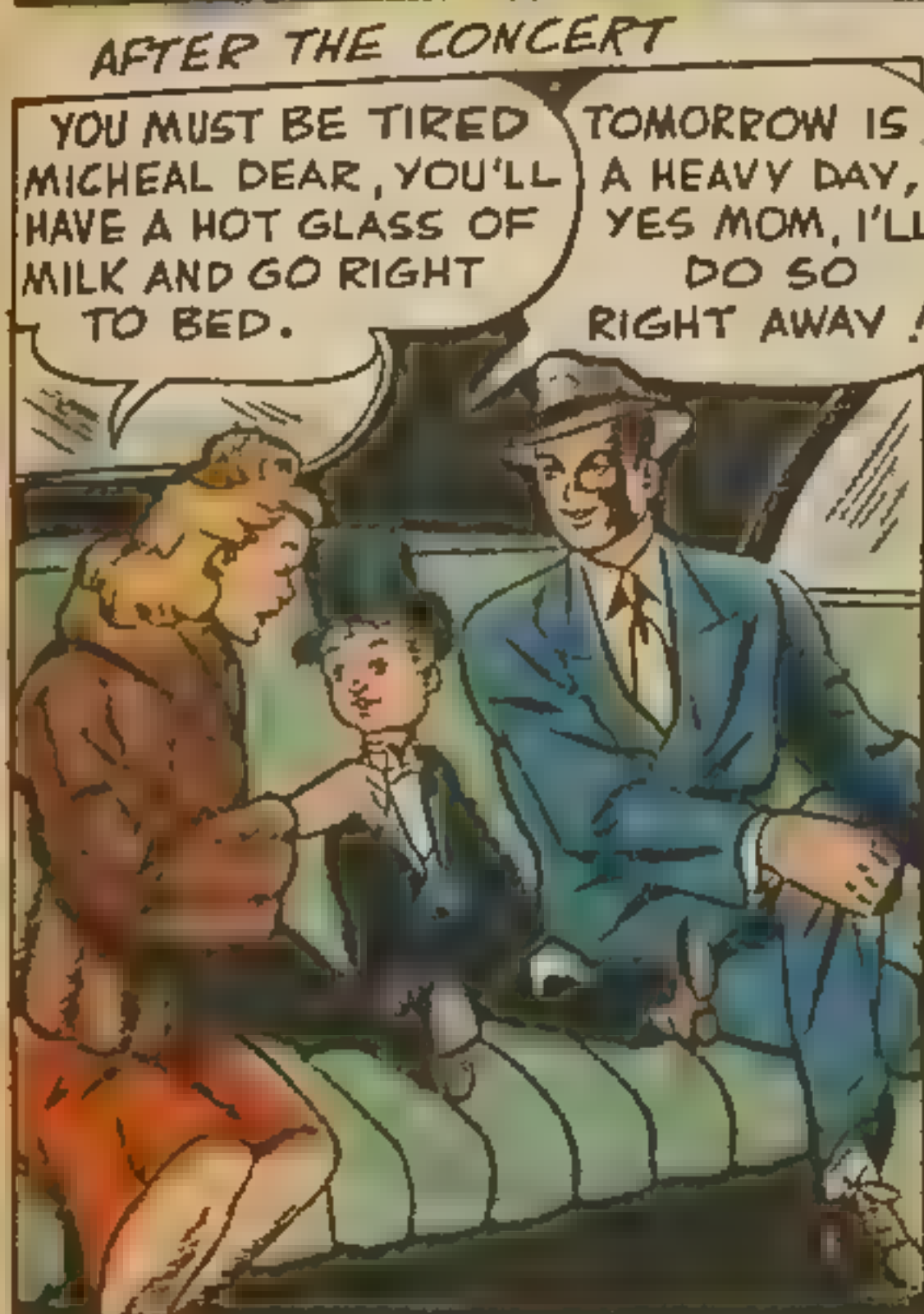
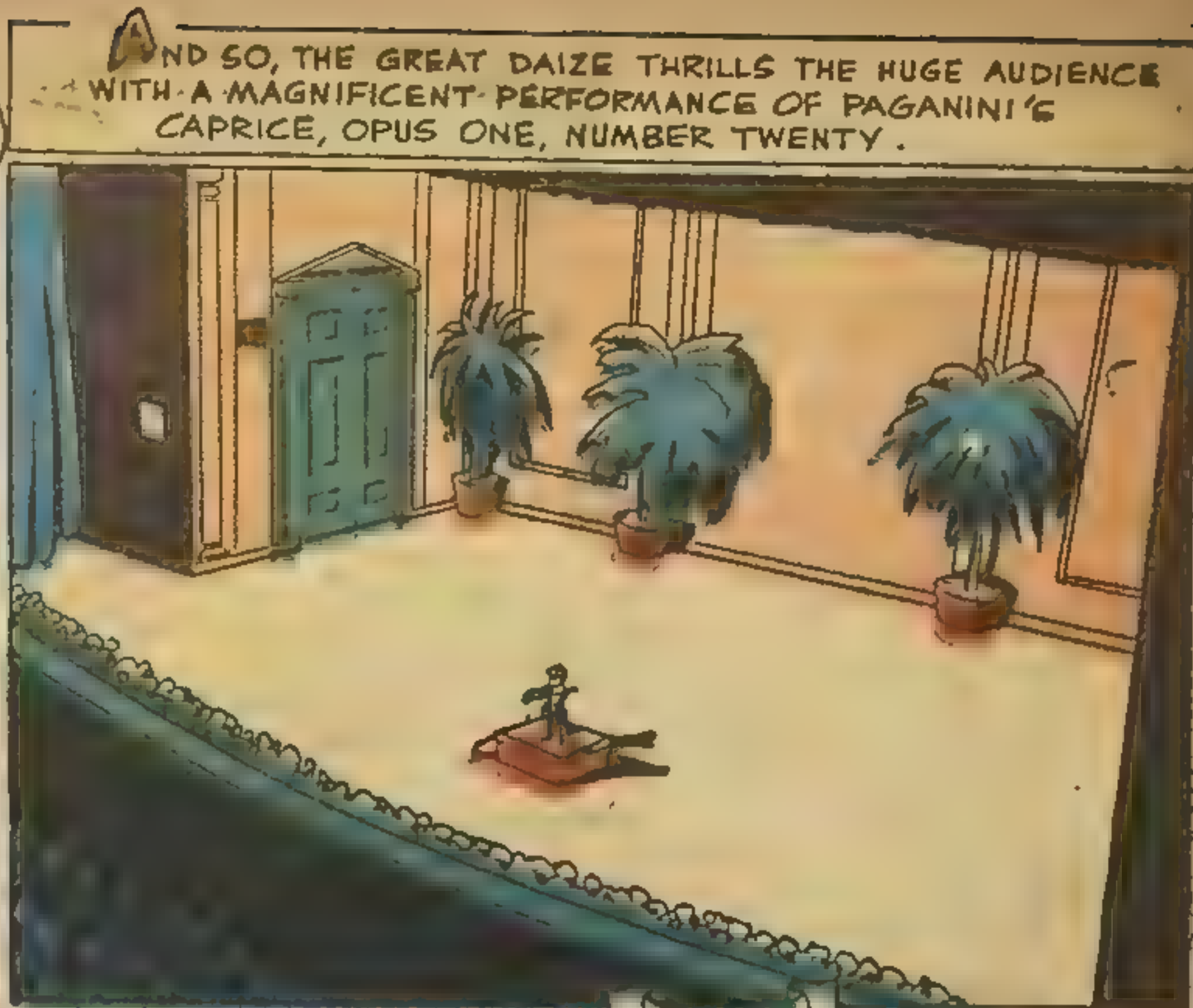
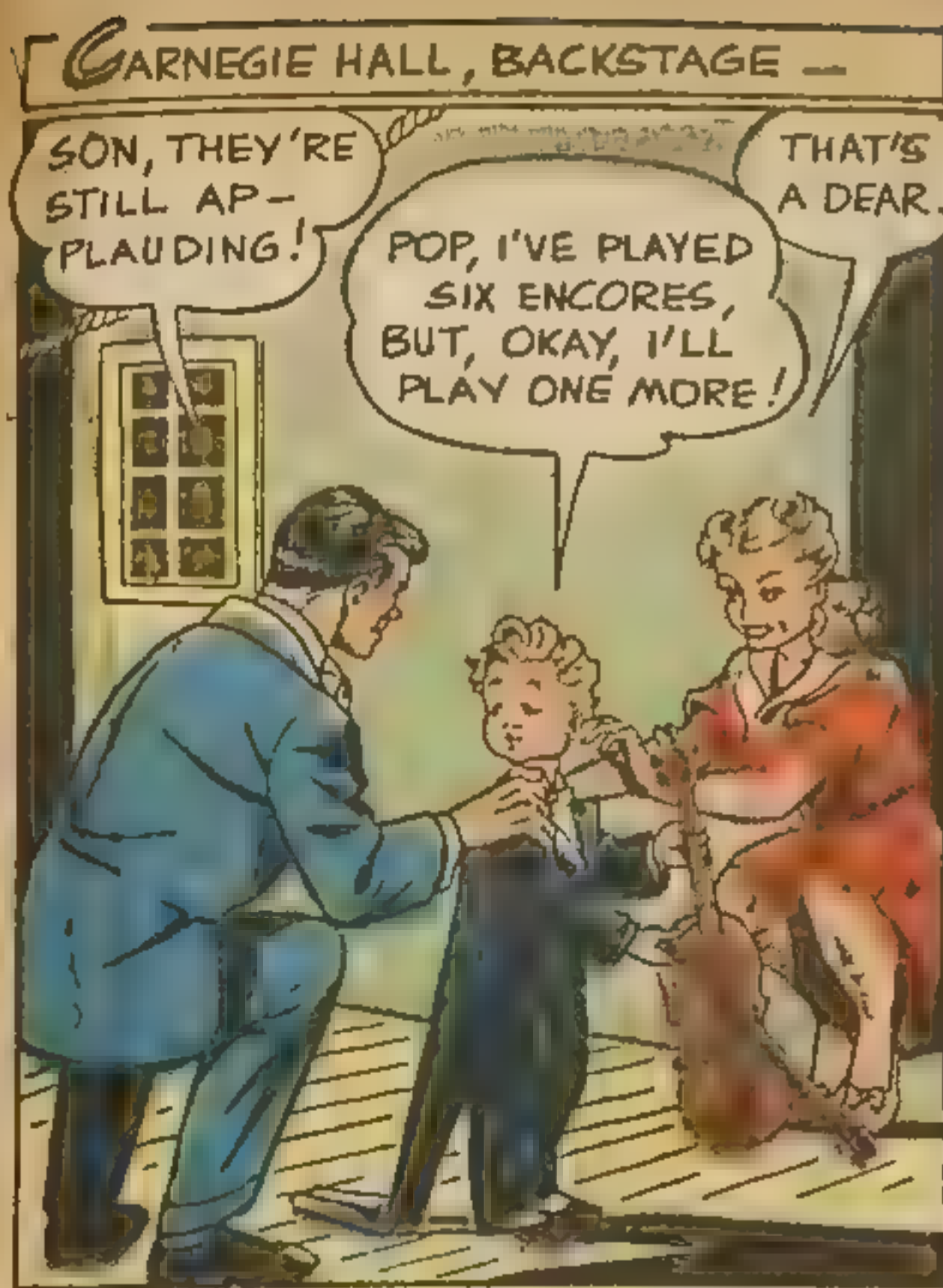


BUT HAPPINESS CAN NOT BE MINE!
THEY SAY THERE'S GREAT HEIGHTS
FOR ME TO CLIMB.
I PLAY THE FIDDLE LIKE A WHIZ,
IN FACT, THEY SAY, I BEAT HEIFETZ.

I'M SMARTER THAN THE GREAT
EINSTIEN,
WHY, HIS BRAIN CAN'T EVEN COM-
PARE TO MINE.
YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE THIS IS
DONE,
BY MICHEAL DAIZE - AGE, JUST ONE!

WHY WASN'T I BORN JUST
PLAIN DUMB,
LIKE OTHER BABES WHO WEEP
AND WAIL?
JUST SLEEP AND EAT AND
SUCK MY THUMB,
INSTEAD OF HAVING PEOPLE
HAIL - "MICHEAL DAIZE -
THE GENIUS!"







WHO ARE YOU? FROM WHERE DID YOU FLY? HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A SPY?

YOU CALLED FOR TWINKLE DIDN'T YA? WELL THAT'S ME. NOW WHAT'S YOUR WISH?



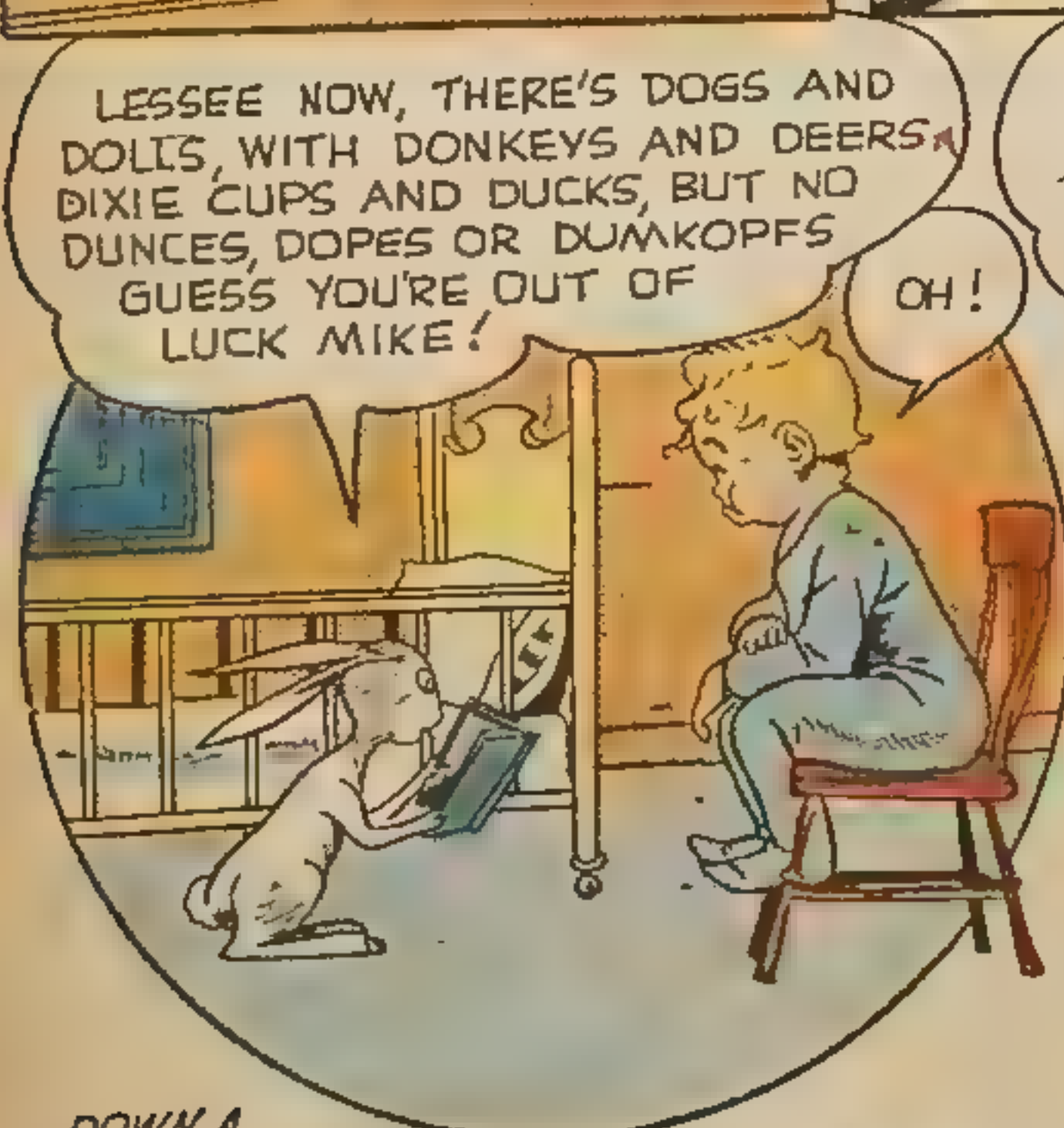
OH, IT'S AN AMAZING THING TO SEE, A RABBIT WHO'LL GRANT A WISH TO ME!

OKAY, OKAY, I'M A BUSY GUY. NOW LET'S HAVE YOUR WISH!



I WANT TO BE LIKE ALL THE KIDS YOU SEE, THAT'S ALL I ASK ----- JUST A PLAIN DUMB BABY, IS IT A DIFFICULT TASK?

HM-M YOU WANT TO BECOME DUMB HM-M STRANGE... I'LL HAVE TO LOOK THAT UP.

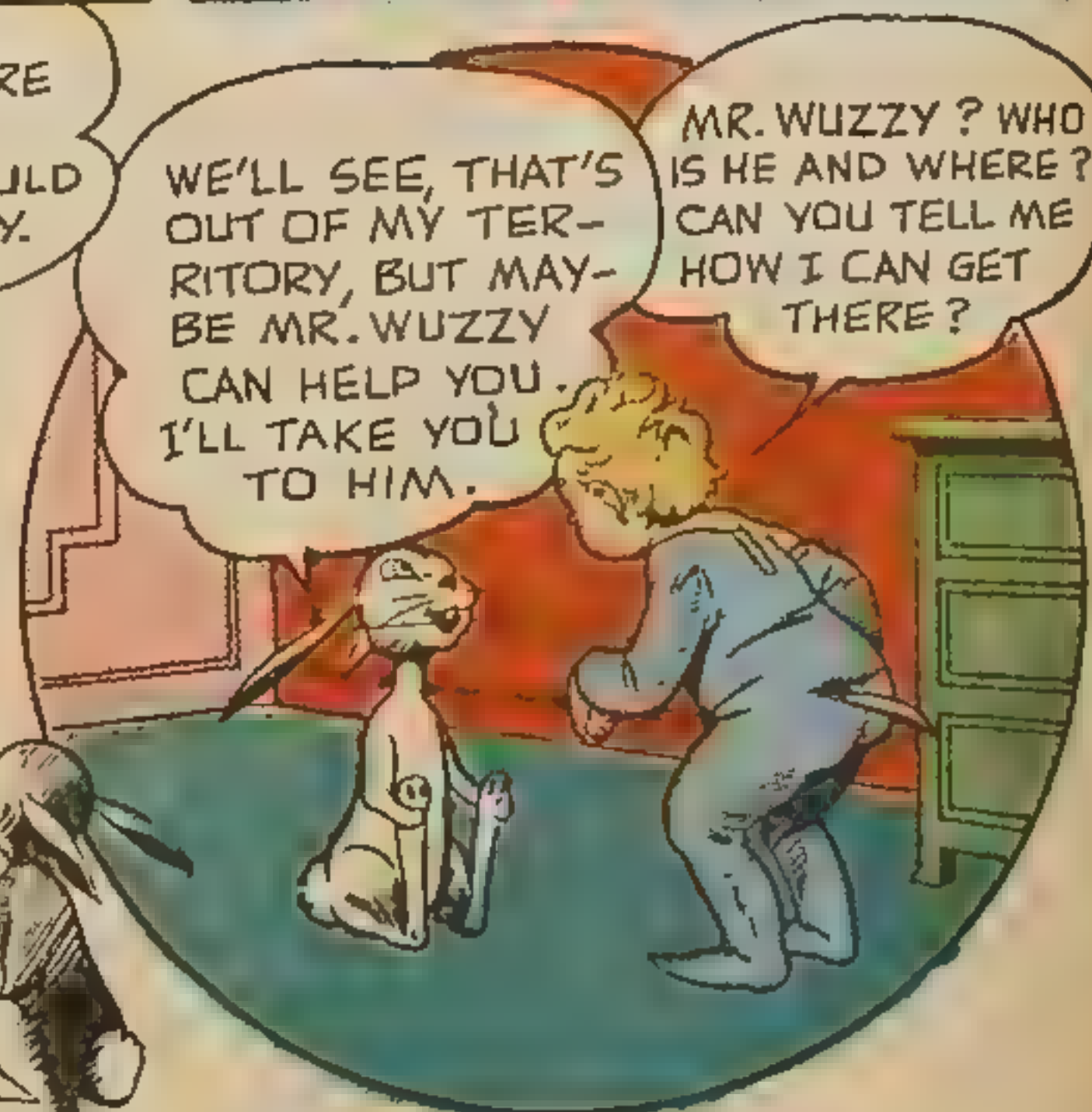


LESSEE NOW, THERE'S DOGS AND DOLLS, WITH DONKEYS AND DEERS, DIXIE CUPS AND DUCKS, BUT NO DUNCES, DOPES OR DUMKOPFS GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK MIKE!

OH!



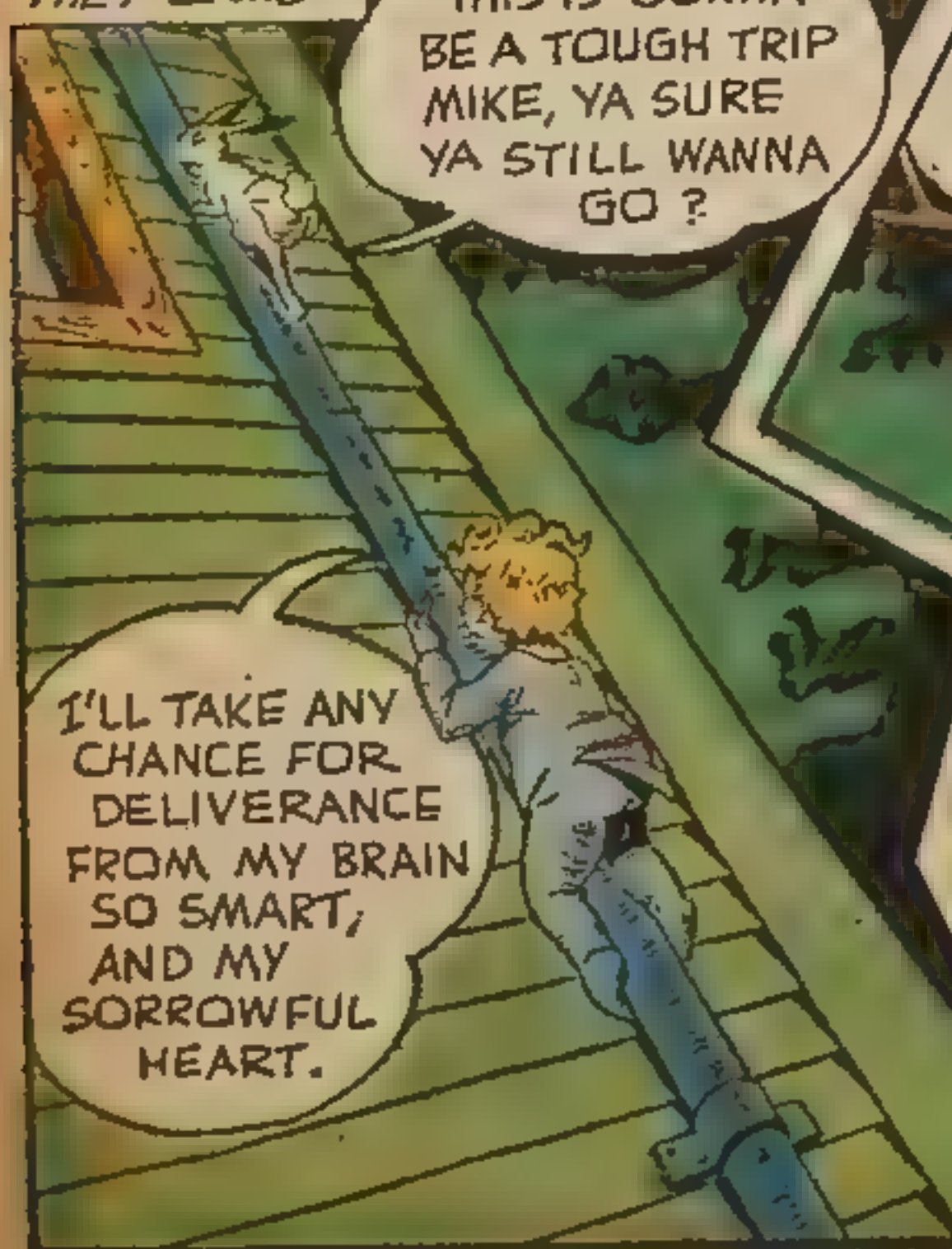
BUT TWINKLE THERE MUST BE A WAY, THAT MY WISH COULD COME OUT OKAY.



WE'LL SEE, THAT'S OUT OF MY TERRITORY, BUT MAYBE MR. WUZZY CAN HELP YOU. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

MR. WUZZY? WHO IS HE AND WHERE? CAN YOU TELL ME HOW I CAN GET THERE?

DOWN A DRAINPIPE THEY CLIMB



I'LL TAKE ANY CHANCE FOR DELIVERANCE FROM MY BRAIN SO SMART, AND MY SORROWFUL HEART.

C'MON, MIKE-THROUGH THIS HOLLOW TREE AND DON'T LOOK SO SAD!



I'M WITH YOU TWINKLE BOY, AHEAD I GO, TO HAPPINESS AND JOY!

MY, THIS PLACE IS CURIOUS. IT'S SO STILL AND MYSTERIOUS.



SH-H THE OGRE LIVES AROUND HERE... DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE FOR HIS SPIES TO HEAR. HA, HA, MIKE, I TALK LIKE YOU.

TWO WEIRD FIGURES
SEE HAPPY AND
TWINKLE -----

HEY NIP, LOOK,
DERE'S TWINKLE
WITH SOME
KID!

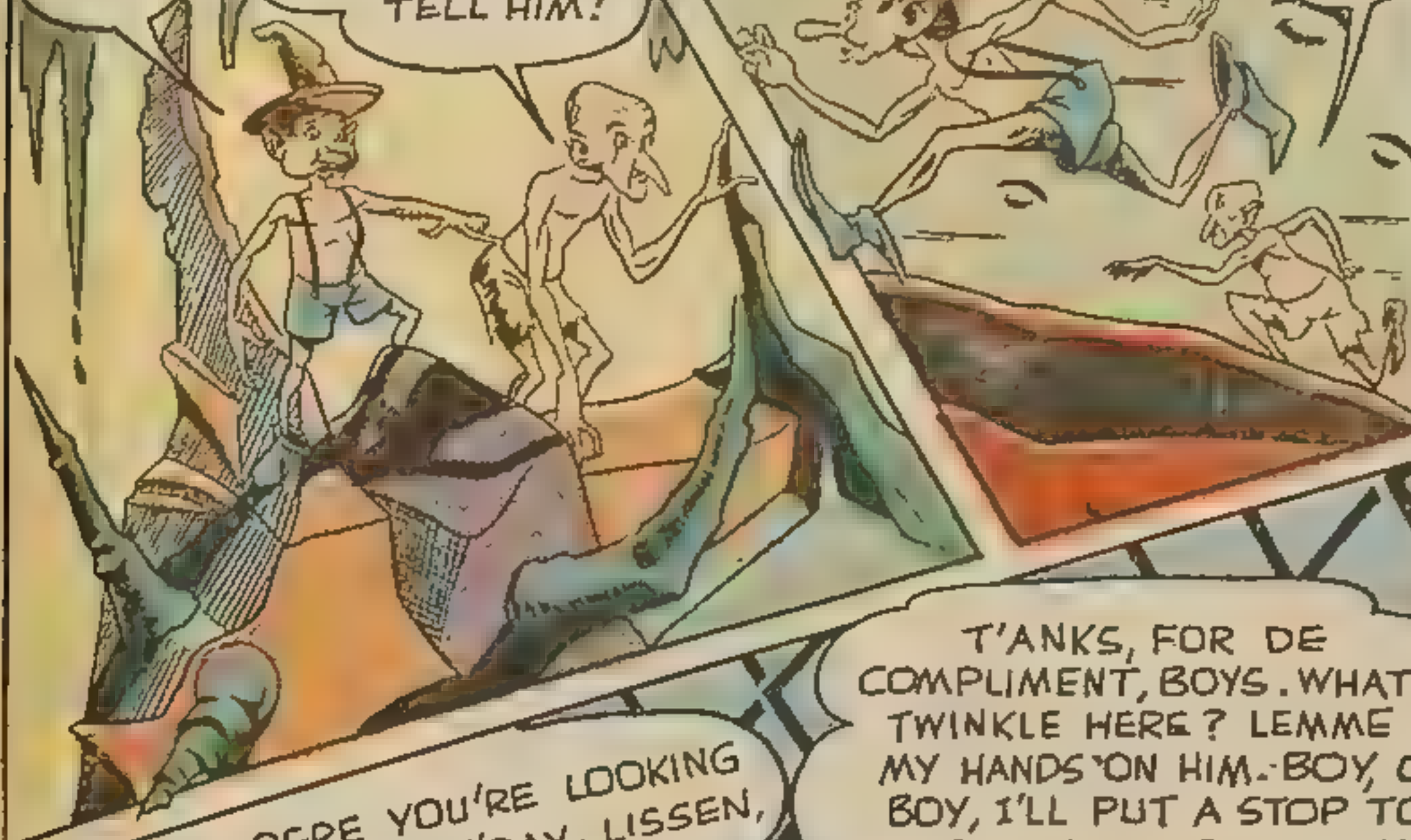
YEAH, TUCK
DE OGRE IS
AFTER HIM!
C'MON LET'S
TELL HIM!

BOY, MAYBE DE OGRE
WILL MAKE ME A
JUNIOR OGRE
FOR DIS!

ME
TOO!

OKAY, YOU TWO RUNTS,
MR. OGRE'LL SEE YOU
FOR TEN MINUTES IF
IT'S THAT IMPORTANT

T'ANKS
BEAUTIFUL,
YOU BET DIS
IS IMPORT-
ANT.



OH, MR. OGRE YOU'RE LOOKING
POSITIVELY UGLY T'DAY. LISSSEN,
TWINKLE IS GOING
THROUGH HERE WITH
SOME KID!

T'ANKS, FOR DE
COMPLIMENT, BOYS. WHAT?
TWINKLE HERE? LEMME GET
MY HANDS ON HIM. BOY, OH
BOY, I'LL PUT A STOP TO
HIS GOOD DEED DOIN'S!

I HATE PEOPLE WHAT
DO GOOD DEEDS,
ESPECIALLY TWINKLE,
HE ENJOYS DOIN' EM
TOO MUCH!

LOOK, MR.
OGRE, DERE
DEY ARE!



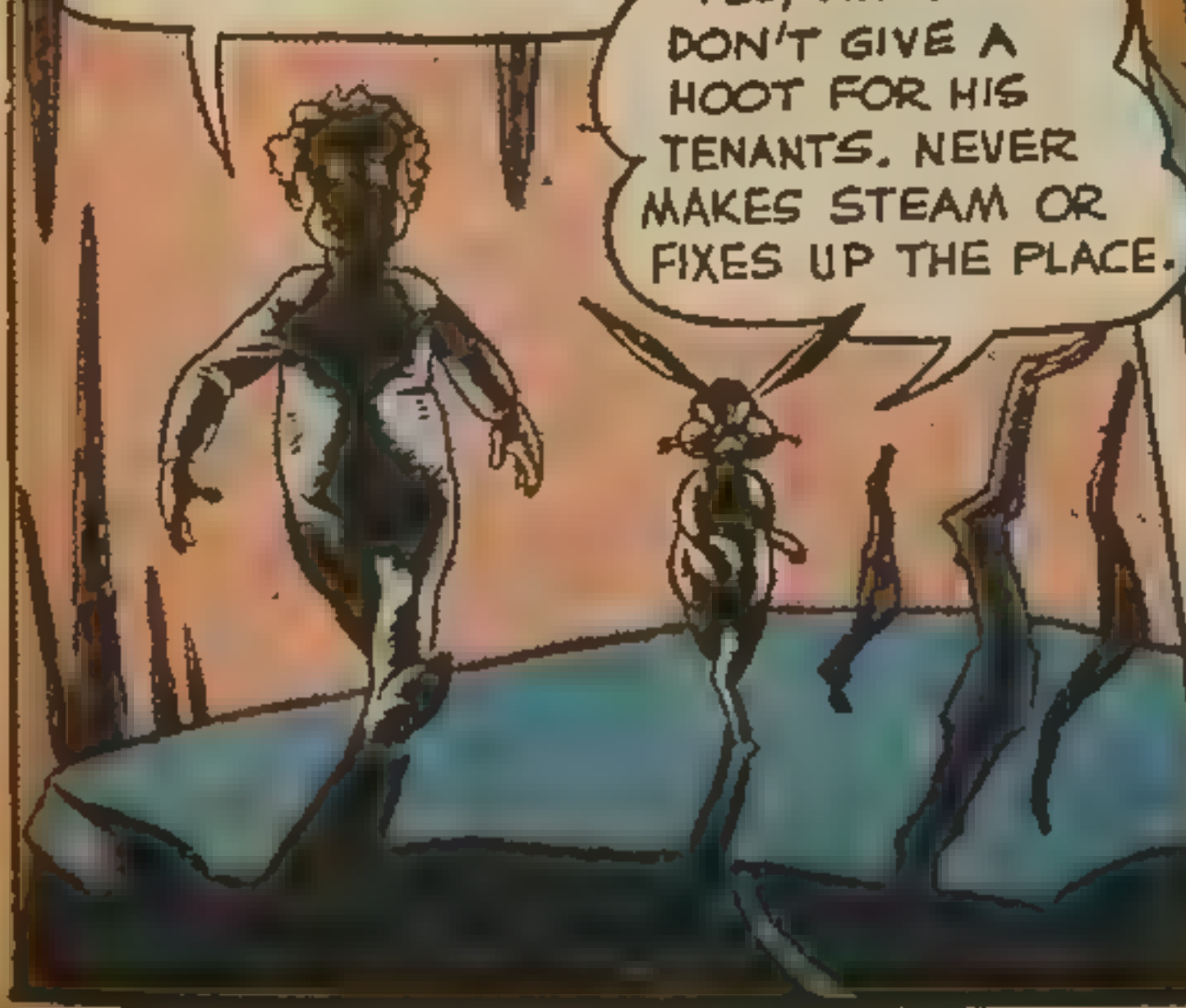
GOSH TWINKLE IT'S PRETTY
COLD,
AND THIS PLACE LOOKS
SO VERY OLD.

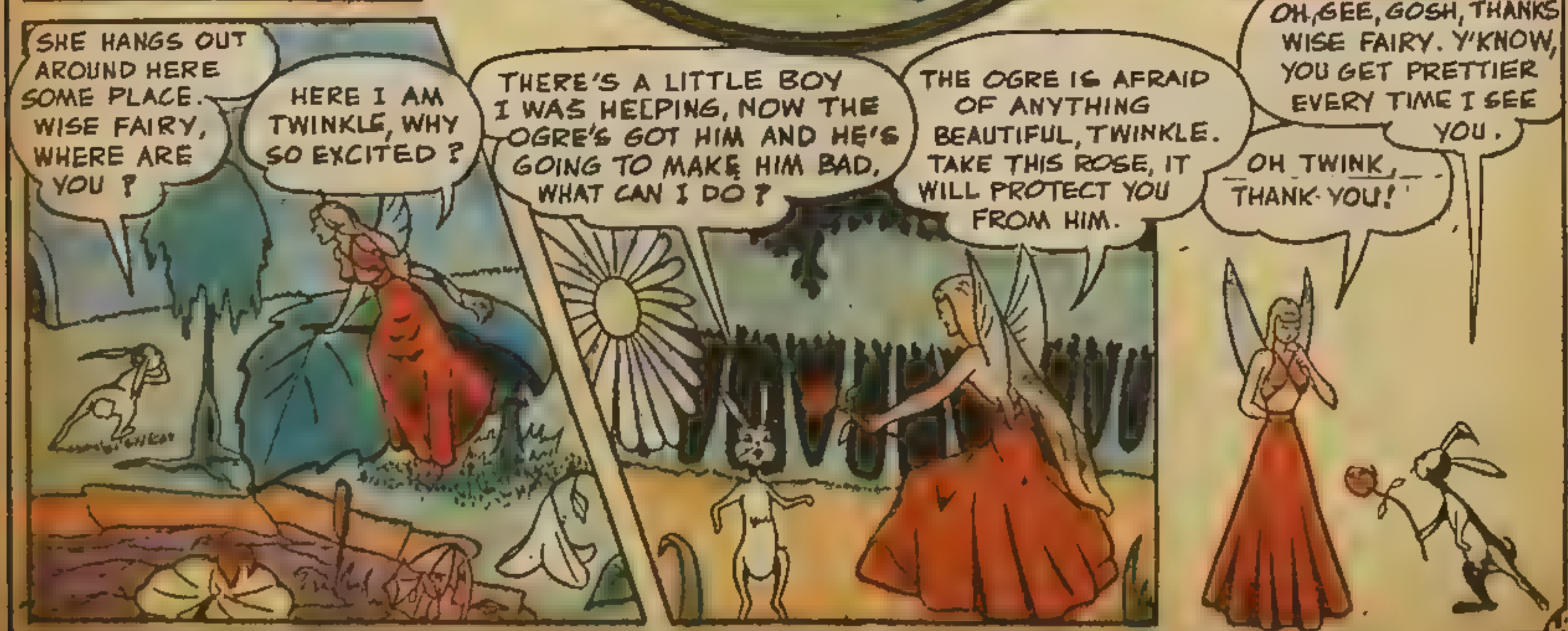
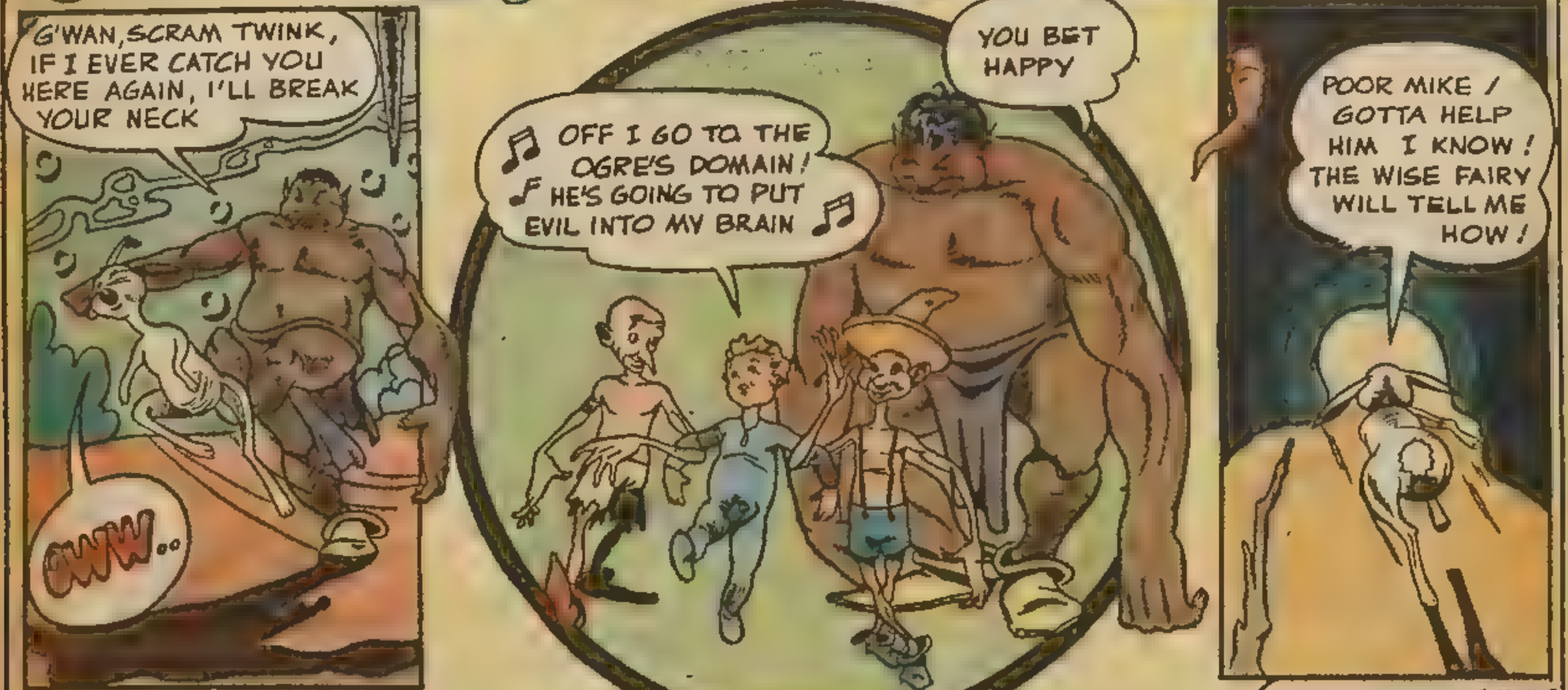
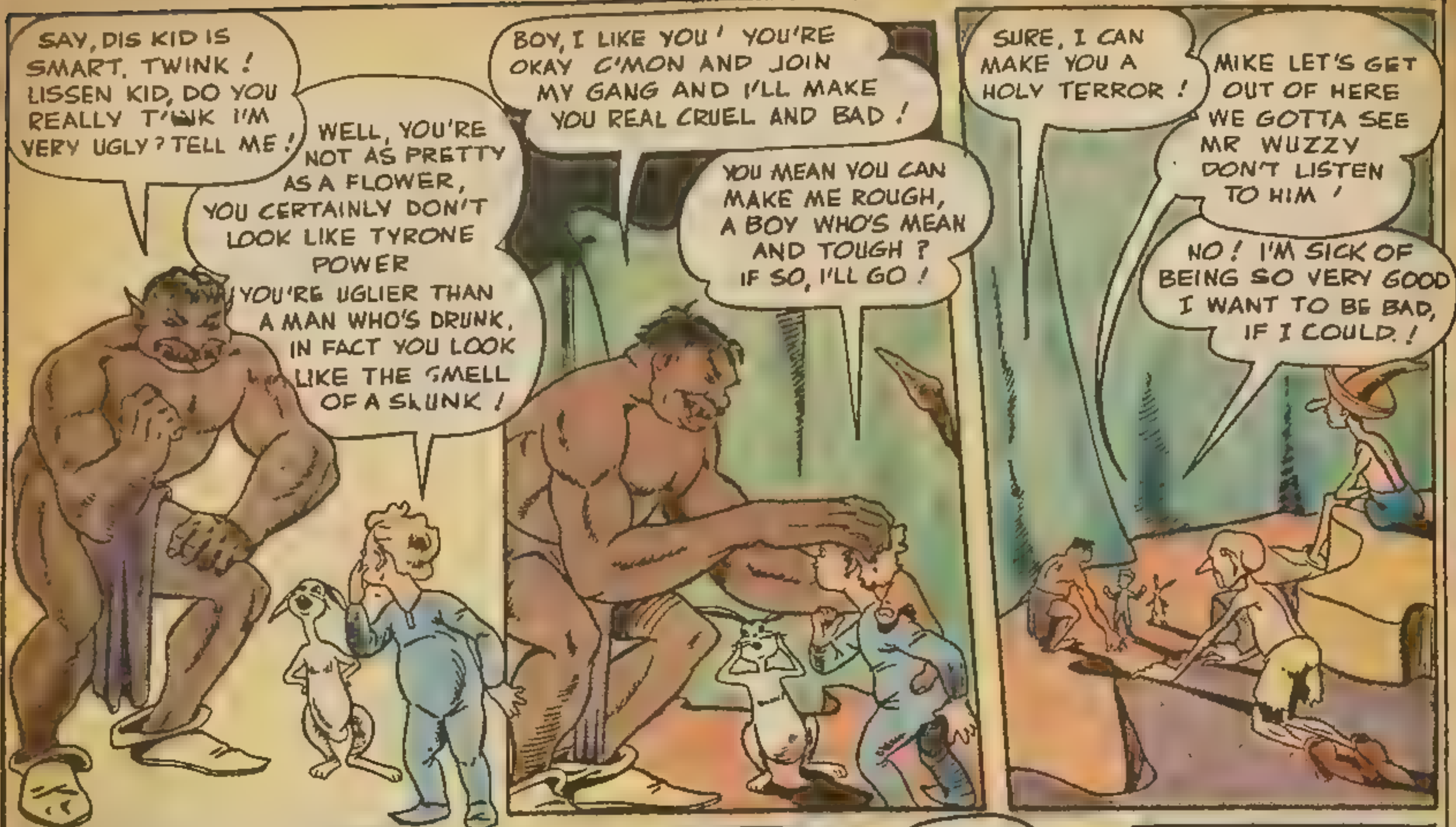
YES, THE OGRE
DON'T GIVE A
HOOT FOR HIS
TENANTS. NEVER
MAKES STEAM OR
FIXES UP THE PLACE.

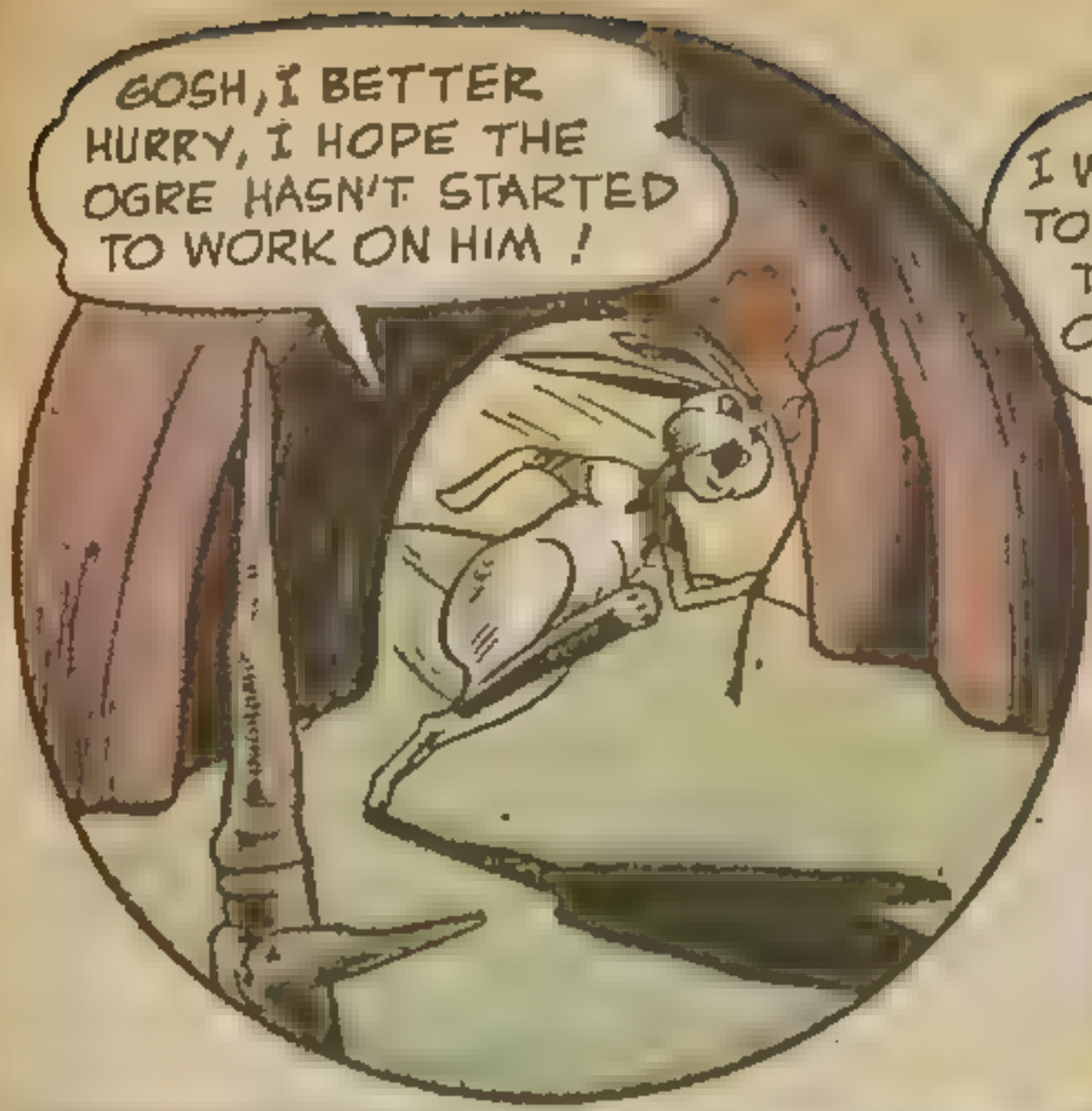
HIYA TWINKLE, YA
DUMB BUNNY, WHO'S
YOUR FRIEND?

THE
OGRE!

OH MY GOODNESS,
WHAT A FACE!
I BET HIS MOTHER'S
IN DISGRACE!







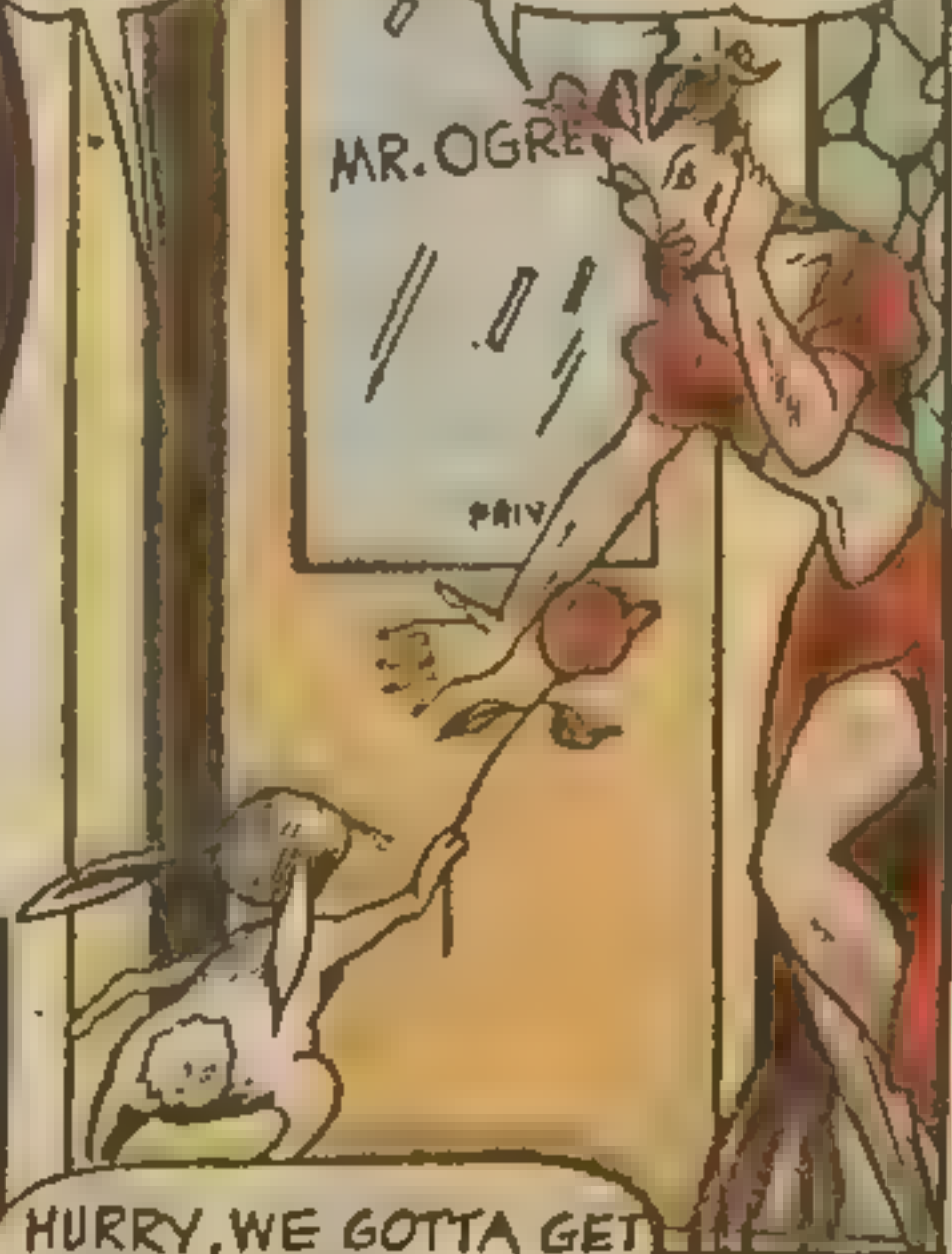
GOSH, I BETTER HURRY, I HOPE THE OGRE HASN'T STARTED TO WORK ON HIM!

I WANT TO SEE THE OGRE!

GO AWAY, HE'S BUSY YOU CA-NO! NO! YOU CAN GO IN, ONLY KEEP THAT BEAUTIFUL FLOWER AWAY FROM ME!

HIVA, YA BIG OX! LET THE LAD ALONE!

WHA! HOW DID YOU GET HERE? I'LL MOIDER YA-I'LL-



NO! NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I CAN'T STAND DAT ROSE! TAKE DE KID AND SCRAM! DON'T LET ME SMELL DAT ROSE!

C'MON MIKE LET'S GO!

HURRY, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE HIS GANG COMES AFTER US.

OH TWINKLE, WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME BE, HE WAS STOPPING ME FROM BEING A SISSY!

MEANWHILE...



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO TO TWINK, BUT GET DAT KID BACK HERE!

OKAY MR. OGRE!



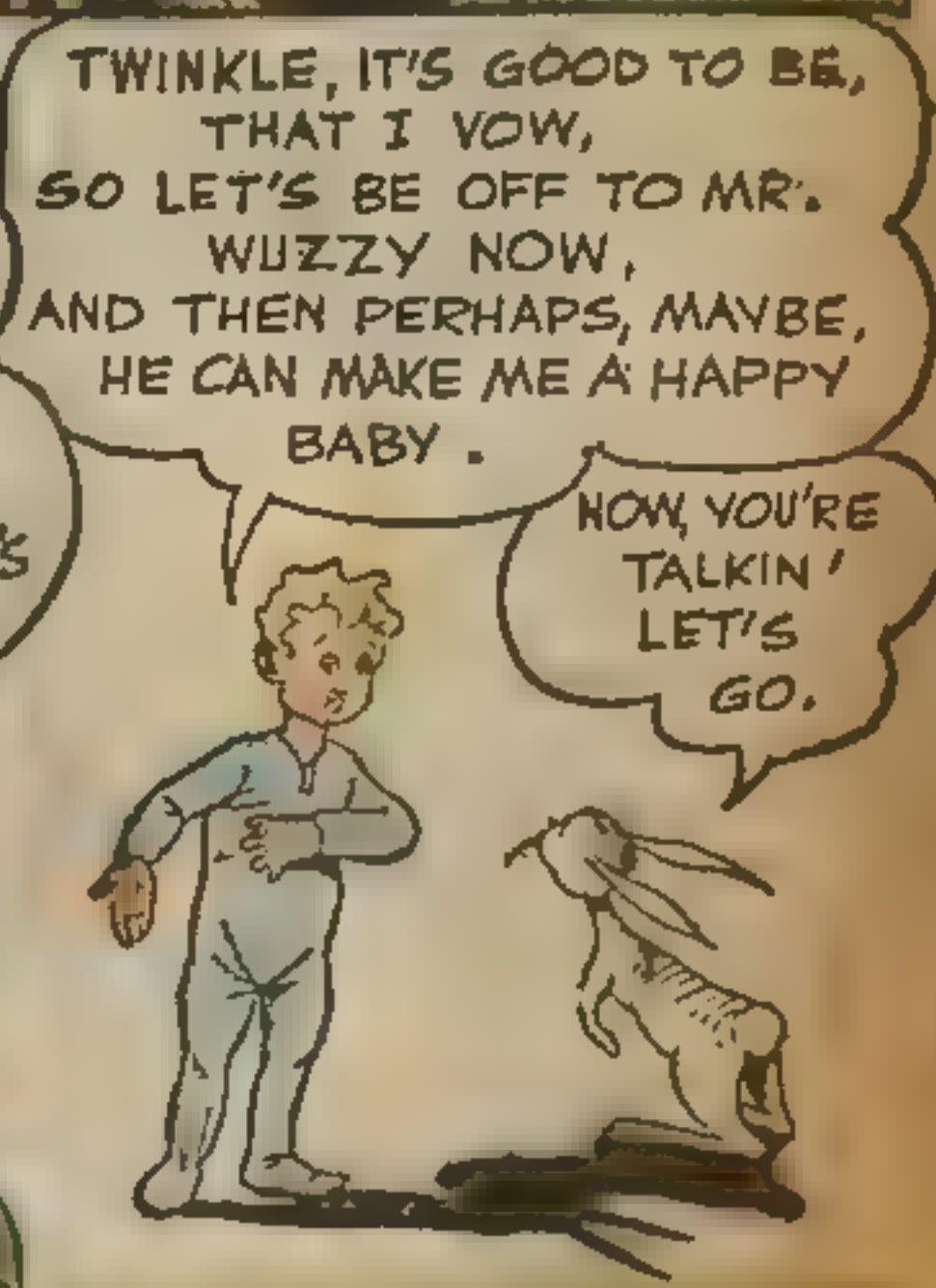
QUICK, MIKE, THEY'RE GAINING ON US!

PUFF! PUFF!



HA! HA! WE'RE SAFE! THEY WON'T COME OUT. THEY'RE AFRAID OF THE PRETTY FLOWERS AND TREES.

OH TWINKLE, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, SO MUCH NICER THAN THE OGRE'S FACE!



TWINKLE, IT'S GOOD TO BE, THAT I VOW, SO LET'S BE OFF TO MR. WUZZY NOW, AND THEN PERHAPS, MAYBE, HE CAN MAKE ME A HAPPY BABY.

NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN' LET'S GO.

THE END

THRILL *after* THRILL

ON EVERY PAGE!

as

CAPTAIN AMERICA

TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE
OF RUTHLESS TYRANTS
WHO WOULD ENSLAVE
DEMOCRACY!



YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

NAME _____

STREET _____

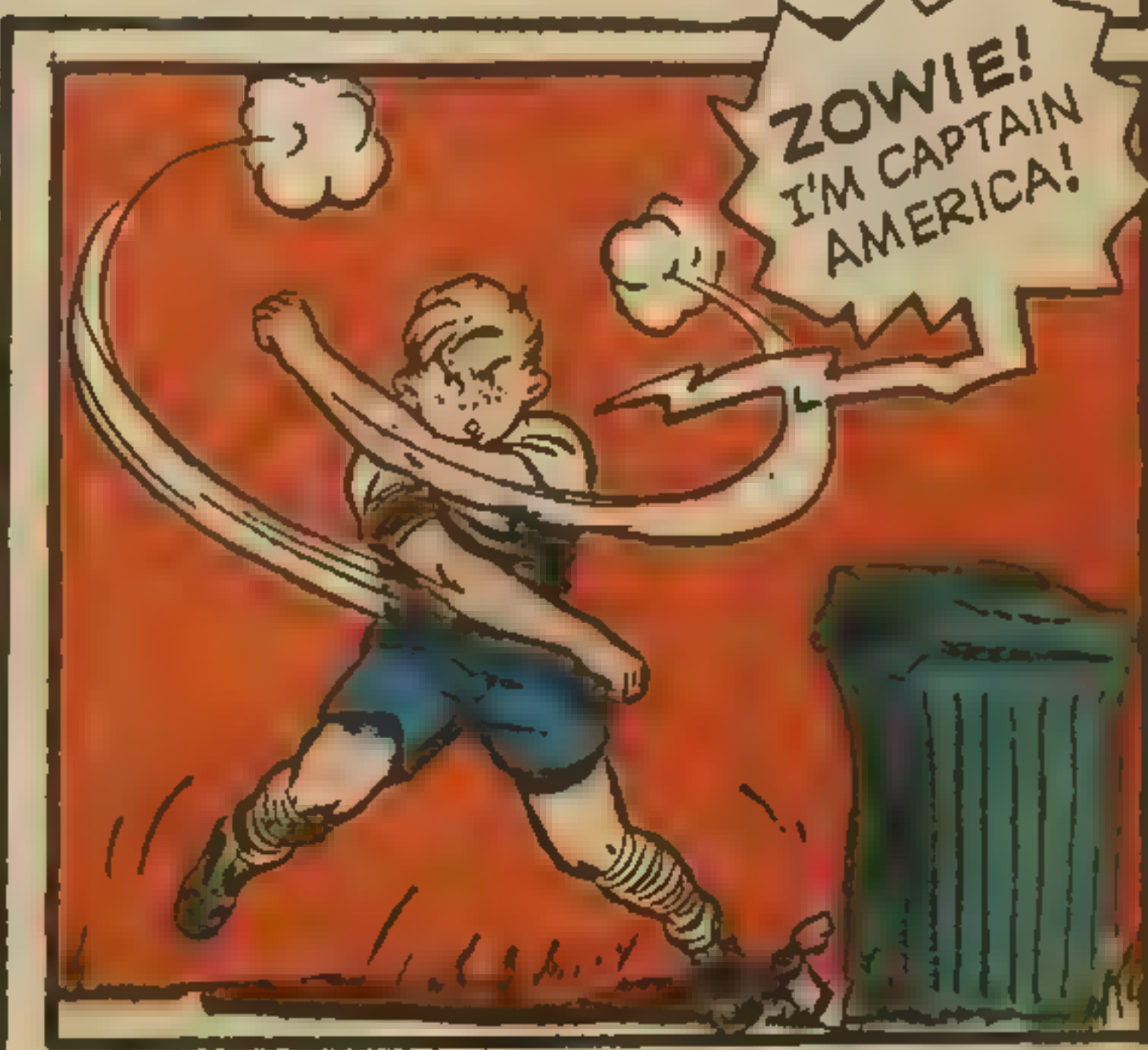
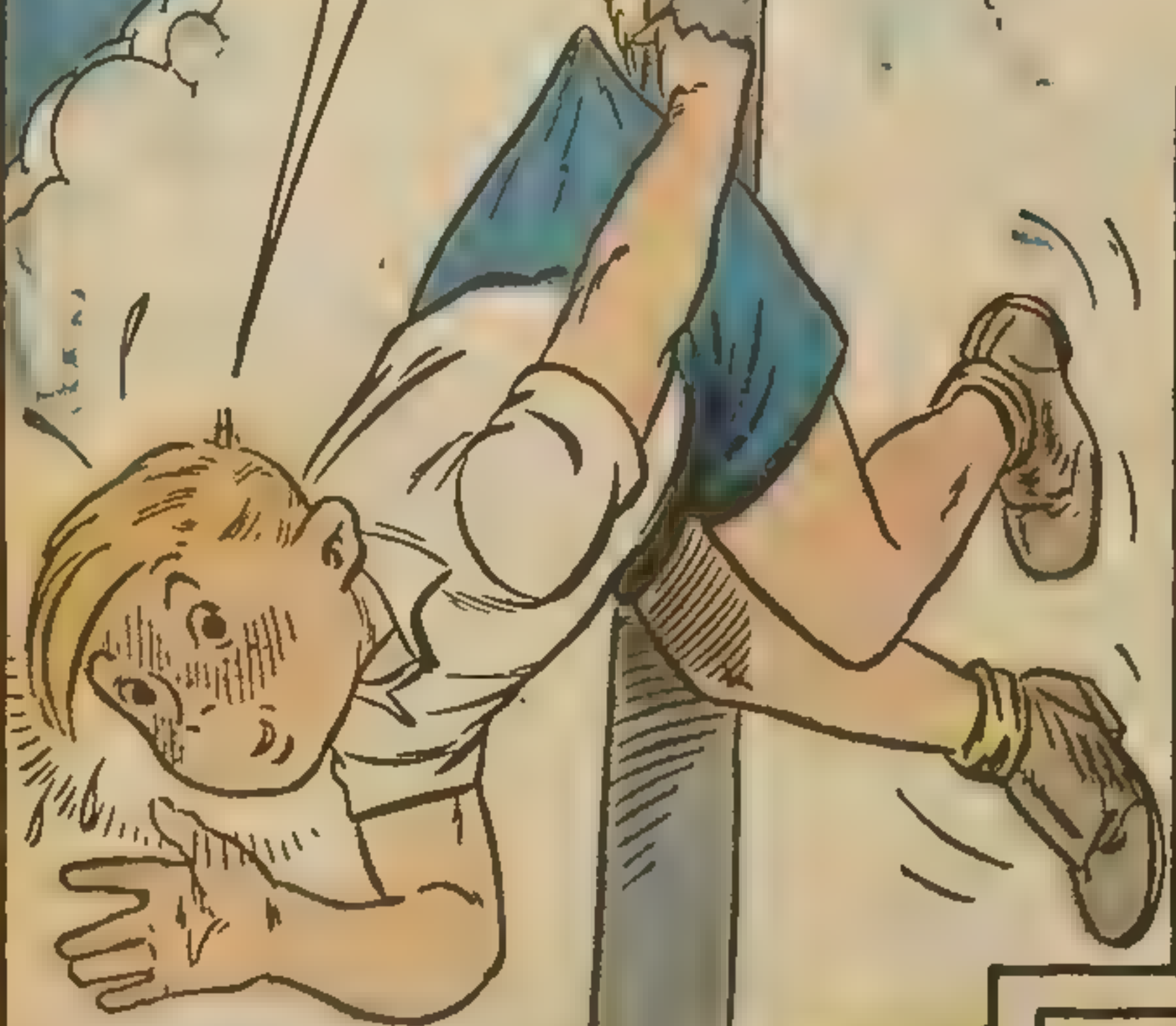
CITY AND STATE _____

NOW ON SALE!

Gullible's TROUBLES

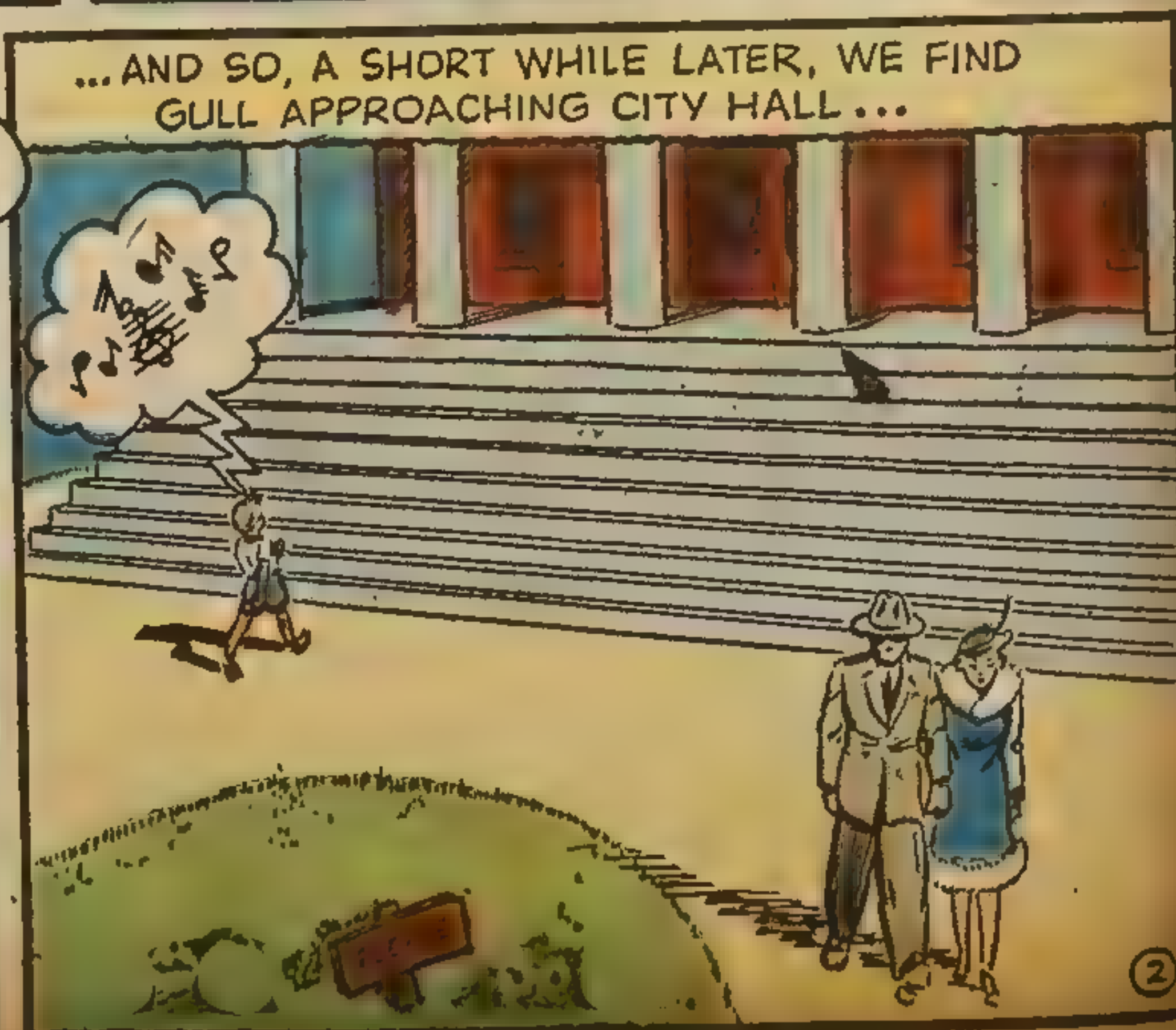
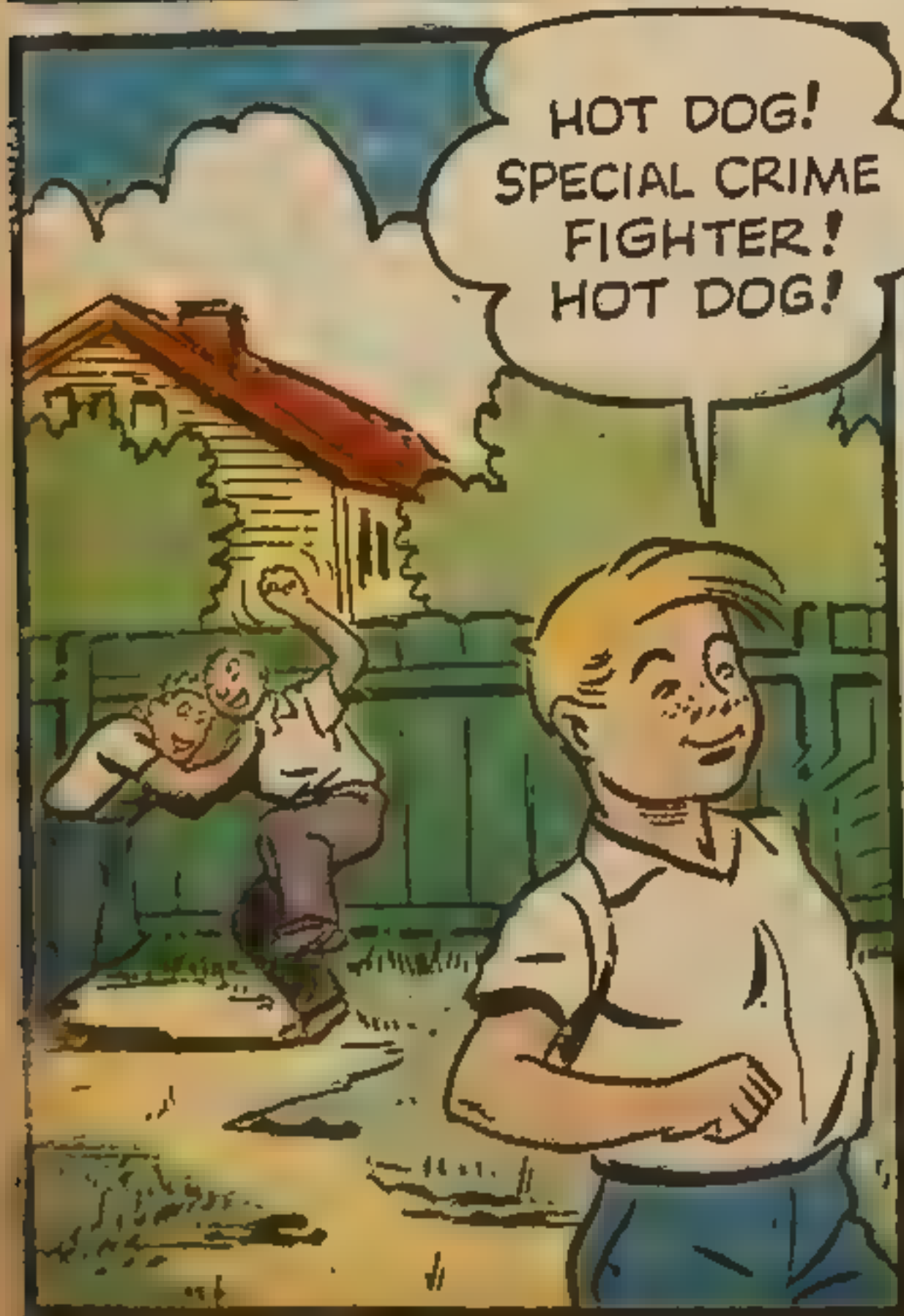
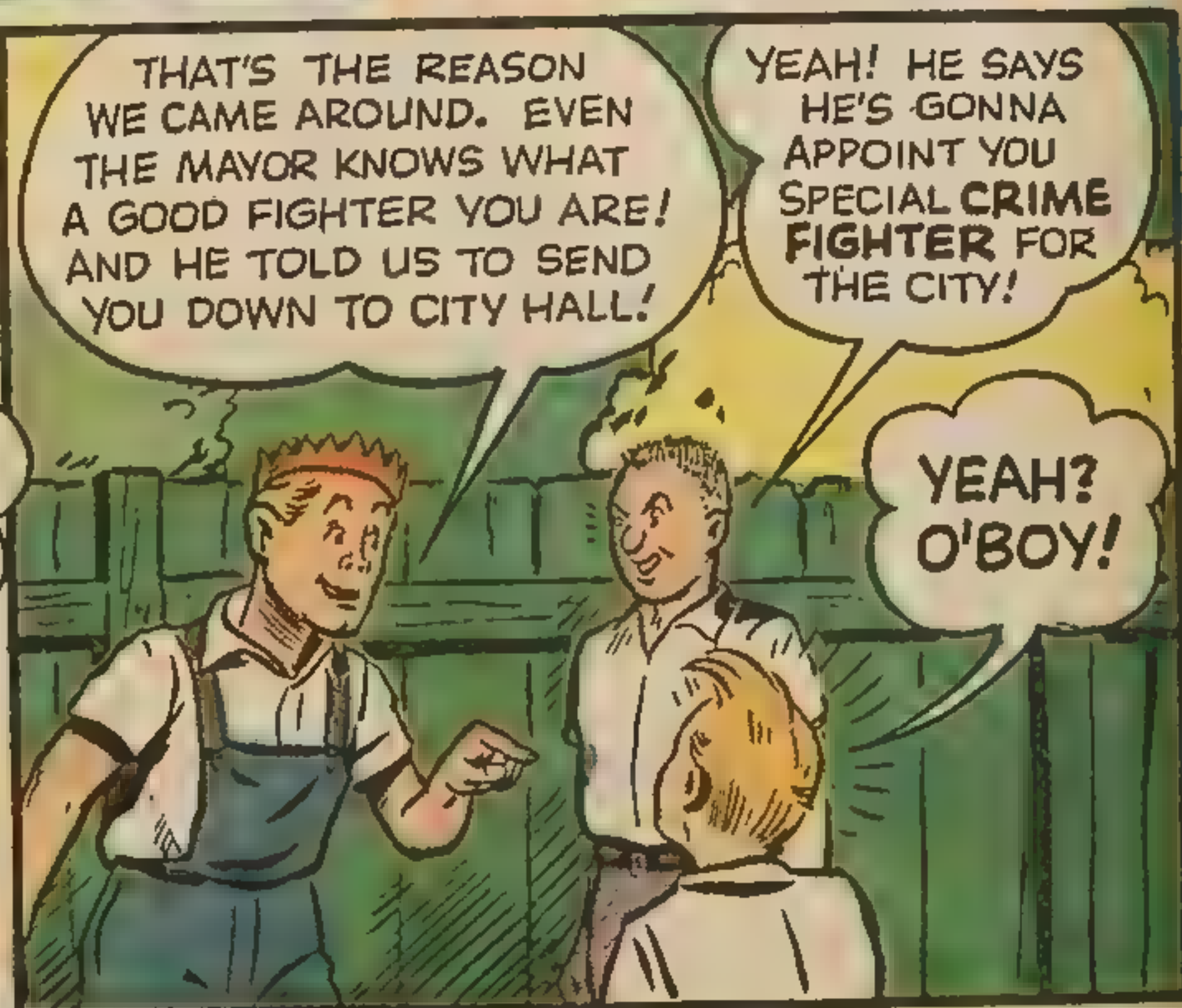
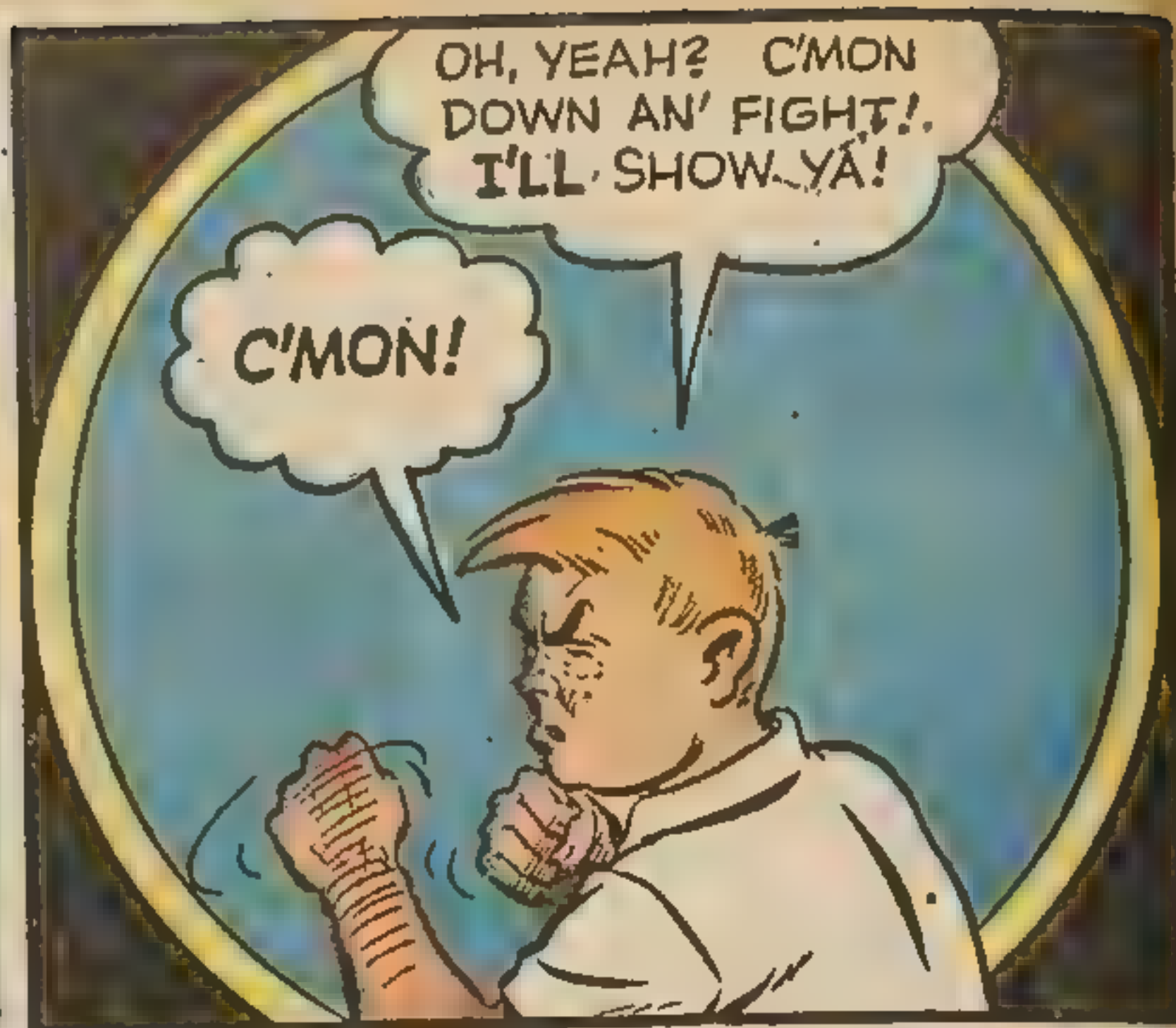
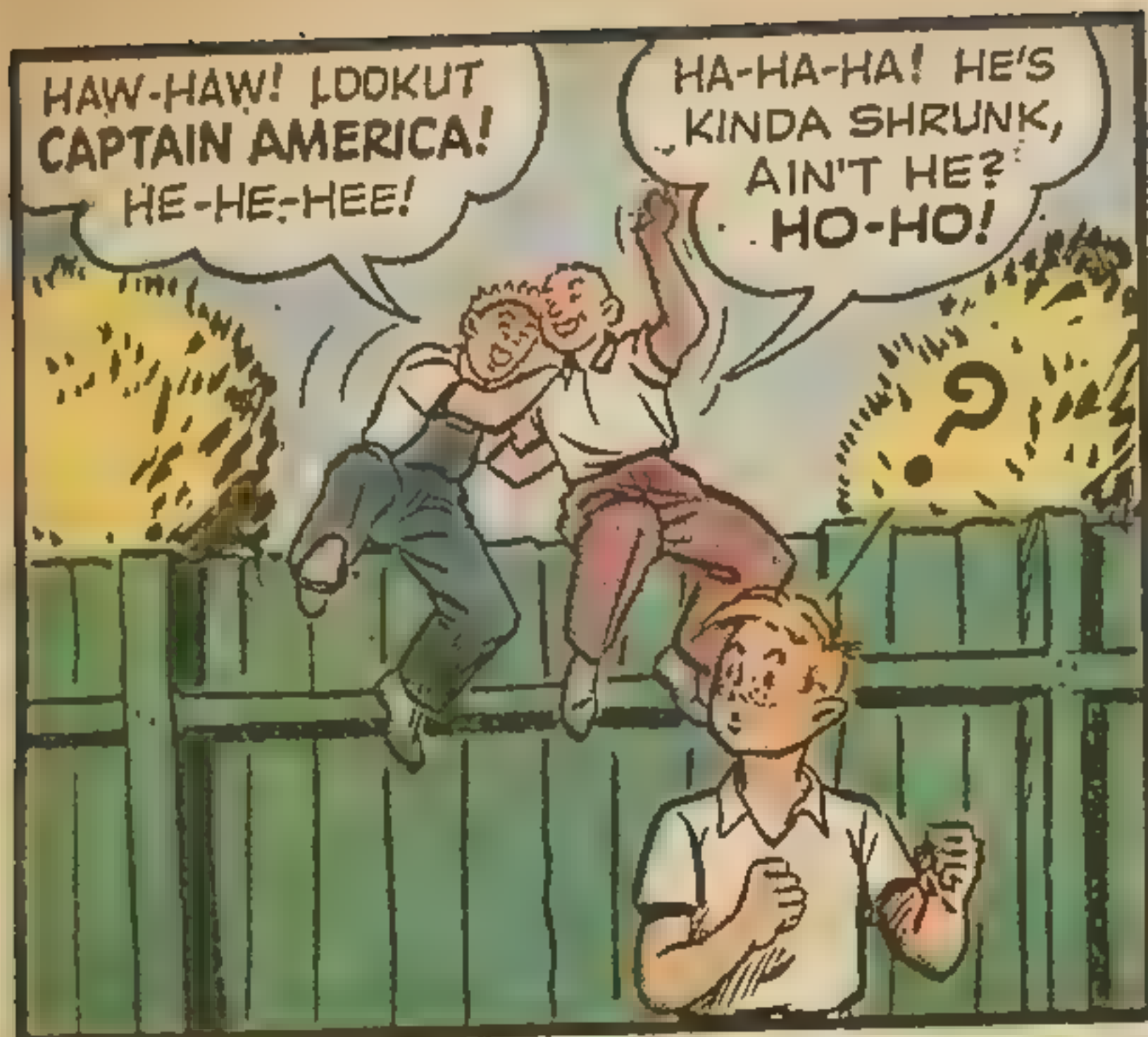
(GULP)
HI YA, FOLKS!
(HEH) GEE! THIS IS
A HECK OF A WAY
TO **CATCH** A
GUY!

introducing...
"GULL" SWIFT, OUR DASHING,
SWASHBUCKLING HERO...
A MAN OF ACTION AND VICTOR
OF A THOUSAND BATTLES!
GULL'S ONLY FAULT IS HIS
TOO VIVID IMAGINATION...
WATCH! ---



**THERE!-SEE WHAT WE MEAN? SO-NOW LET
US FOLLOW GULL ON ONE OF HIS ADVENTURES!**





The MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE...

WELL, HERE I AM!

SO I SEE! BUT WHO ARE YOU?

WHY, I'M GULL SWIFT! THE MAYOR IS GOING TO MAKE ME A **SPECIAL CRIME FIGHTER!**

A WHA...! (ER)...I MEAN THE MAYOR'S BUSY TODAY... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME!

OH! A FIFTH COLUMNIST, EH?

HI YA, MAYOR! SAY! YOU GOT A SPY OUTSIDE THERE! HE WASN'T GONNA LET ME IN!

WHAT! WHO ARE YOU?

GULL SWIFT, MAYOR! WHO ELSE? YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME A **SPECIAL CRIME FIGHTER**, JUST LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA!

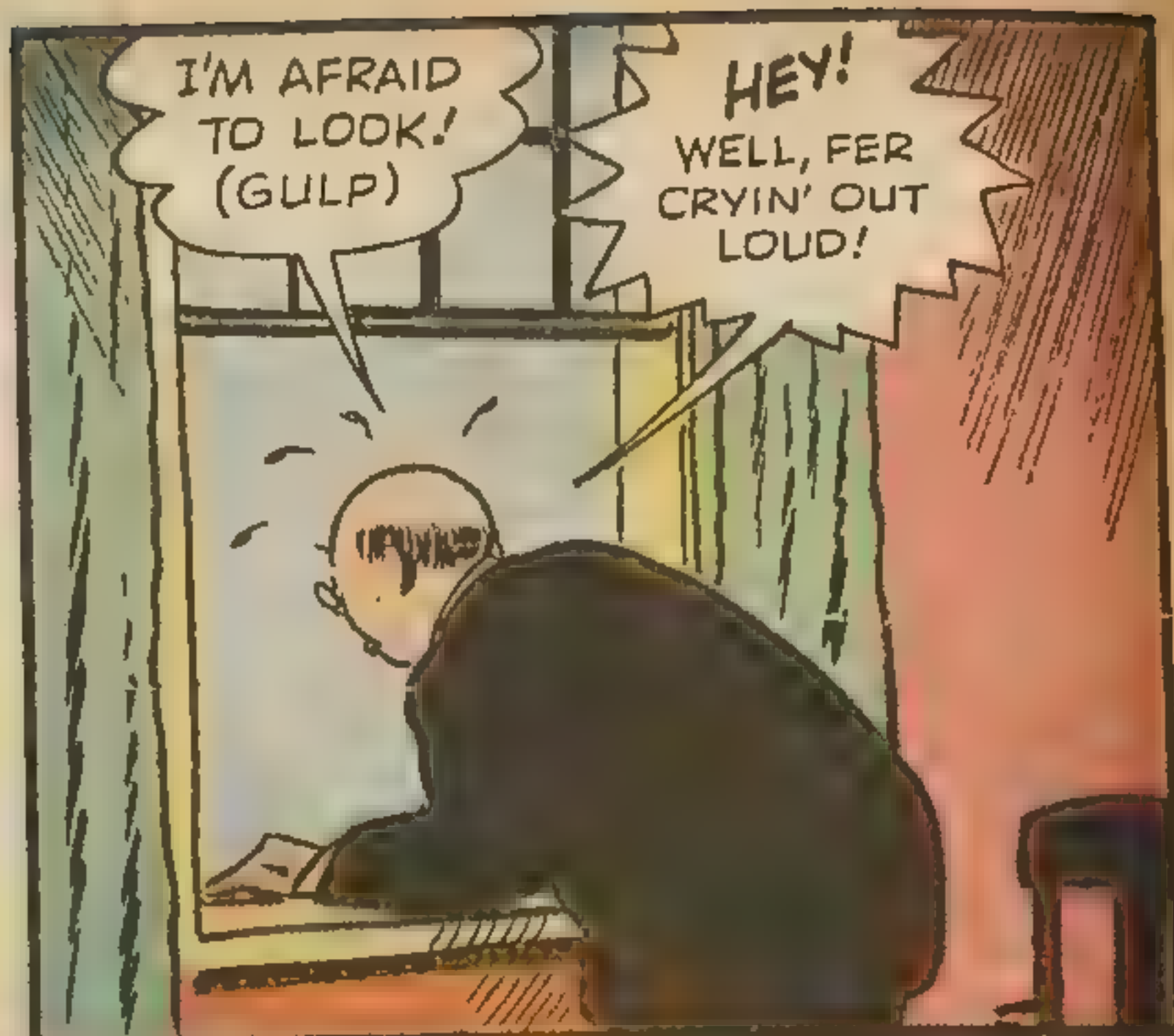
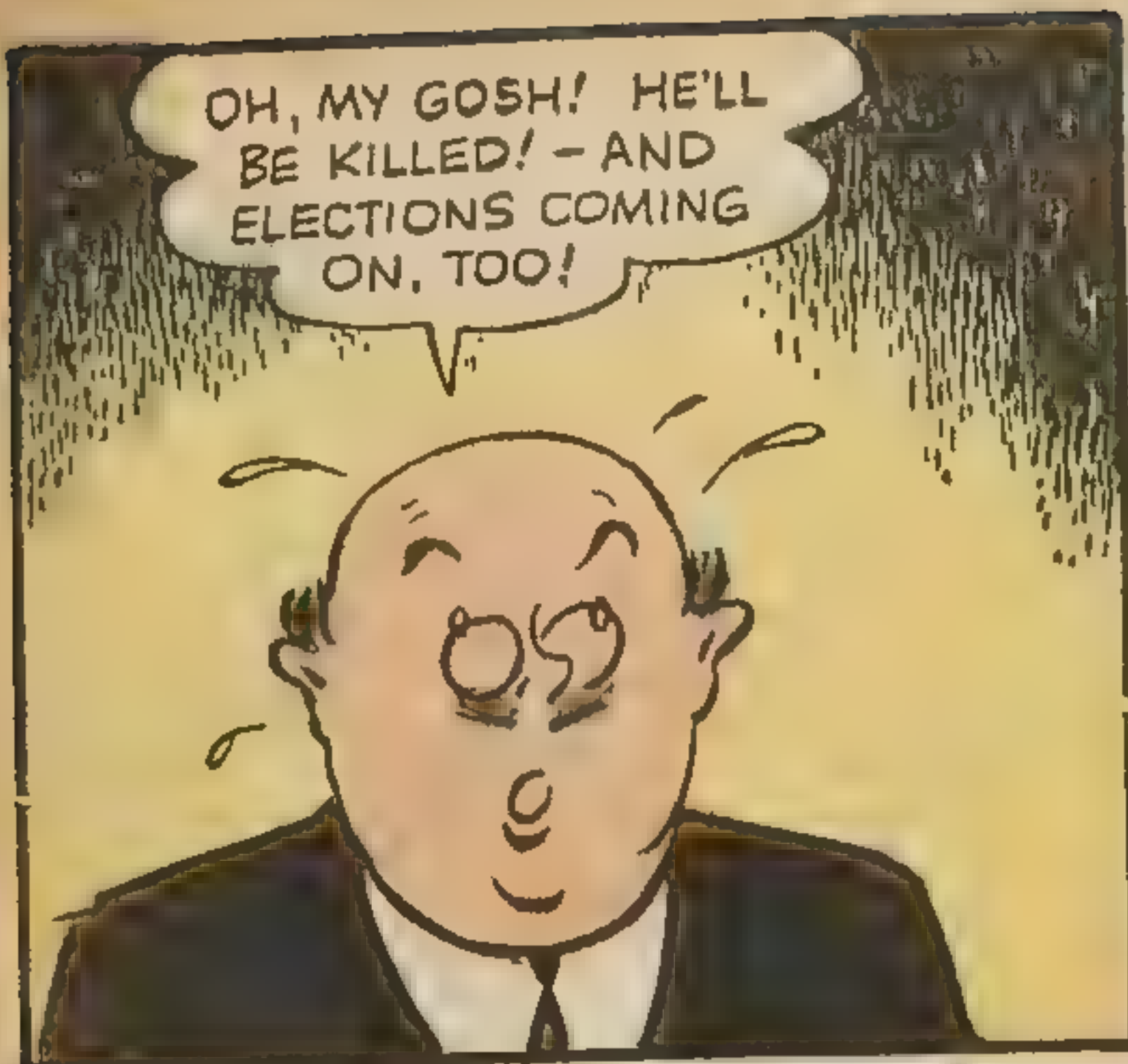
I'M AFRAID SOMEBODY HAS BEEN KIDDING YOU, SON! YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE YOUR COMIC BOOK HEROES TOO SERIOUSLY! AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T DO THE THINGS THEY DO!

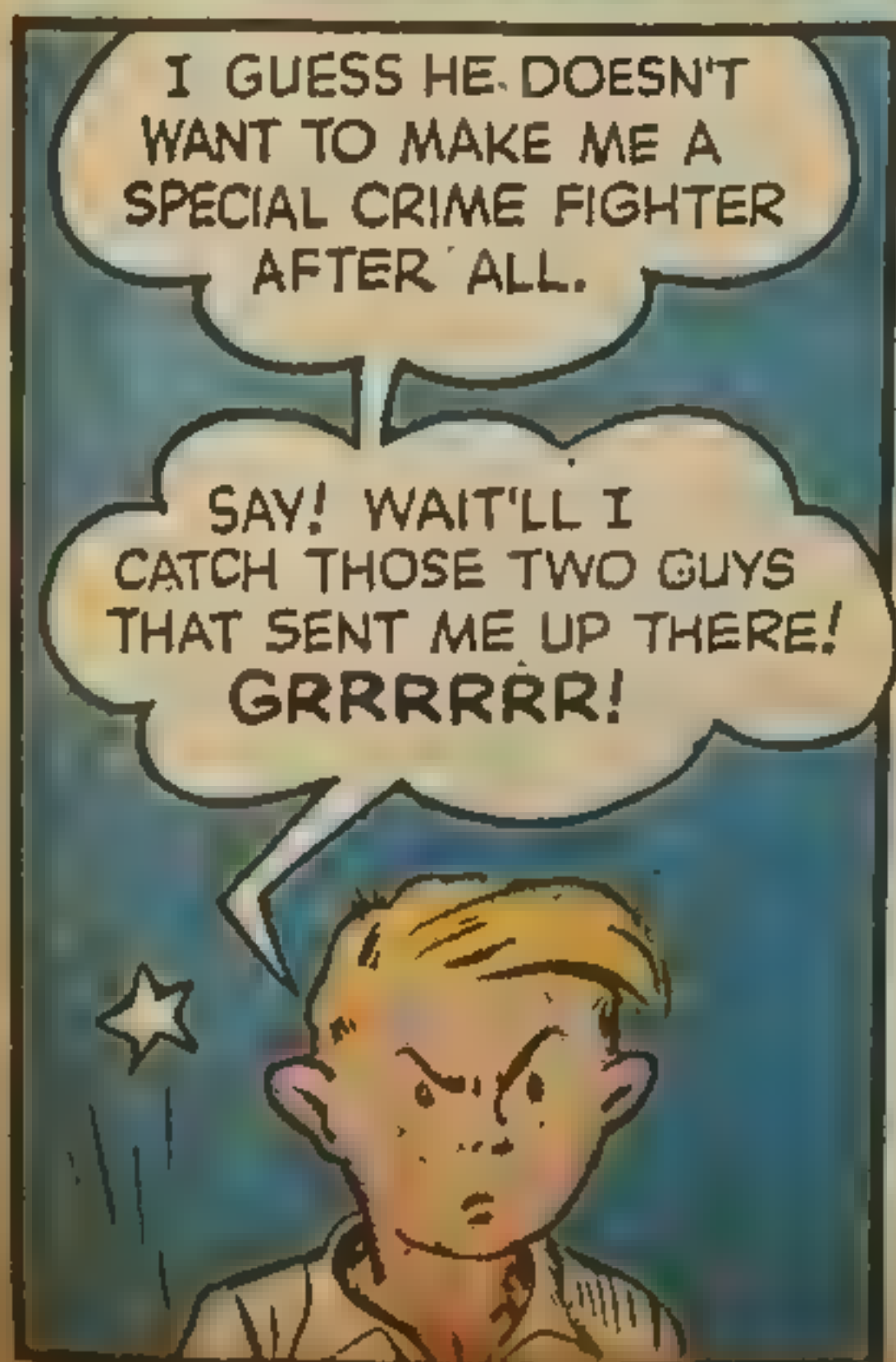
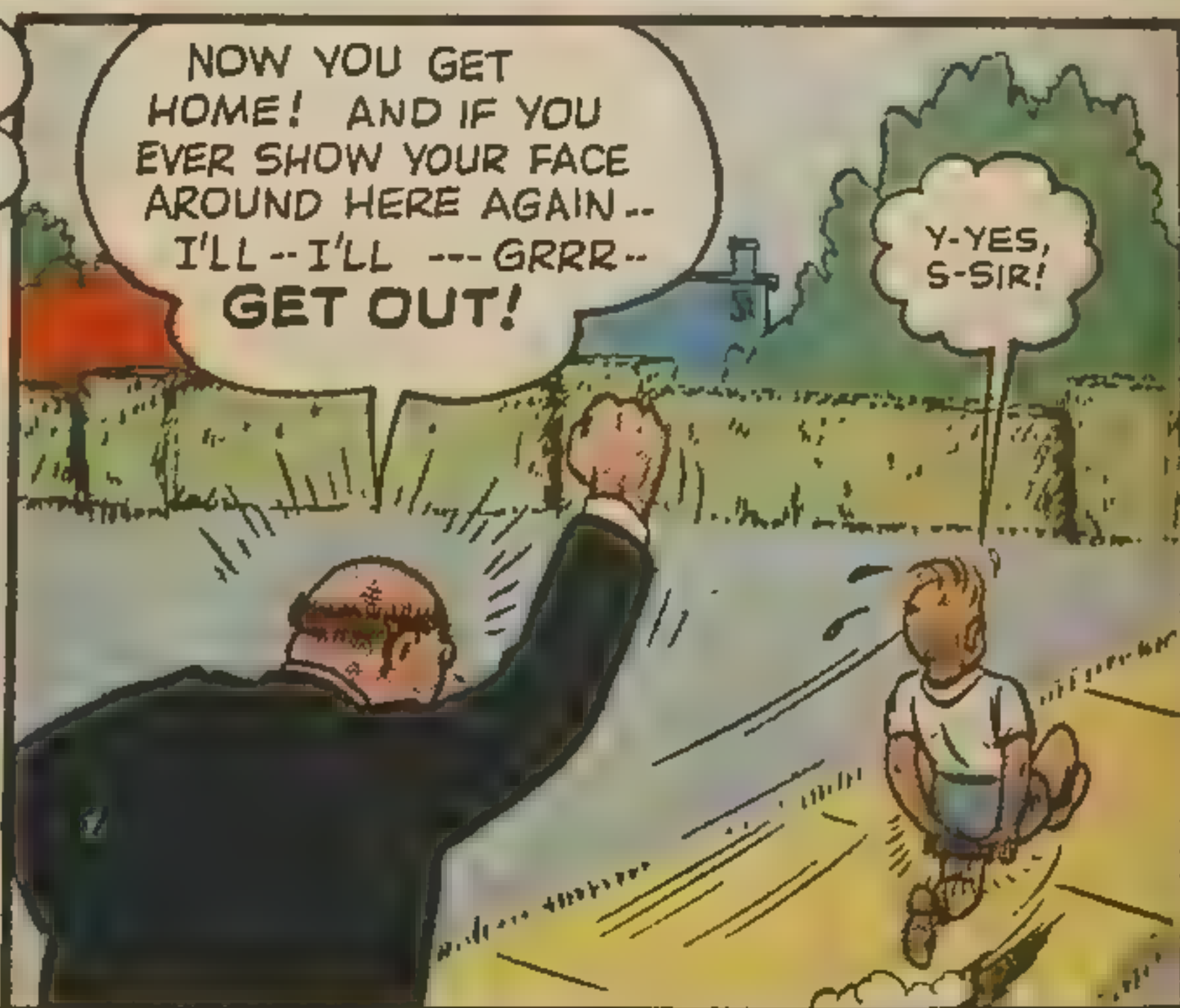
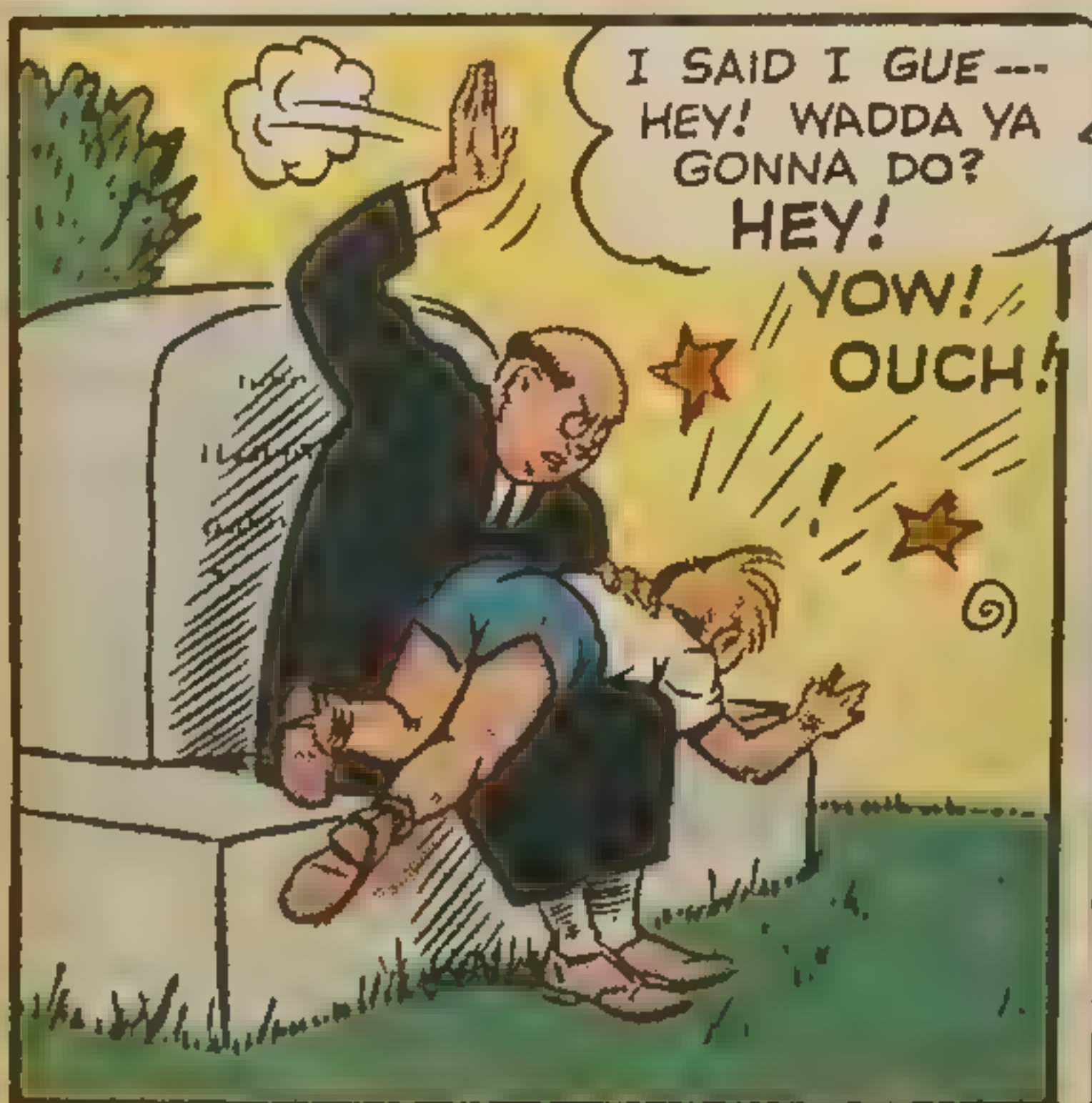
OH! IZZAT SO? I CAN'T, EH?

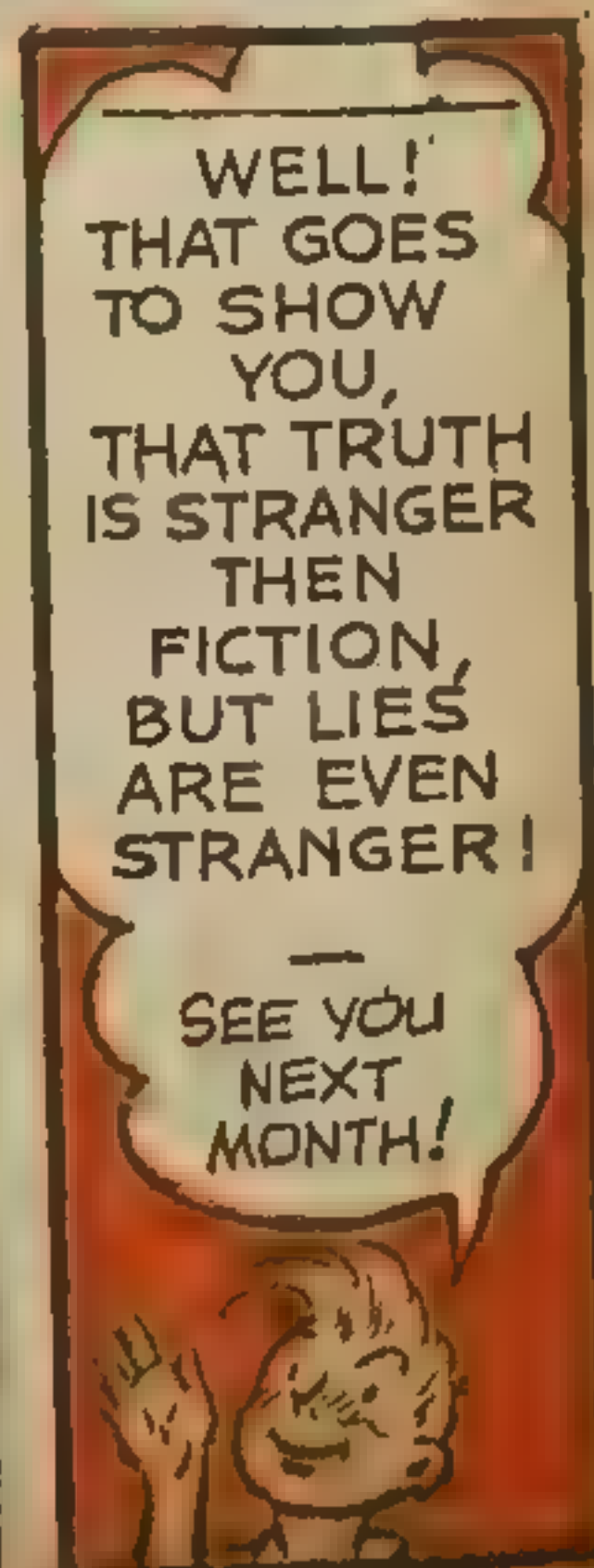
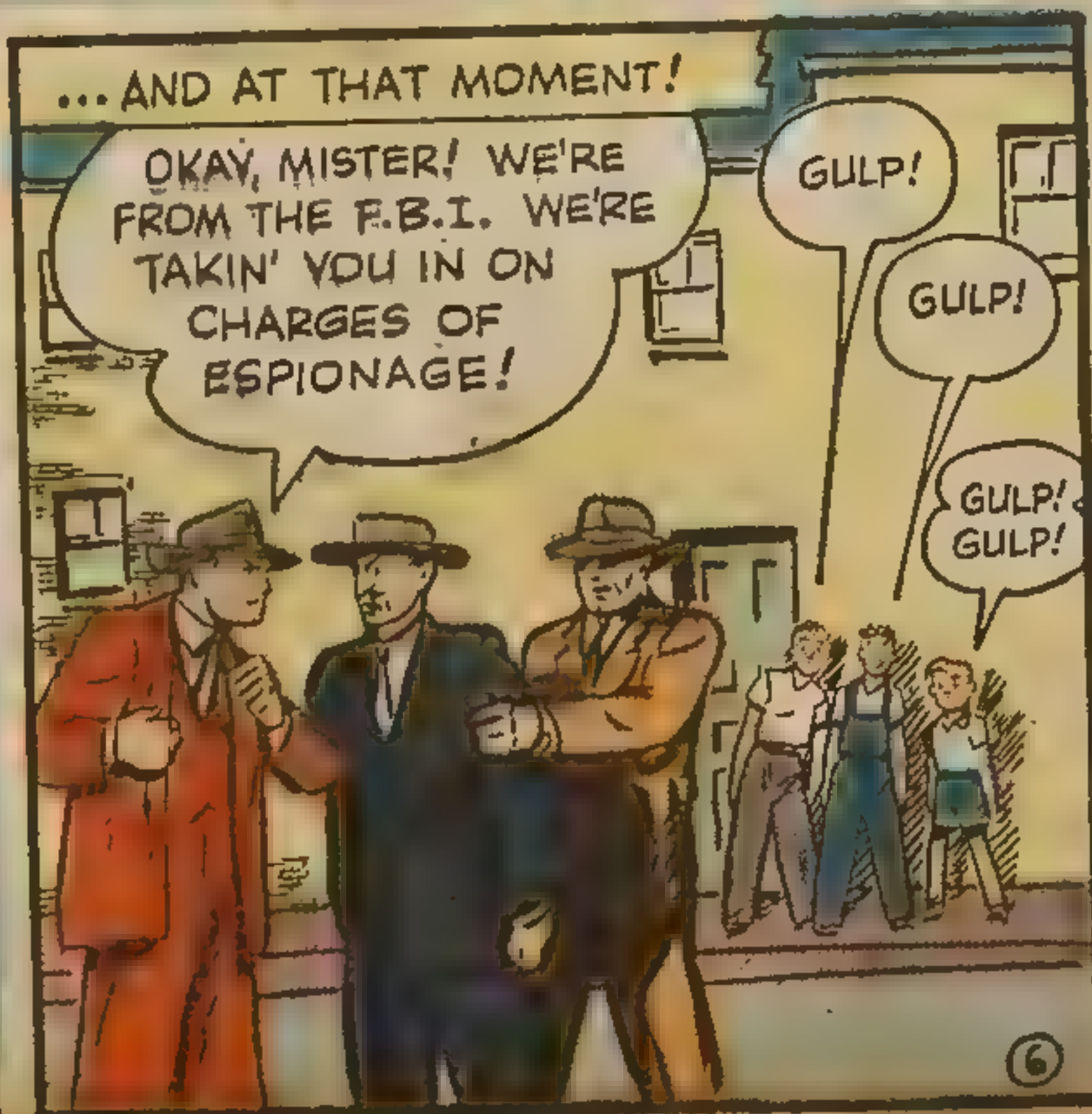
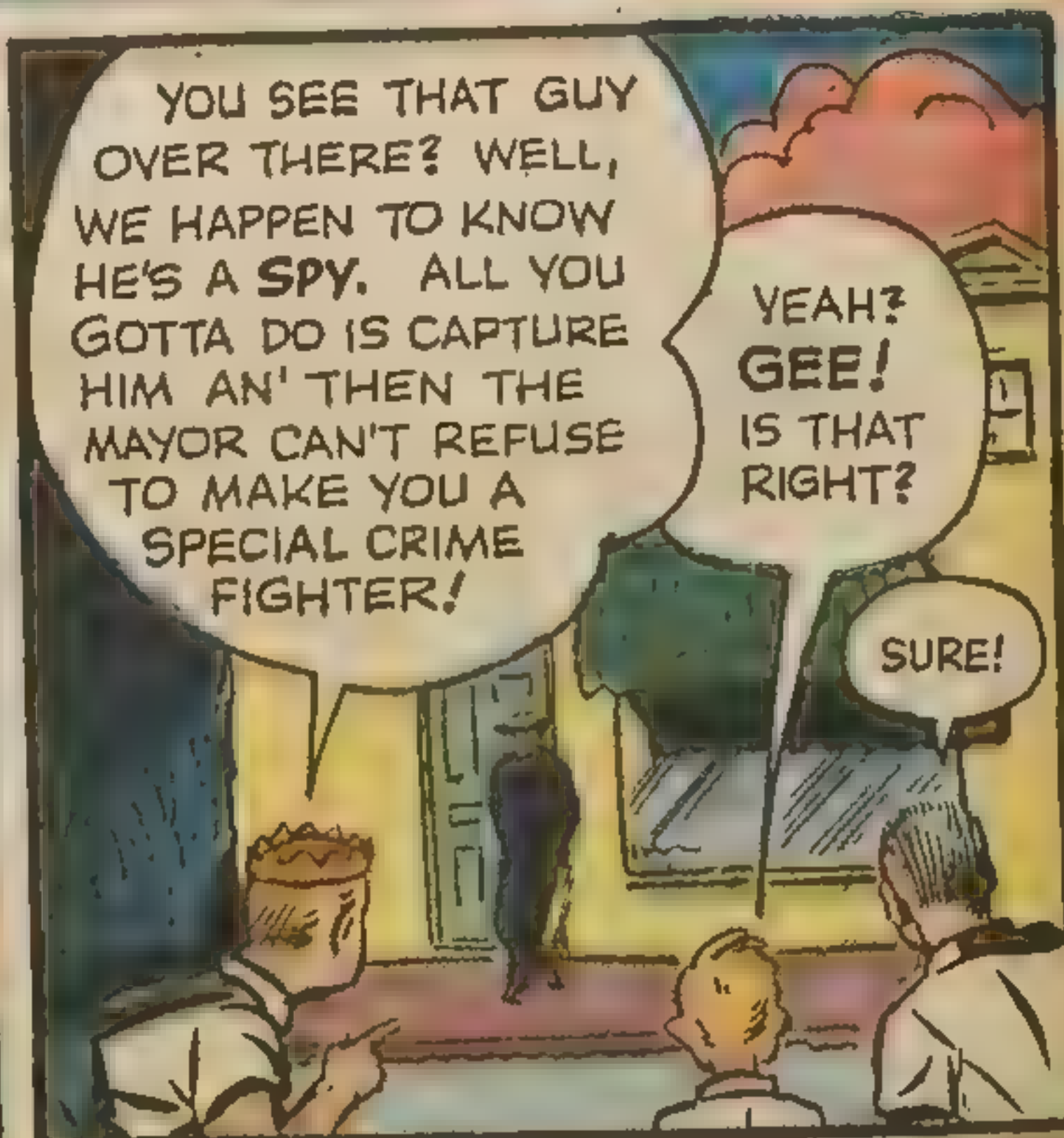
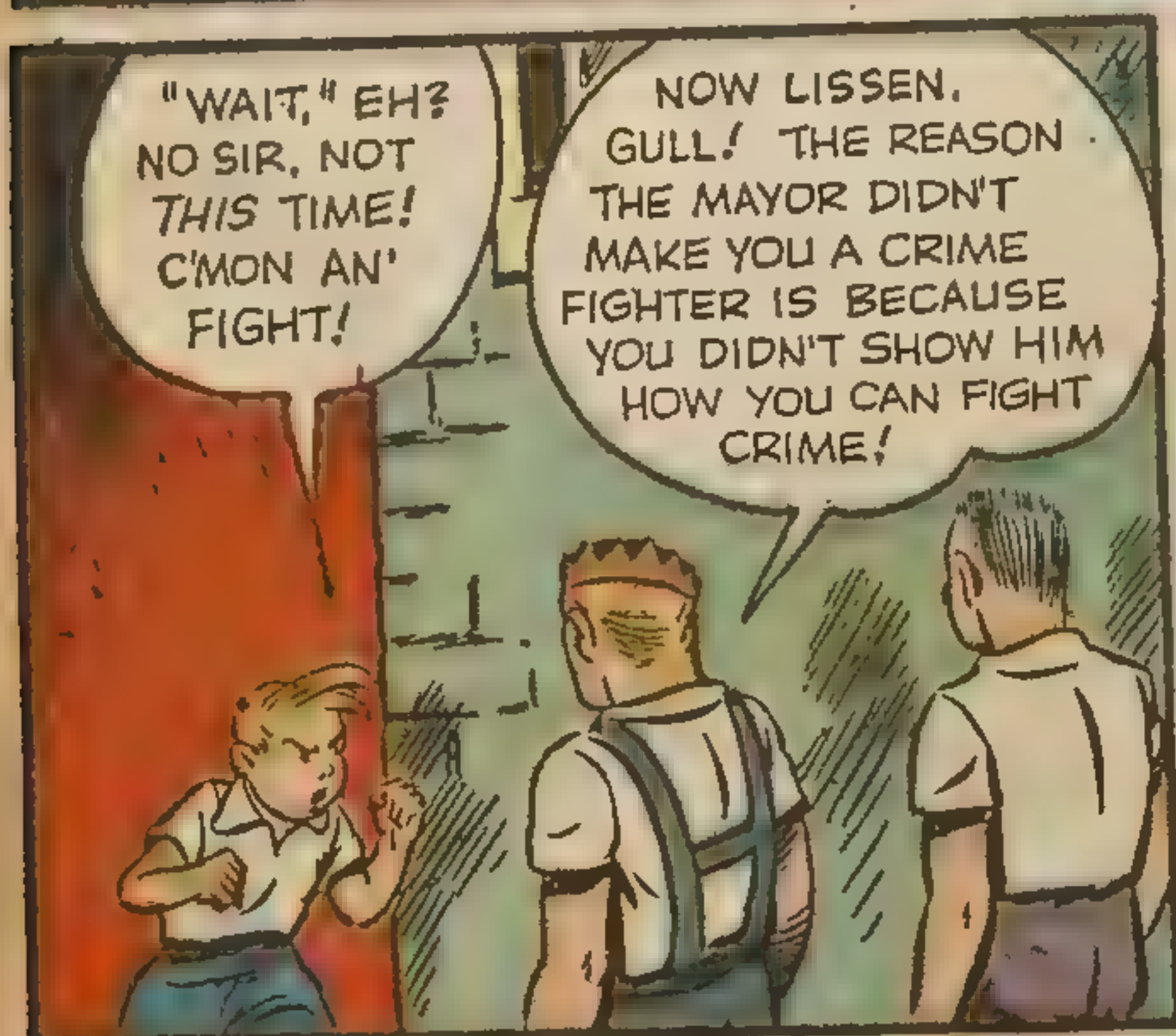
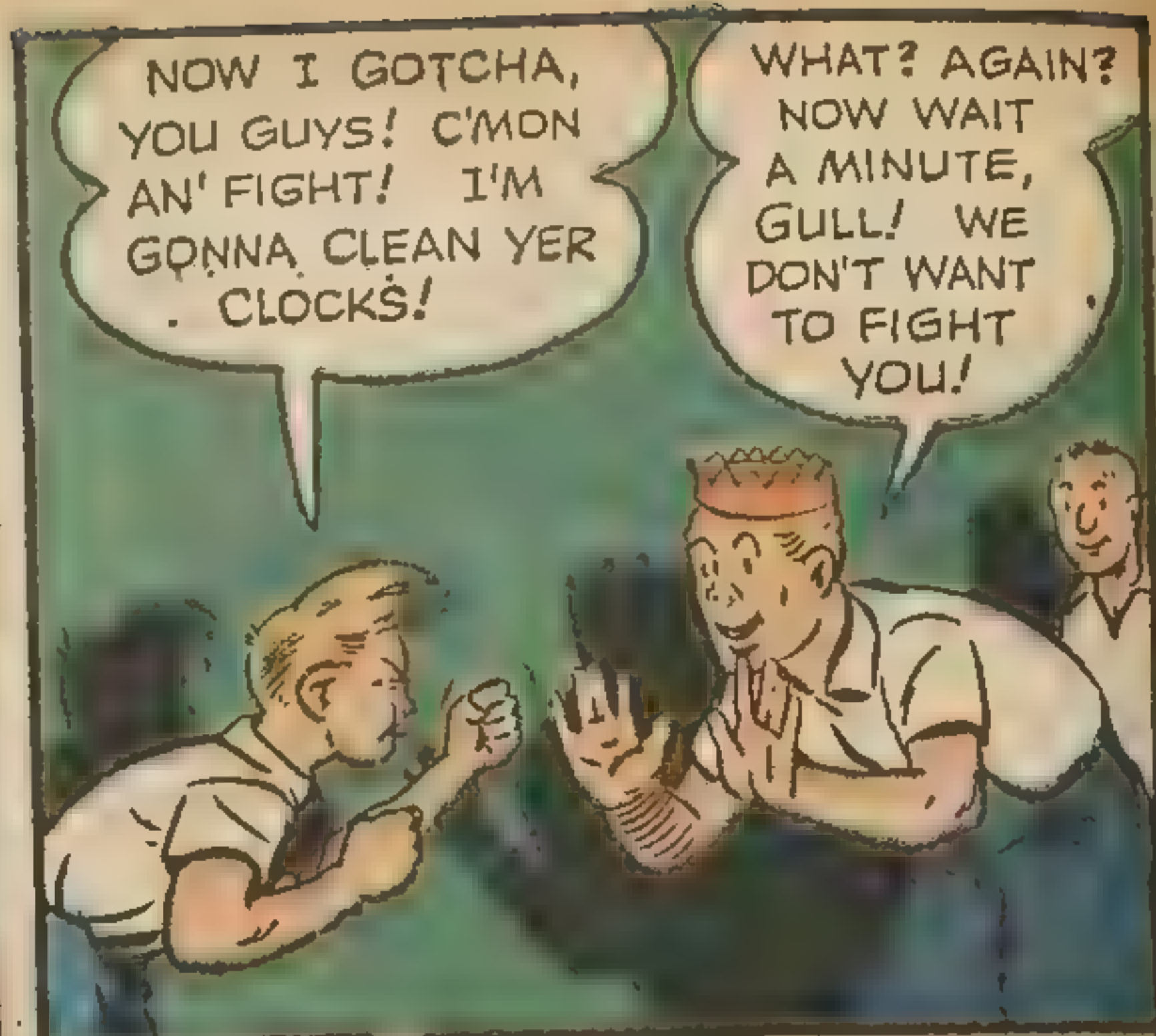
GULP!

DHHH! DON'T DO IT! DON'T!

I'LL SHOW YA!







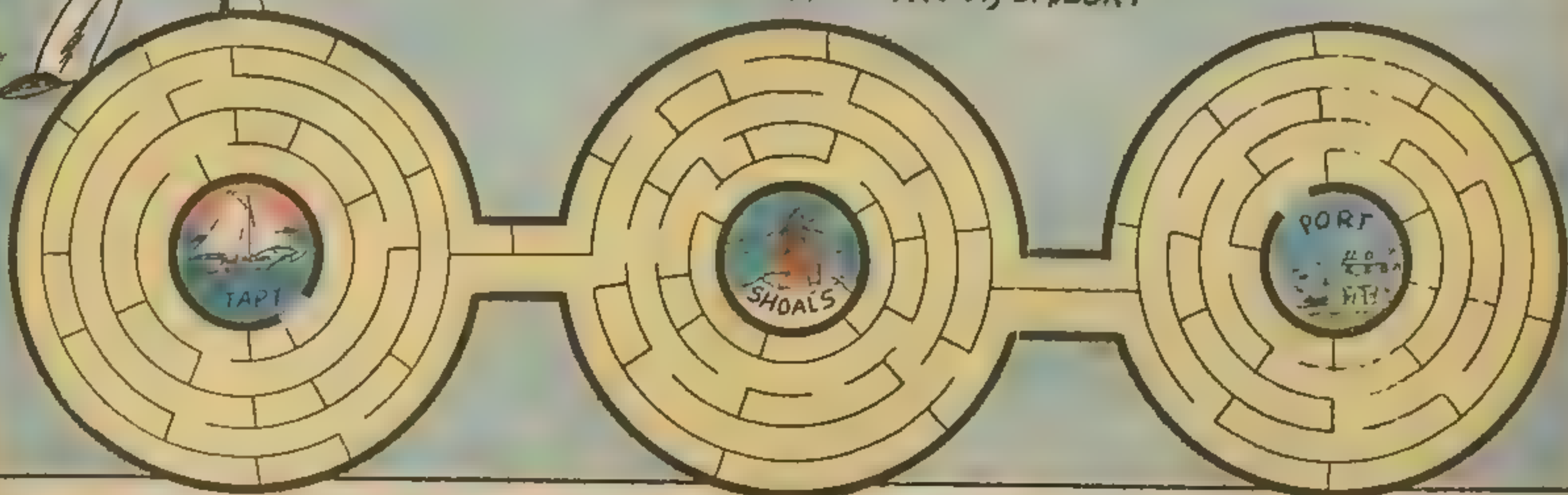
KID KOMICS FUN



OUR ARTIST HAS JOINED THE ARMY AND FORGOT TO FINISH THIS PICTURE BEFORE HE LEFT... CAN YOU FINISH IT?



SUBBIE WANTS TO SEE WHAT KIND OF A SKIPPER YOU ARE BY STEERING HIS BOAT SAFELY THROUGH THE SHOALS AND INTO HOME PORT... TRY IT, SAILOR!



HEY! KIDS! LOOK!

The
YOUNG ALLIES


HAVE PLENTY OF THRILLING ADVENTURES AHEAD AS THEY SURGE FORWARD TO BATTLE THE FORCES OF EVIL WHO WOULD OVERTHROW THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE! FOLLOW THESE STALWART LADS AS THEY RUSH HEADLONG INTO THRILLS! ACTION! AND DRAMA!



10¢

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSDEALER

SUBBIE



"DEATH TRAP IN THE ATLANTIC"

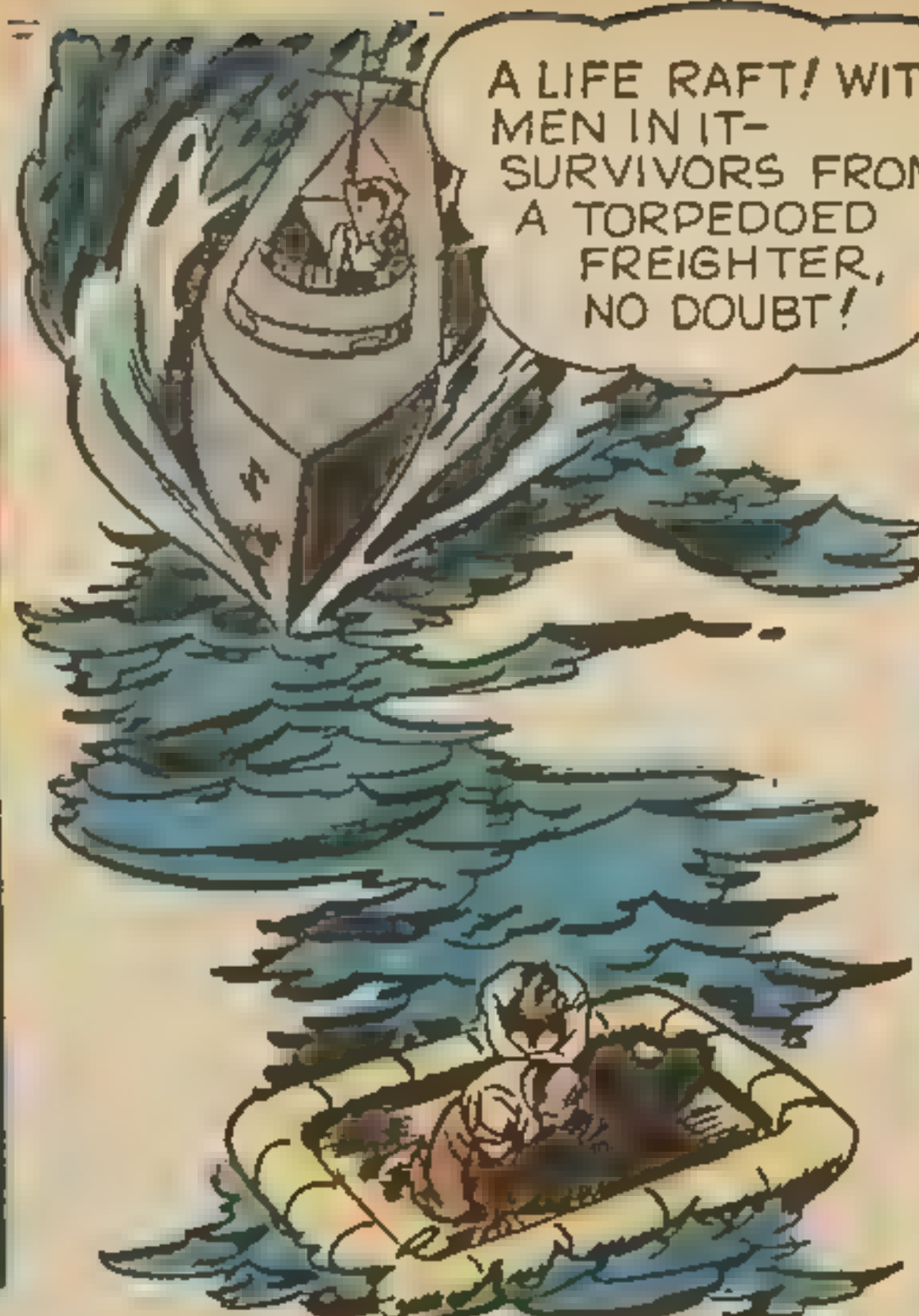
THE SMELL OF DANGER
WAS THICK IN THE ATLANTIC—
AN ODOR OF DEATH ASSAILED THE
NOSTRILS OF SUBBIE,
THE BOY CHAMPION OF THE SEA,
WHO, IN THE FACE OF DREADED
DISASTER AND TRICKERY, TURNED
TABLES ON THE NAZIS IN A MOST
SURPRISING MANNER!

SUBBIE, YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF THE SEA, THROTTLES DOWN THE SPEED OF HIS P-T BOAT, AS HE SEES...

SOMETHING'S BOBBING IN THE WATER, OFF TO PORT! I'D BETTER REDUCE SPEED!



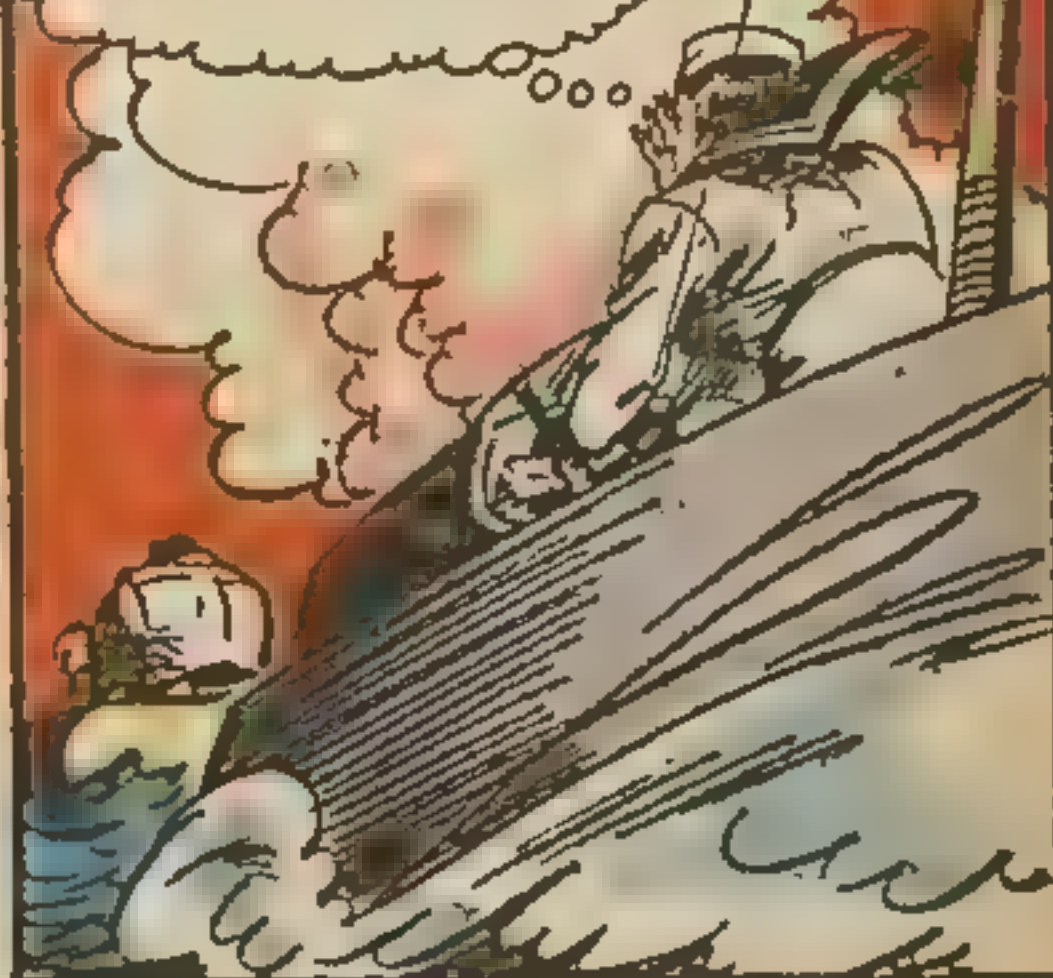
A LIFE RAFT! WITH MEN IN IT—SURVIVORS FROM A TORPEDOED FREIGHTER, NO DOUBT!



TAXIING UP TO THE RAFT, SUBBIE HAILS THE OCCUPANTS...

AHOY, THERE!

QUEER! NO ANSWER...THEY COULDN'T BE—

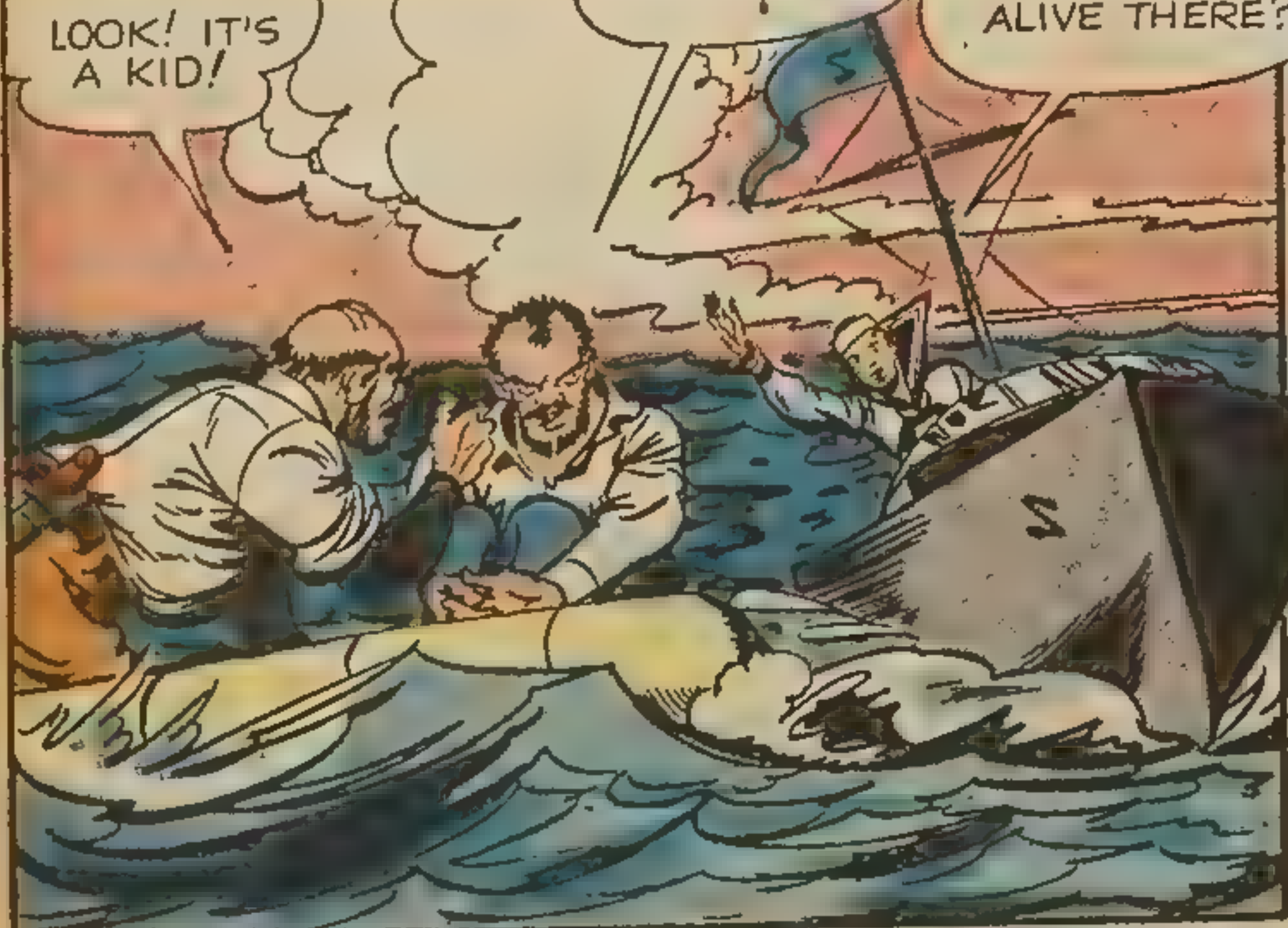


ON THE FORLORN RAFT...

LOOK! IT'S A KID!

IGNORE HIM, RUDOLPH!

AHOY! ARE YOU ALIVE THERE?



SCRAM, KID! BEAT IT!

YEAH—G'WAN HOME WITH YOUR MOTORBOAT! WE DON'T WANT TO BE RESCUED!



HUH?

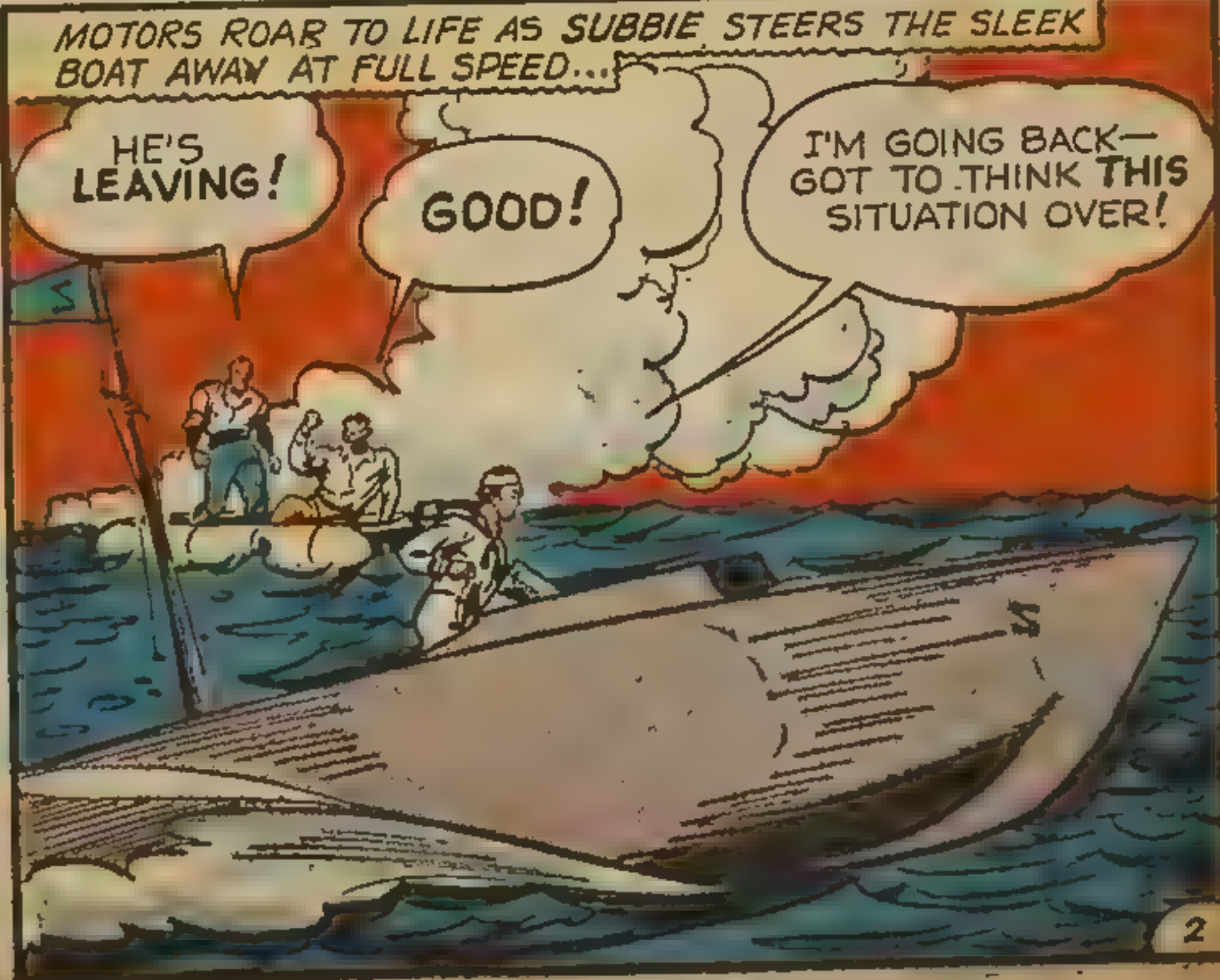
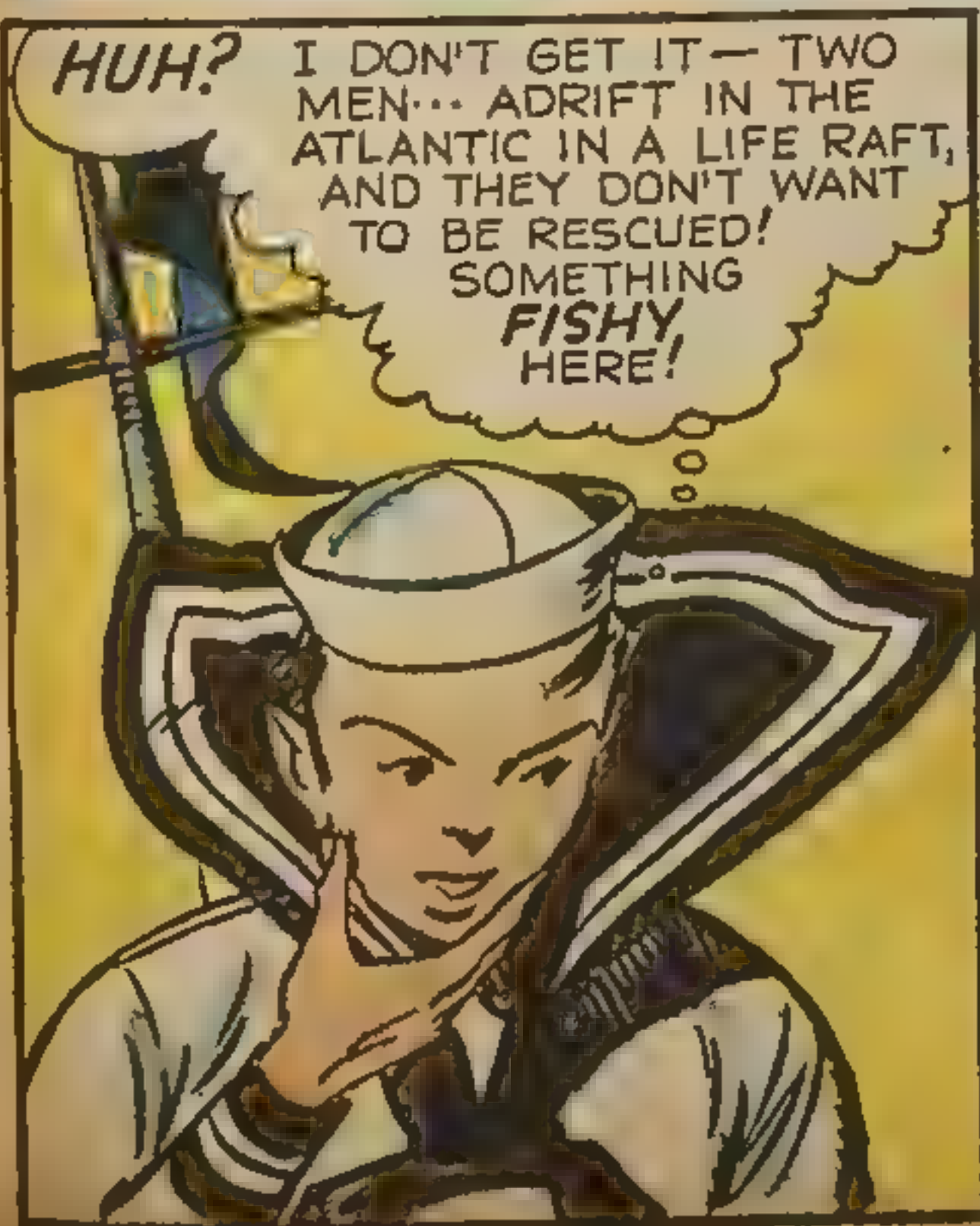
I DON'T GET IT—TWO MEN... ADRIPT IN THE ATLANTIC IN A LIFE RAFT, AND THEY DON'T WANT TO BE RESCUED! SOMETHING FISHY HERE!

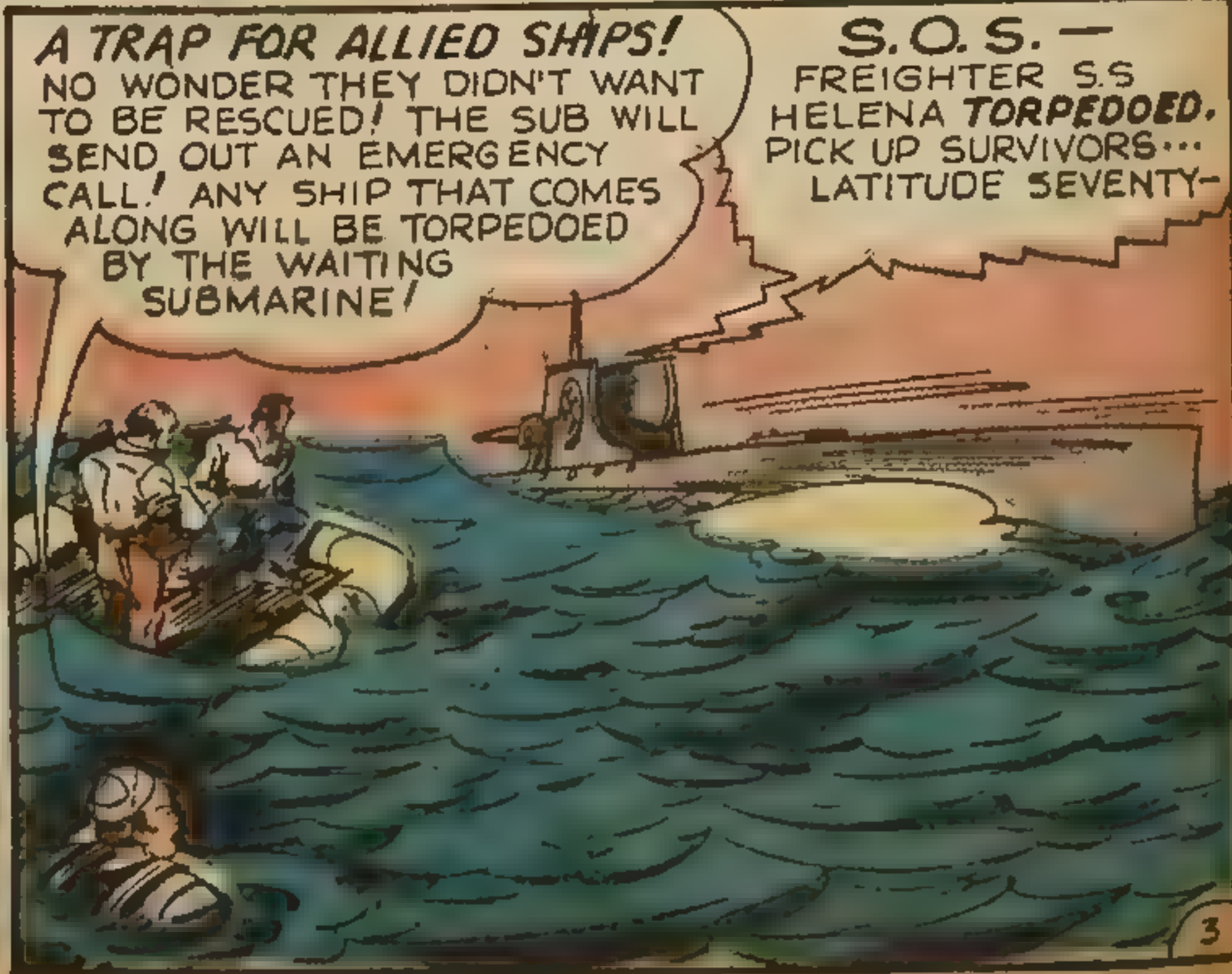
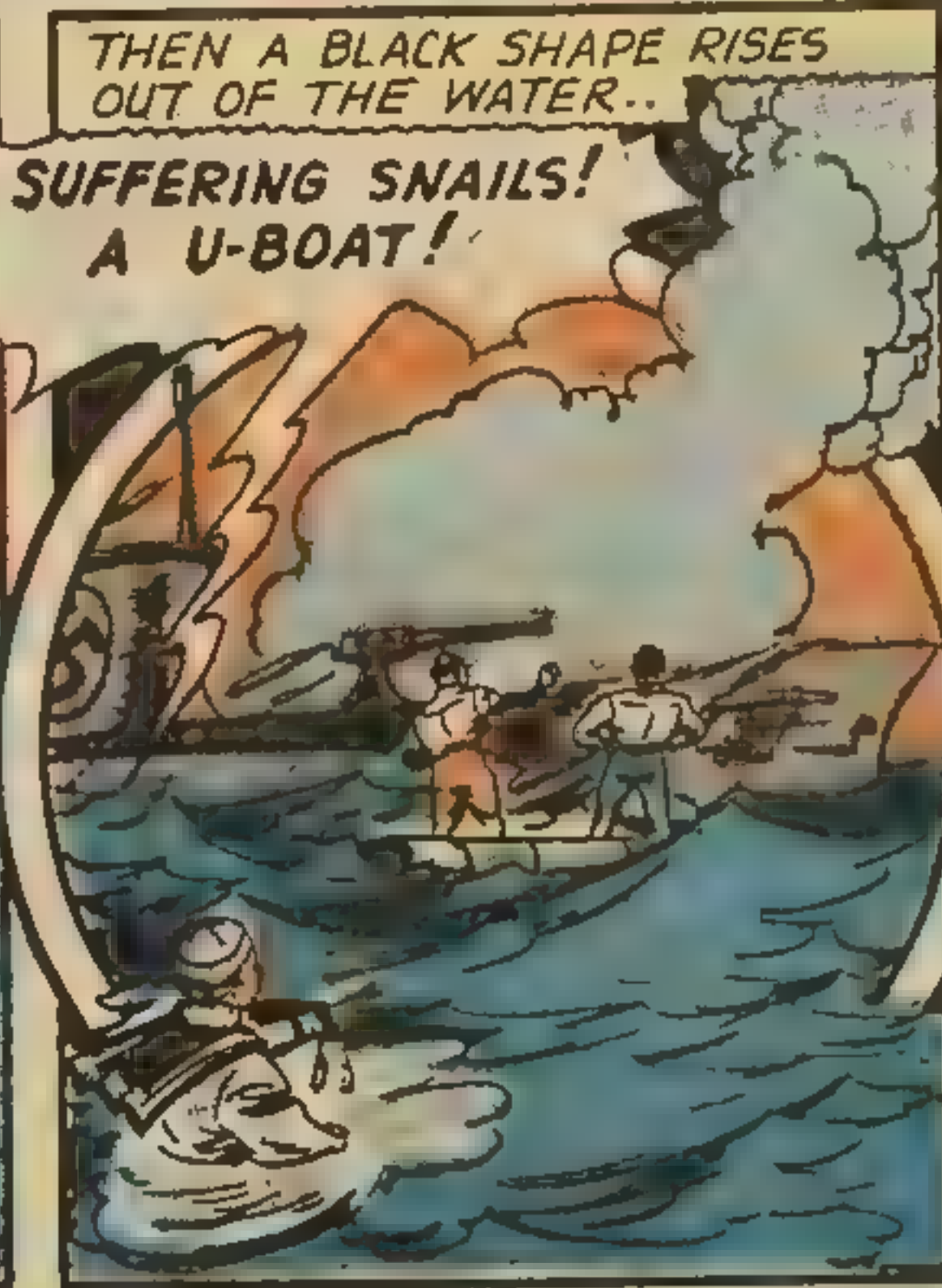
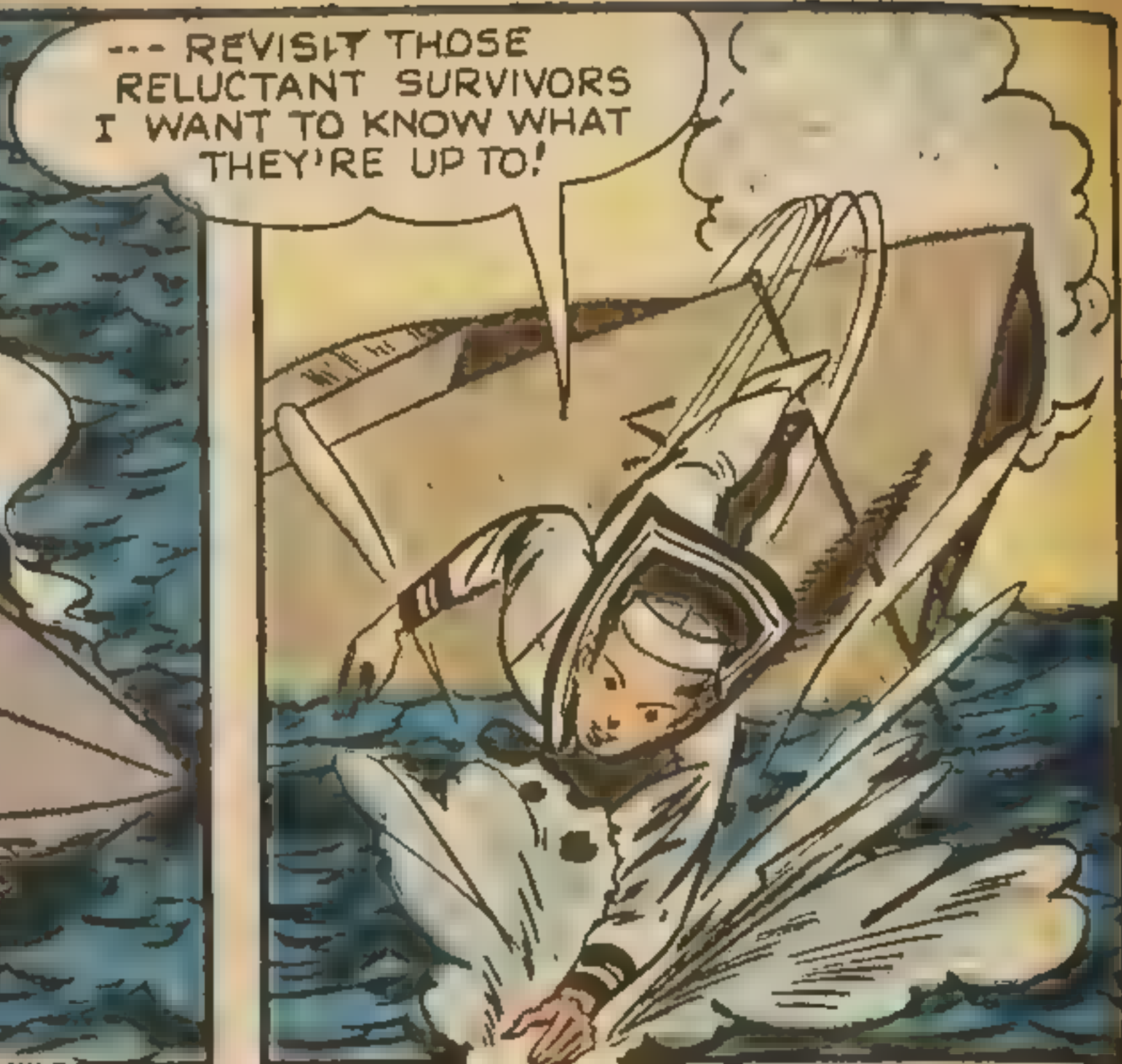
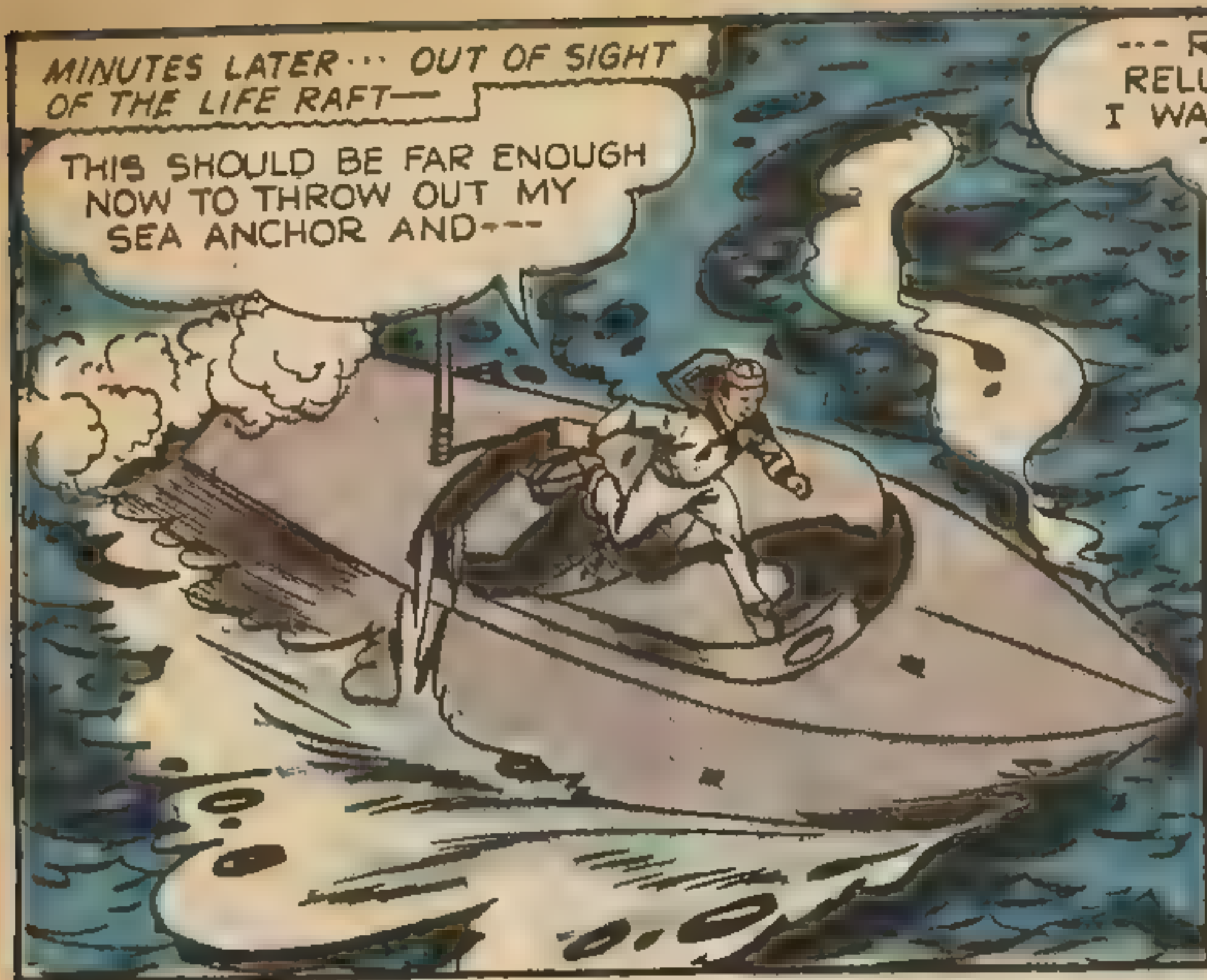
MOTORS ROAR TO LIFE AS SUBBIE STEERS THE SLEEK BOAT AWAY AT FULL SPEED...

HE'S LEAVING!

GOOD!

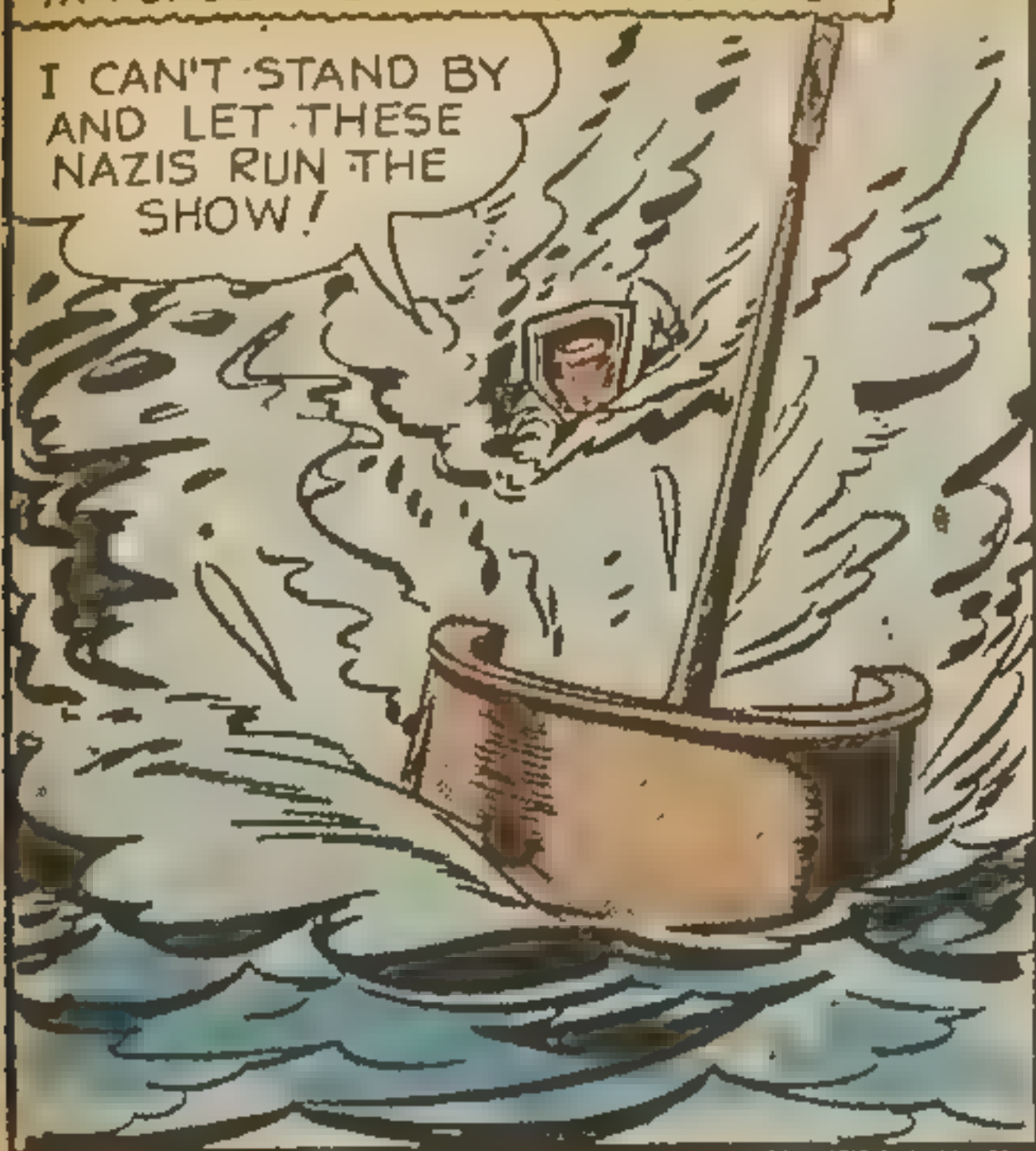
I'M GOING BACK—GOT TO THINK THIS SITUATION OVER!





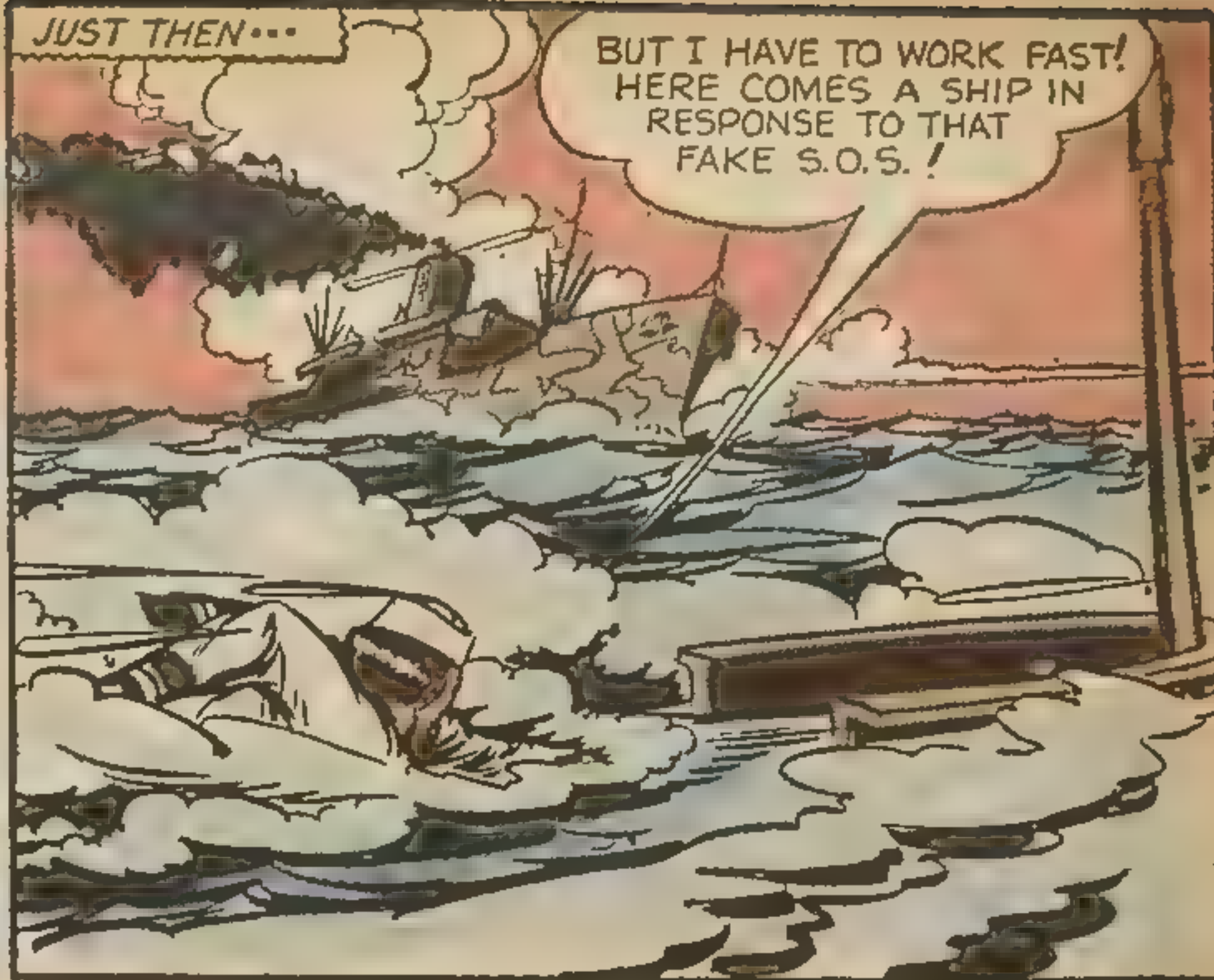
SUBBIE SLIDES THROUGH THE WATER
IN PURSUIT OF THE DIVING SUB...

I CAN'T STAND BY
AND LET THESE
NAZIS RUN THE
SHOW!

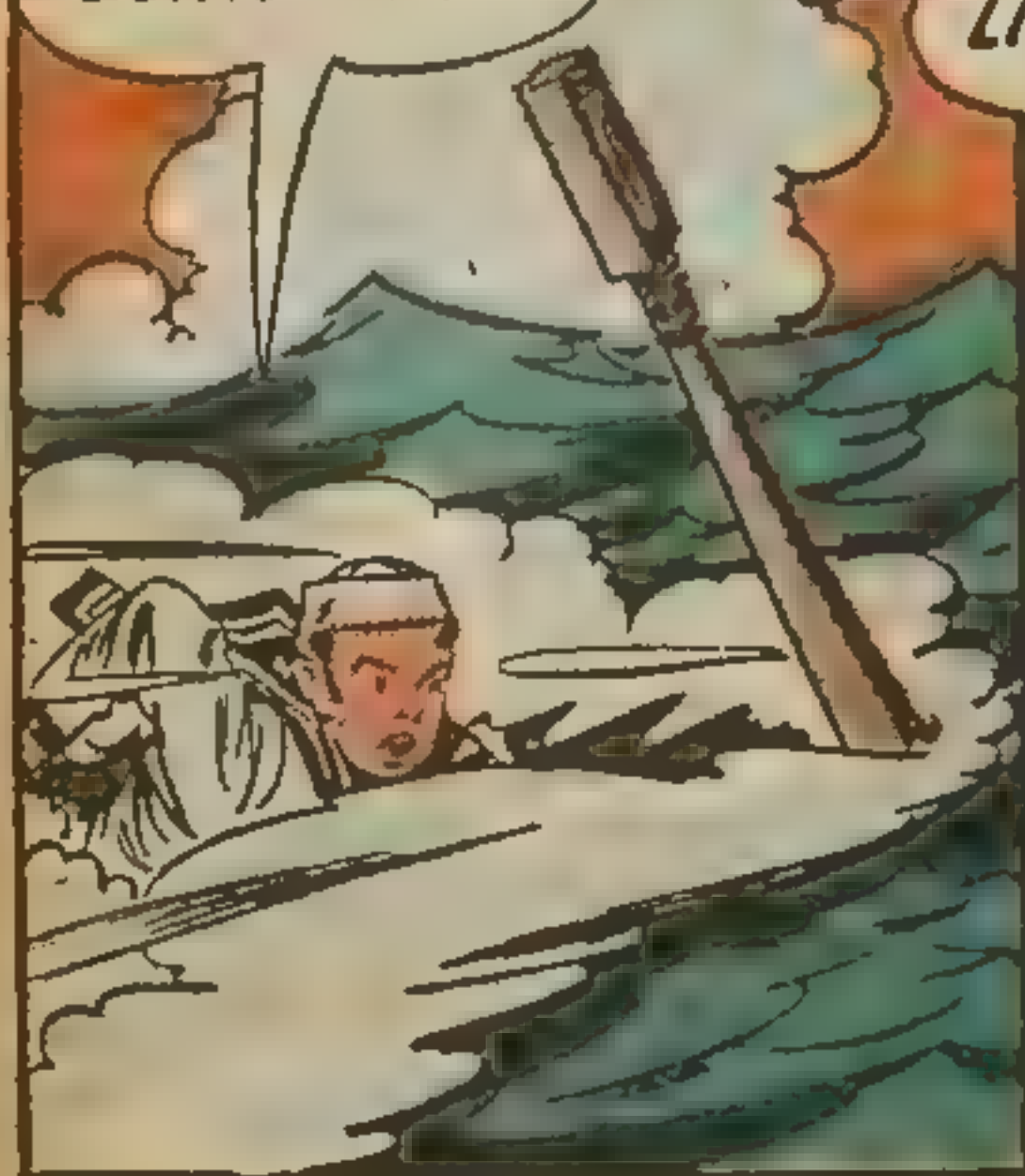


JUST THEN...

BUT I HAVE TO WORK FAST!
HERE COMES A SHIP IN
RESPONSE TO THAT
FAKE S.O.S.!



ONE EFFECTIVE WAY TO
PUT THESE UNDERWATER
WAGONS OUT OF
COMMISSION IS TO
BLIND THEM!



SUBBIE'S HAND CLAMPS OVER
THE PERISCOPE LENS...

LIKE THIS!



CONSTERNATION REIGNS BELOW!

DONNER! I CAN'T SEE! DER
PERISCOPE'S BLACKED OUT!
VE MUST SURFACE UND SHELL
DER MERCHANTMAN!



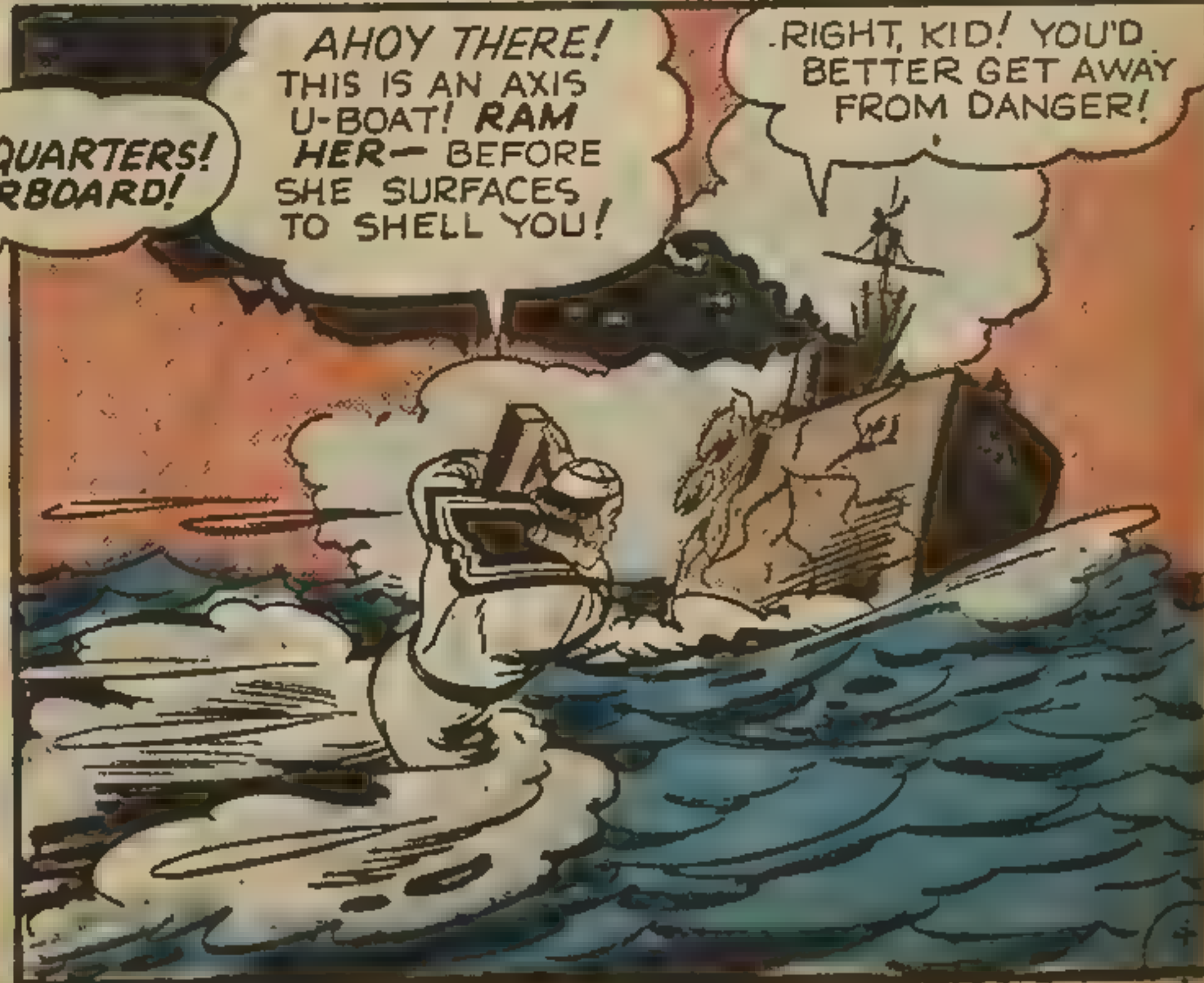
THE LOOKOUT ABOARD THE TRANSPORT
SPOTS SUBBIE IN THE WATER.

AHOY! TO GENERAL QUARTERS!
SUBMARINE OFF STARBOARD!
SOME ONE CLINGING
TO PERISCOPE!



AHOY THERE!
THIS IS AN AXIS
U-BOAT! RAM
HER— BEFORE
SHE SURFACES
TO SHELL YOU!

RIGHT, KID! YOU'D
BETTER GET AWAY
FROM DANGER!



WHEELING AROUND AT FULL SPEED, THE PONDEROUS SHIP CLOSES IN ON THE SUB...

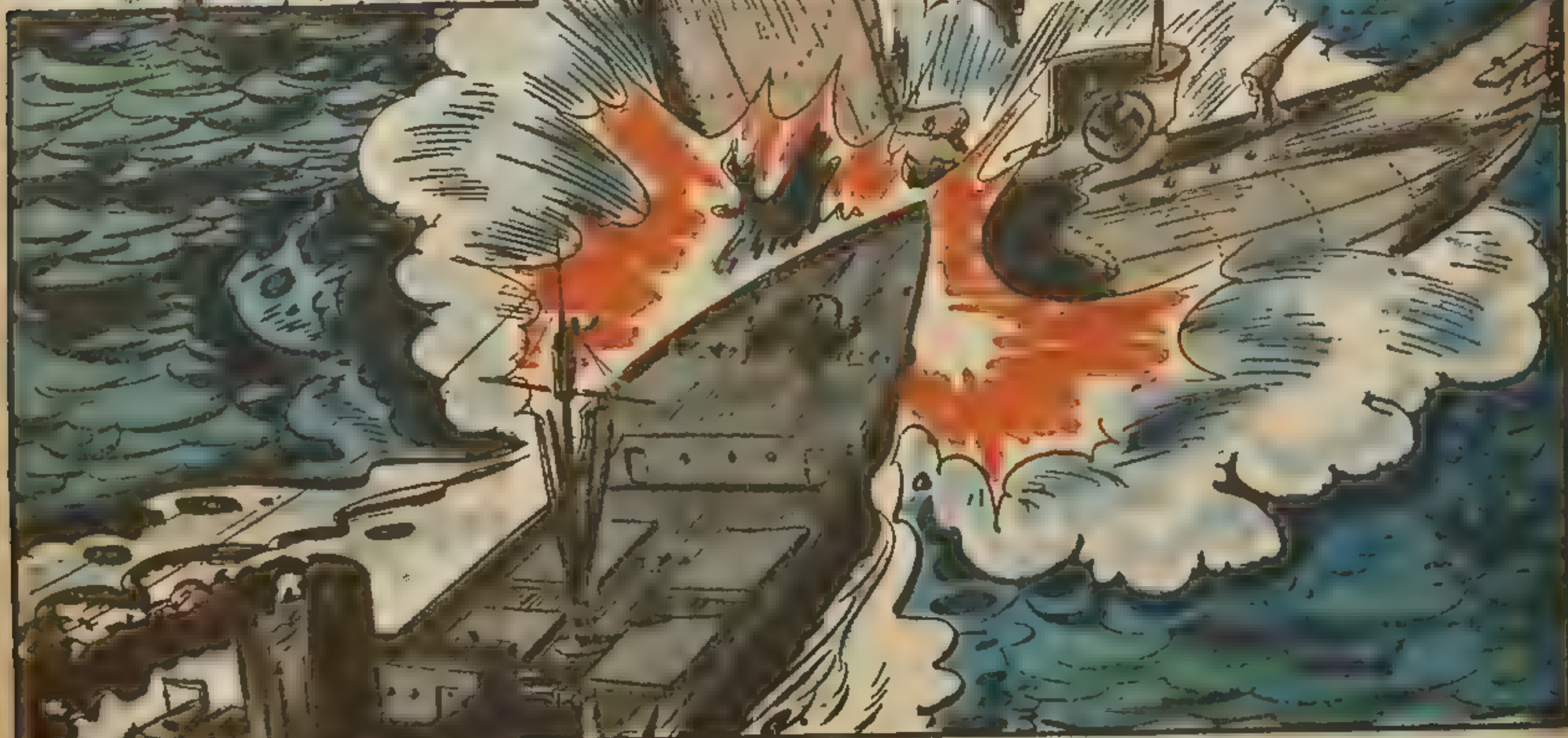
BOY! THIS IS NO TIME TO STALL!



THERE IS A THUNDEROUS ROAR—THE SOUND OF PLATES SNAPPING AS THE SHIP CLEAVES THE SUB IN TWO!

WHAT A COLLISION!

CRASH!

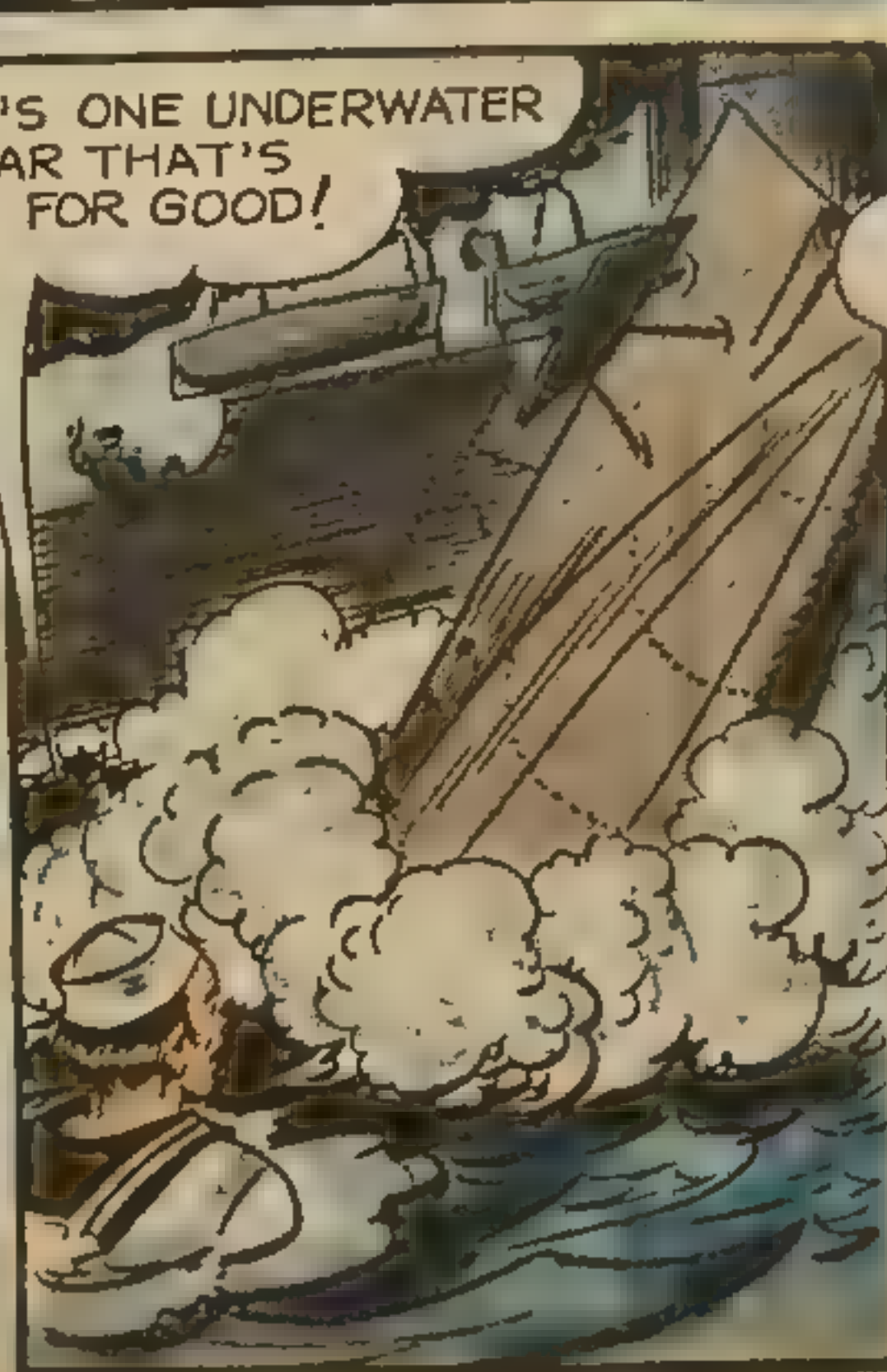
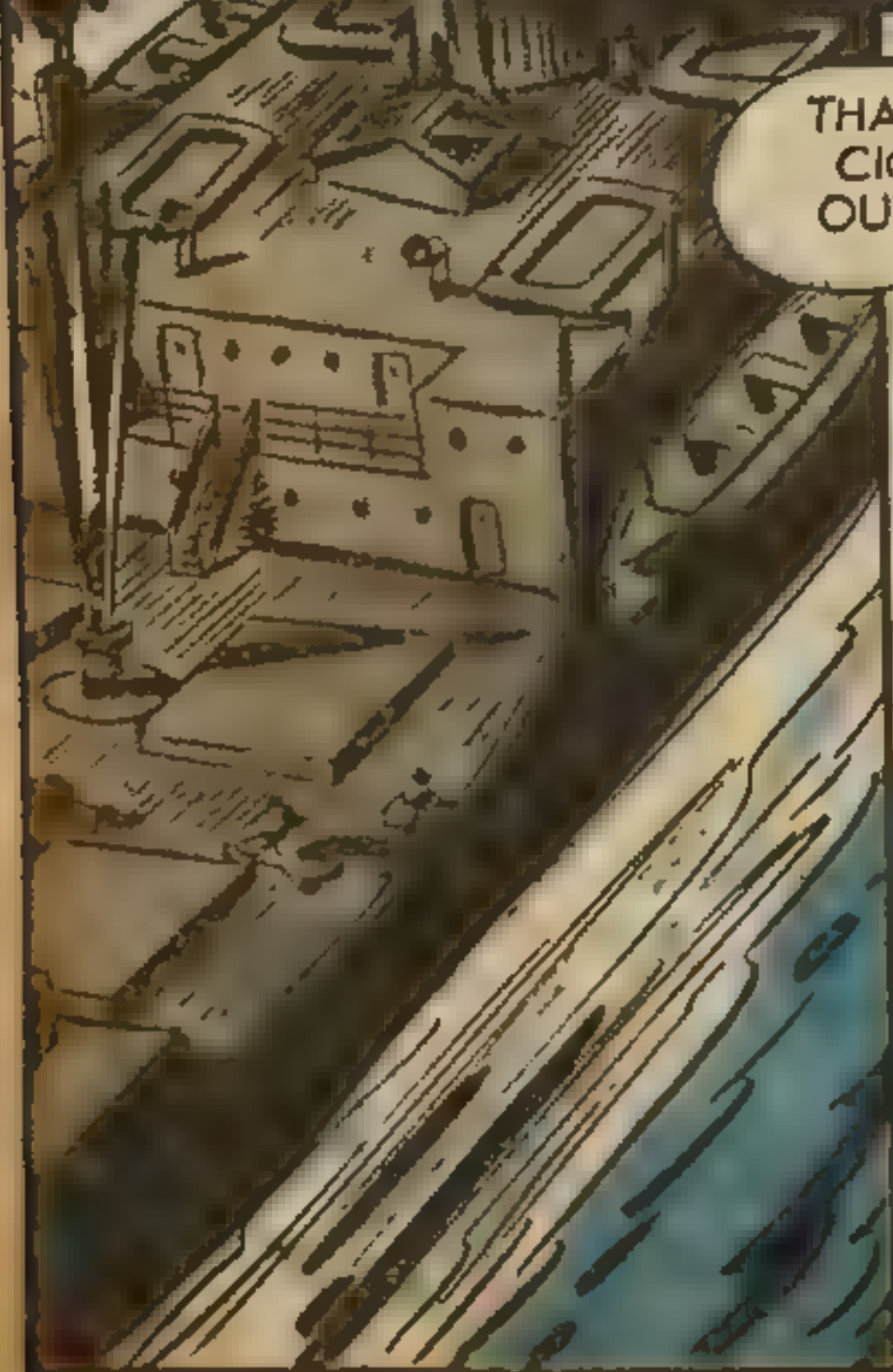


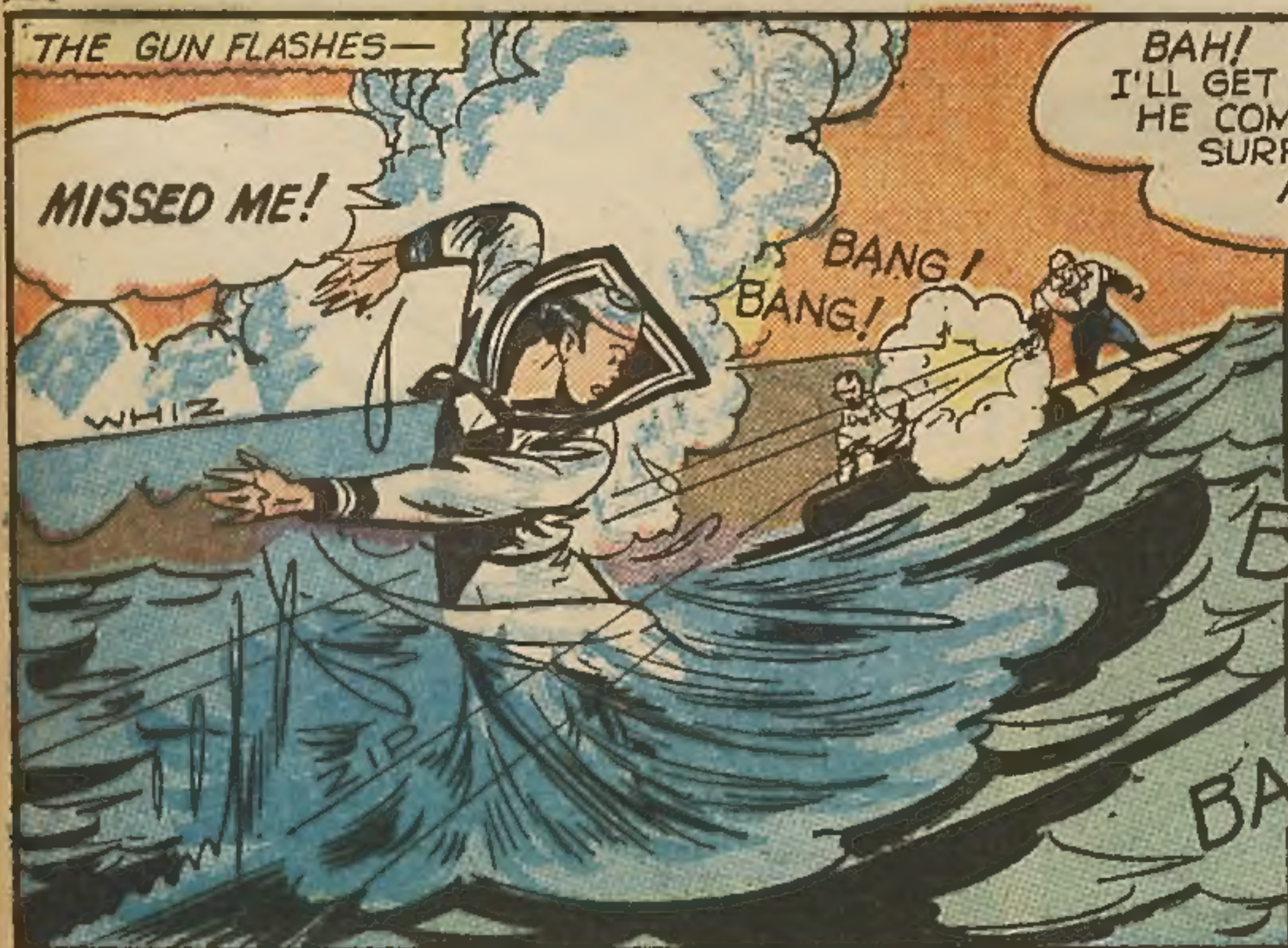
THAT'S ONE UNDERWATER CIGAR THAT'S OUT FOR GOOD!

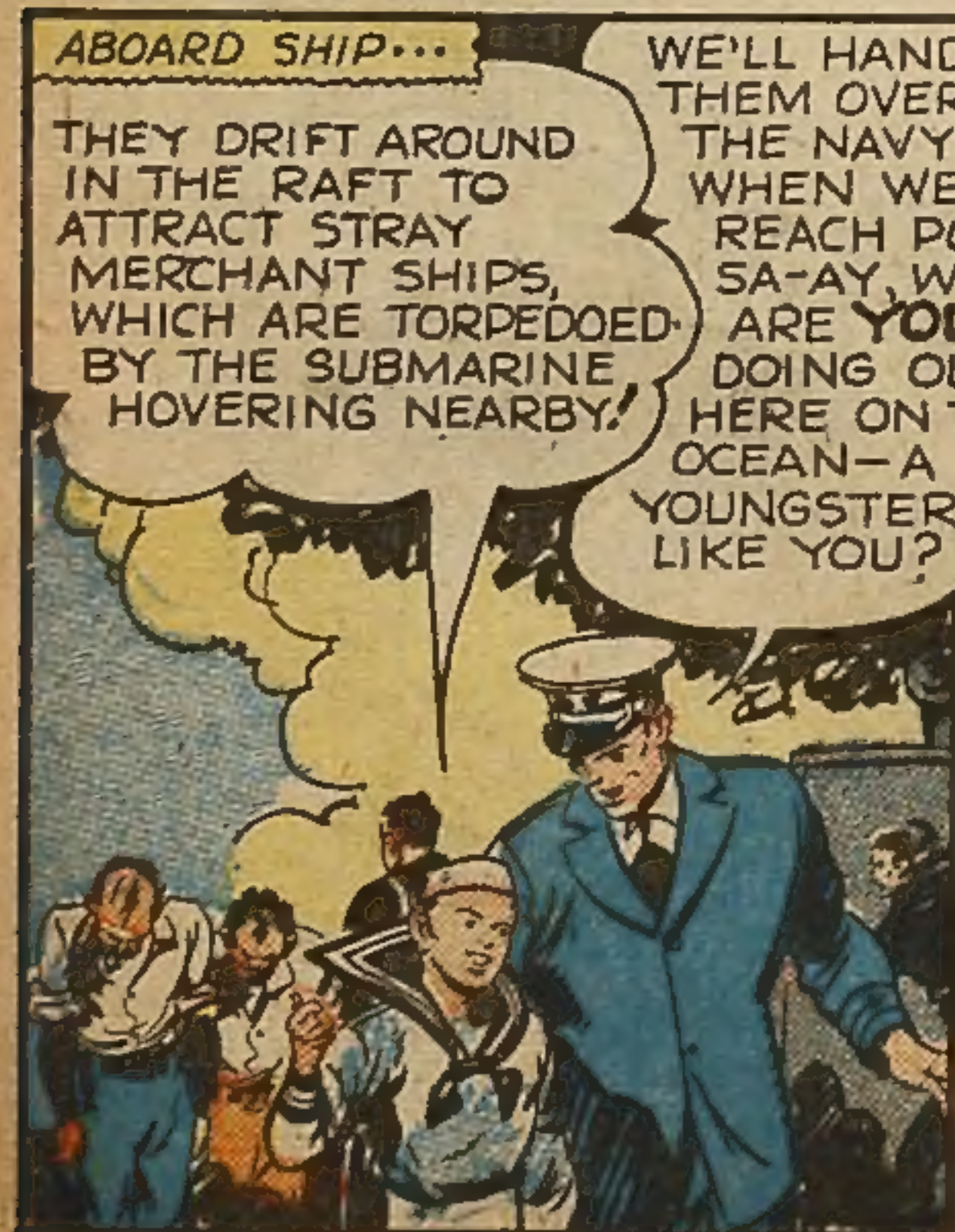
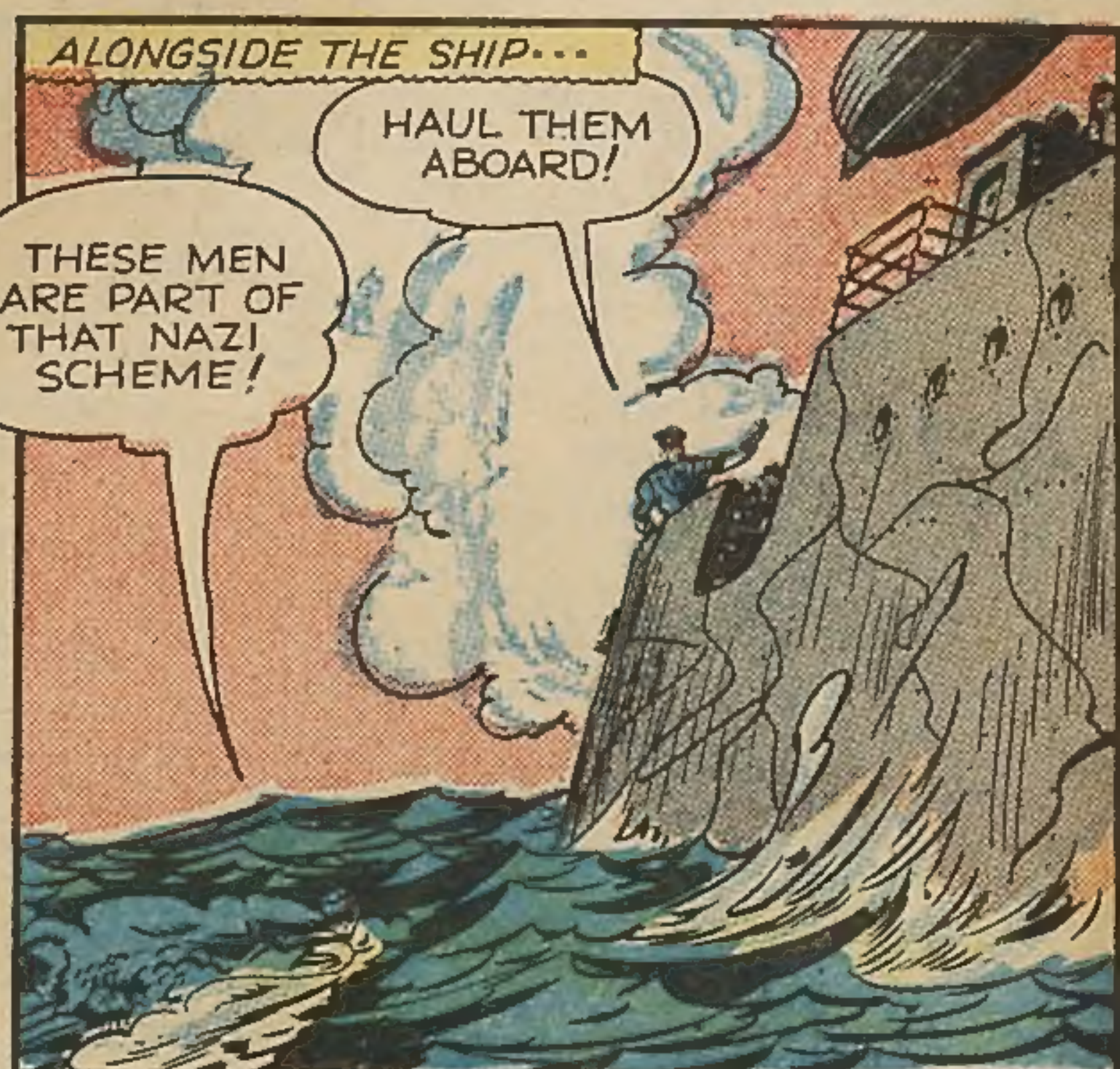
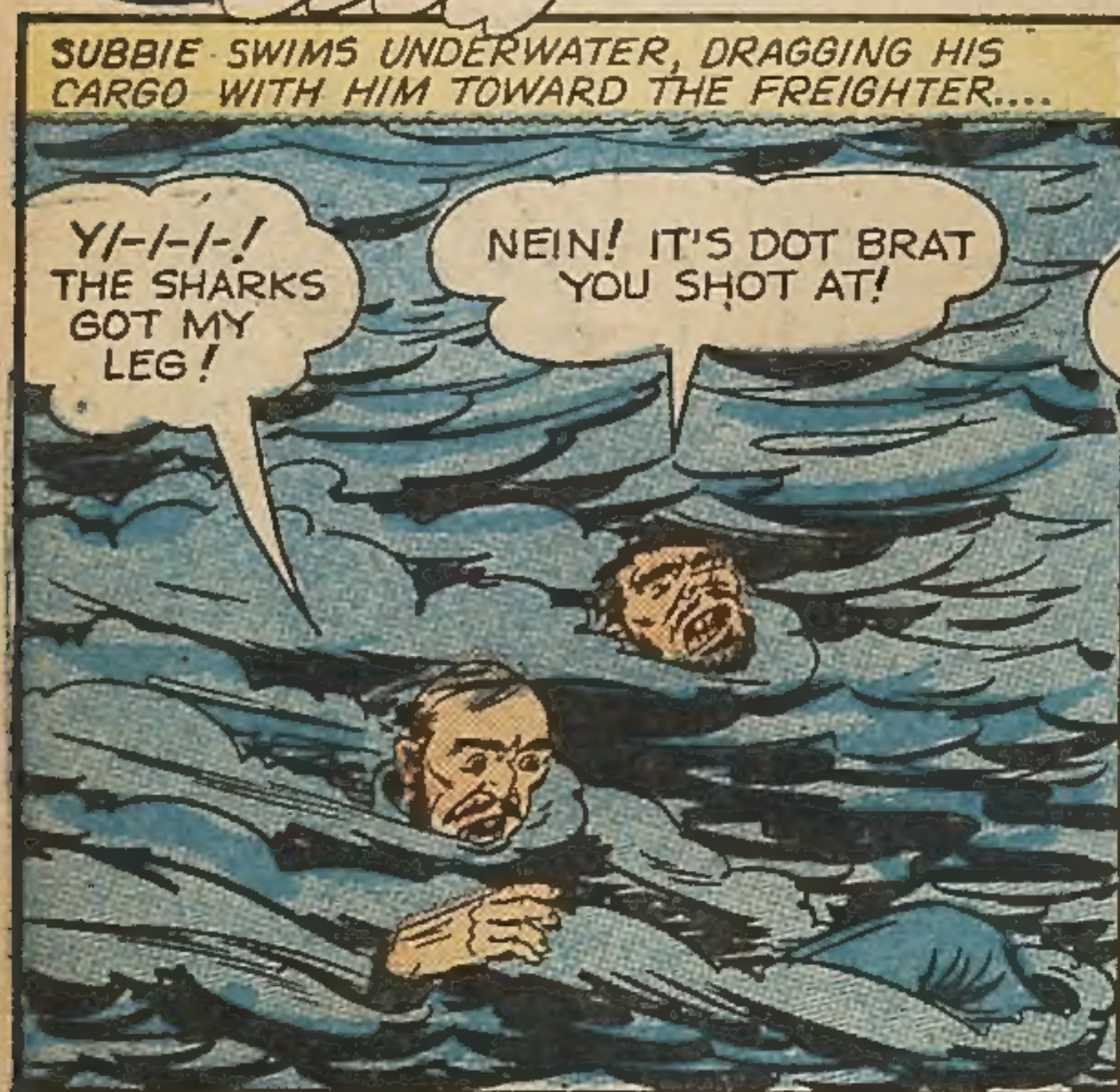
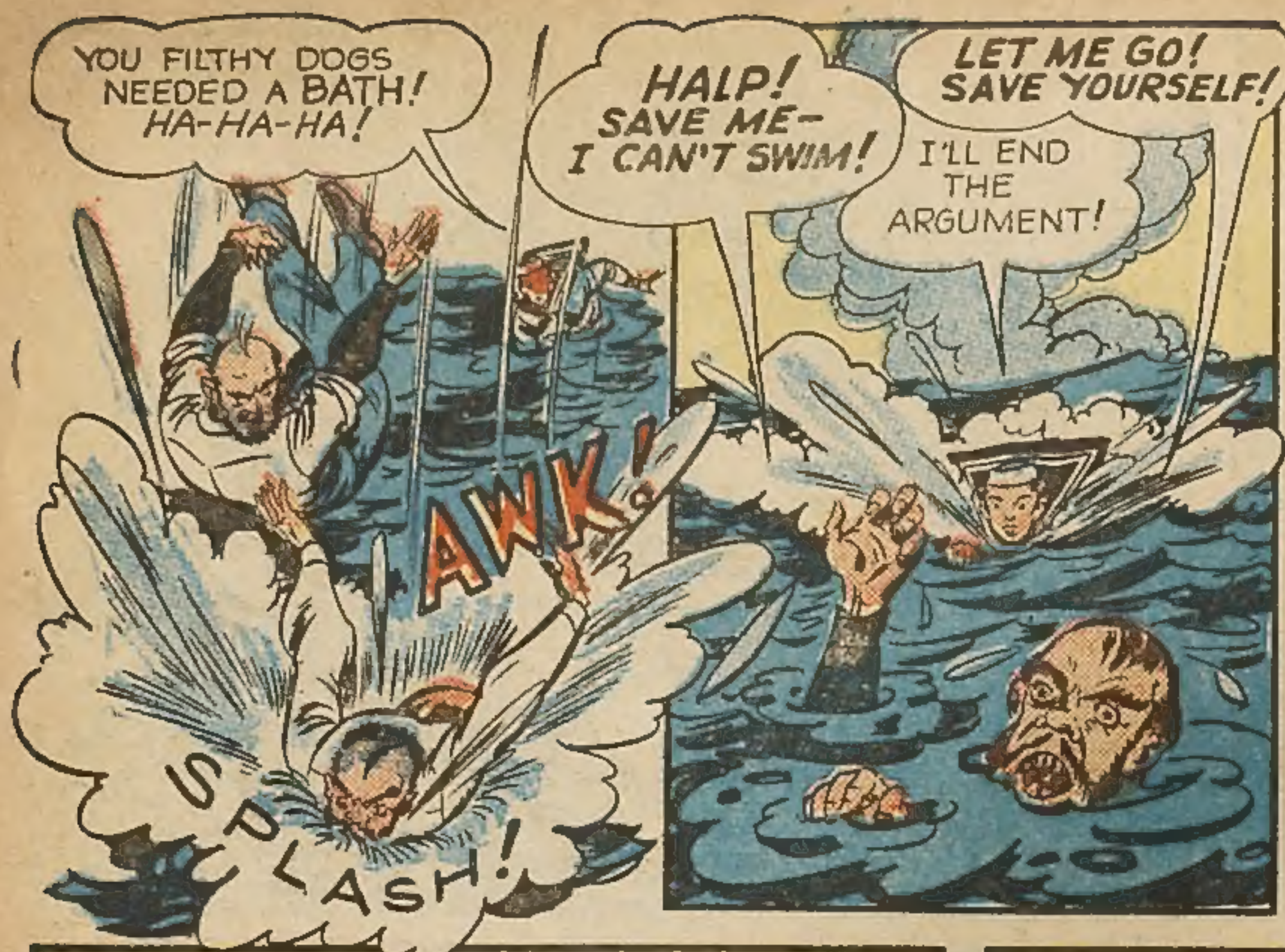
THE INTREPID YOUTH SWIMS FOR THE SHIP...

THAT WAS QUICK THINKING, SON!

STAND BY. I'M GOING TO PICK UP THOSE PHONEY SURVIVORS OUT THERE!







EVEN A KID LIKE **SUBBIE** CAN DO HIS SHARE IN THIS WAR! AND **YOU** CAN DO **YOUR SHARE** BY BUYING MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

SUBBIE WILL RETURN IN ANOTHER DARING AND EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH DANGER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Kid Comics*

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

DO YOU WANT THE
BEST COMIC BOOK?
DON'T FAIL TO GET
THIS WHOPPING BIG
FUNNY ISSUE OF
AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR MAGAZINE!

NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!

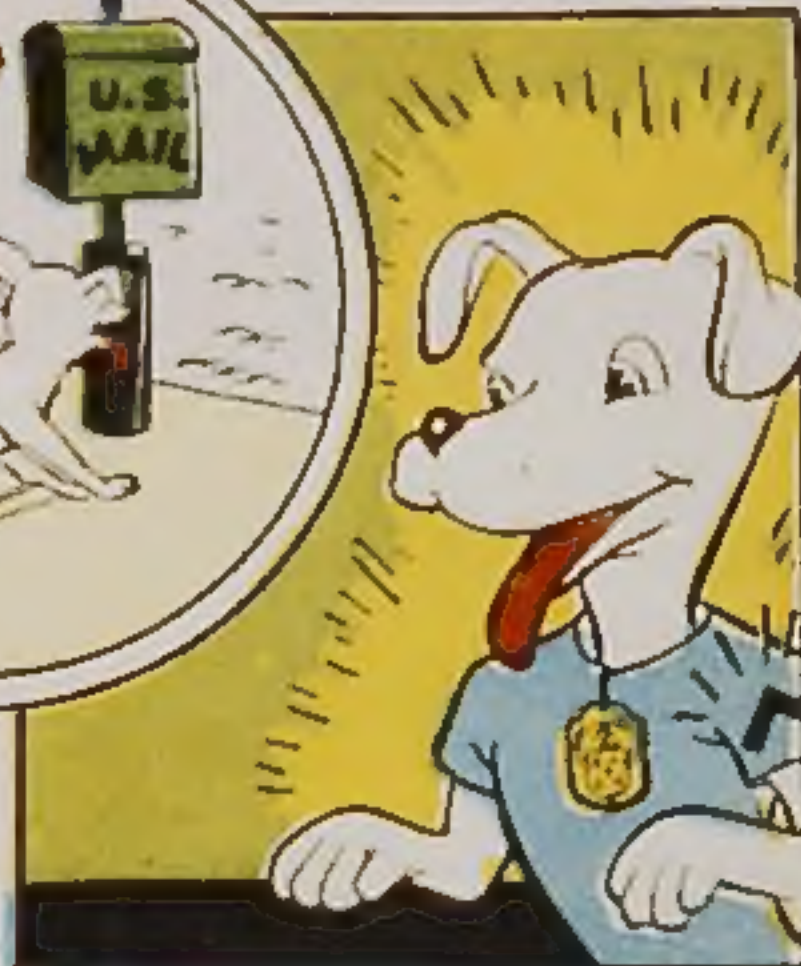
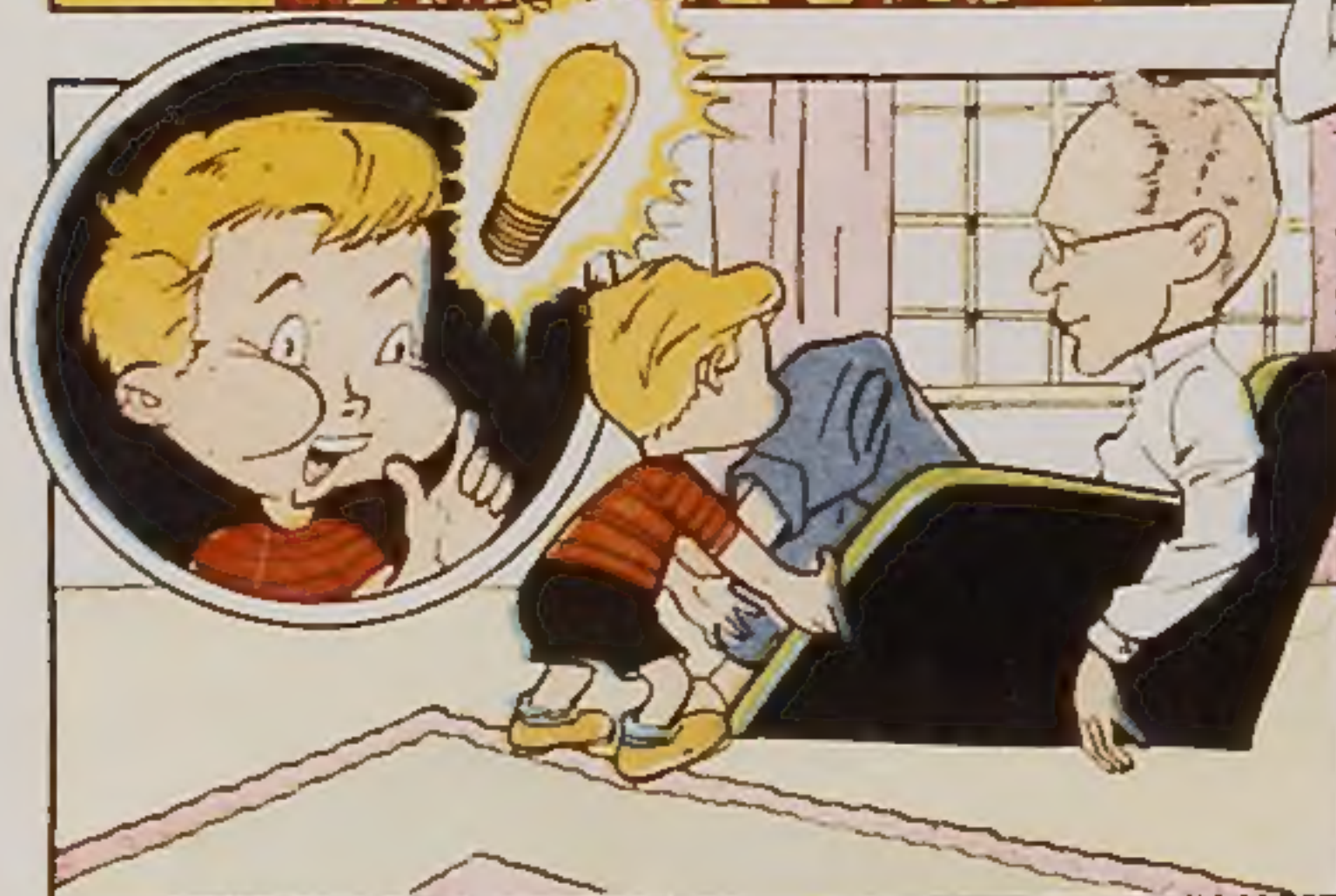
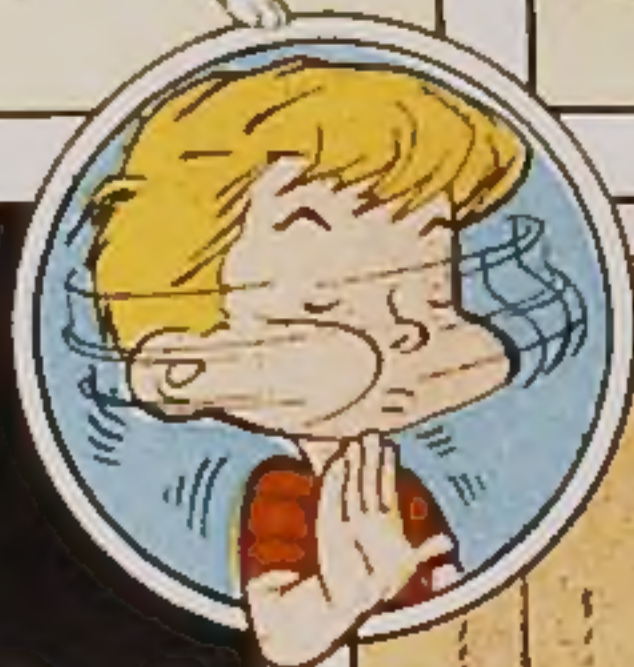
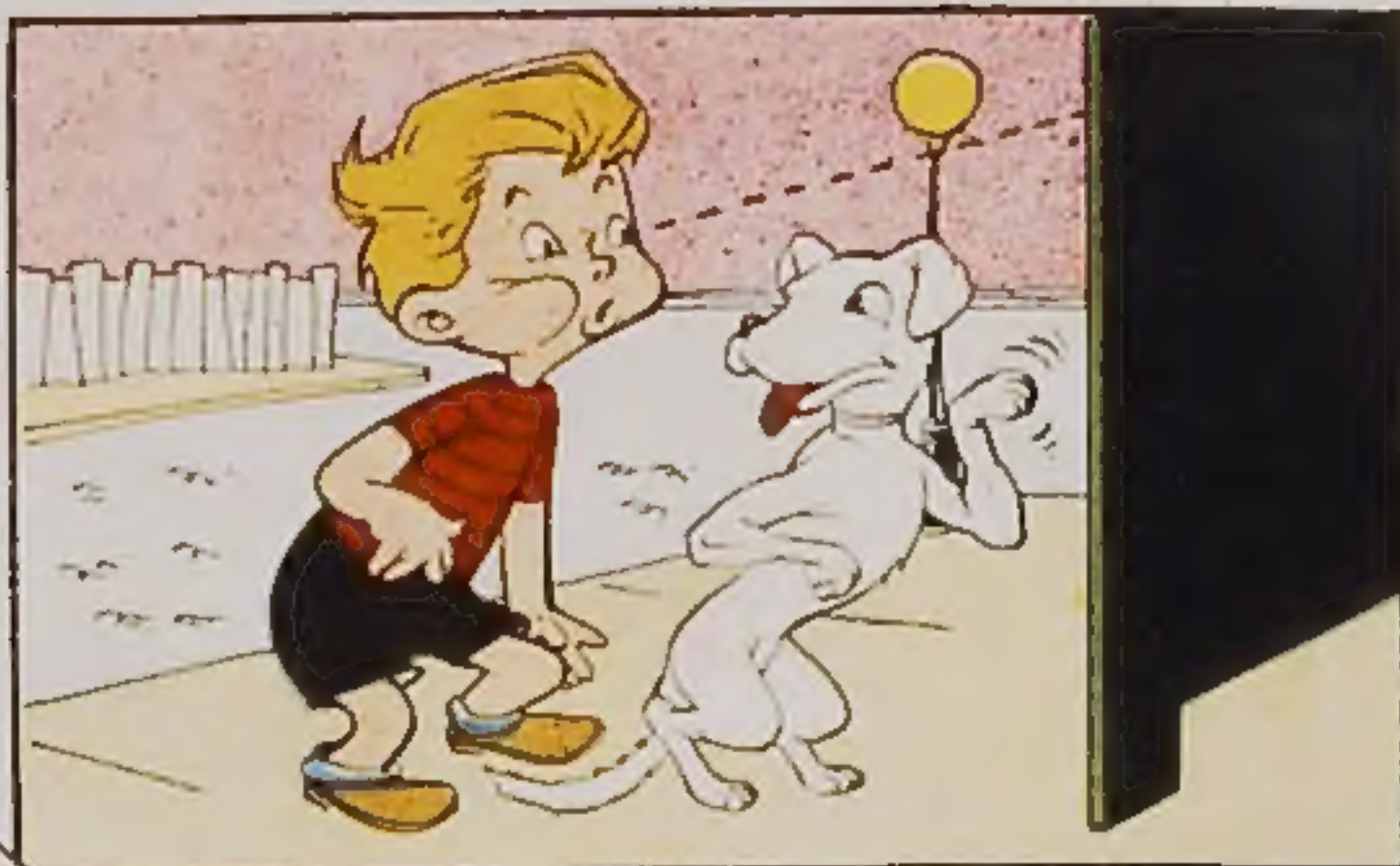
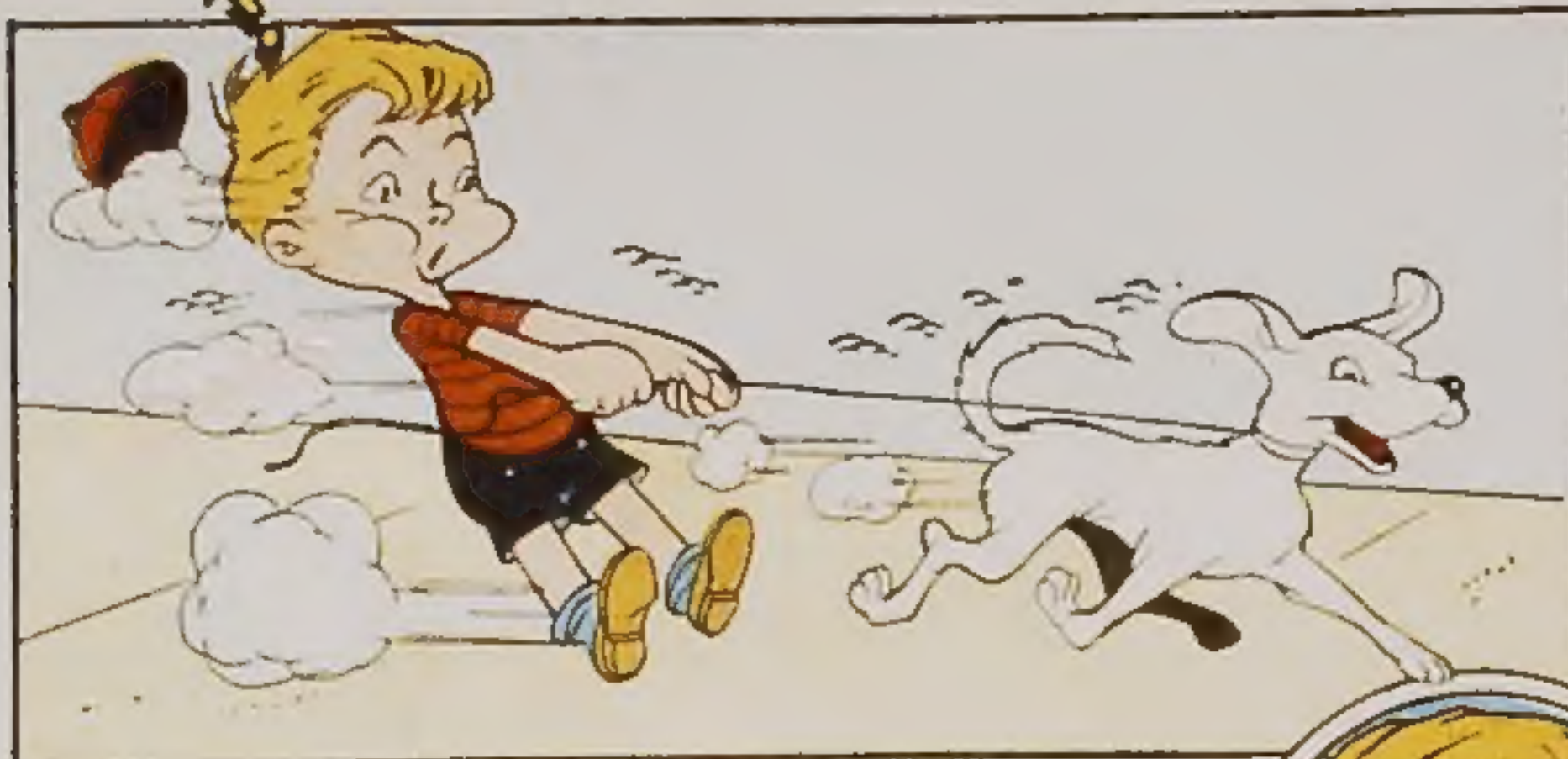
YOU FELLOWS
WILL GET
HURT!

**TERRY-
TOONS**
COMICS

10¢

DIRECT FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!

I den and Scooter



EVERY BOY AND GIRL WHO OWNS A DOG CAN HELP!

EVERY home dog can help lick the Japs and Nazis by joining the War Dog Fund. Your dog will receive a beautiful War Dog Tag and commission of rank. The money your dog sends will help send more War Dogs to our boys at the front.

Make your dog a (CHECK RANK)

Private	\$1.00	Seaman
Sergeant	5.00	Chief Petty Officer
Lieutenant	10.00	Ensign
Captain	15.00	Lieutenant
Major	20.00	Commander
Colonel	25.00	Captain
General	100.00	Admiral

WAR DOG FUND

Dogs For Defense, Inc.
252 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

I am enclosing \$ _____

Please enroll my dog as a _____ (Rank)

His name is _____ (Name of Dog)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____